Shelved with main collection
E.E.M.

Tr.R. N.C.
Cl. 378.756 Bk. 1832
Trinity College Library
Durham, N. C.

Rec'd Jan 26 1921
Library Fund

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

http://www.archive.org/details/trinityarchivese32trin

Bind without index

The Trinity Archive

5-5-274

October, 1919

Life

It is a long lane and has no turn--
It is rough, rocky, and full of hardships--
But if you are prepared for it the way is easy

When you are through College and get out into the world you will realize this truth. Begin saving now and make the road of life easy going.

Many of the nation's greatest financiers started their fortunes with a dollar. The world offers much to a college man with a little capital in his pocket. *Think it ouer.*

THE FIDELITY BANK

North Carolina's Greatest Banking Institution

B. N. DUKE, Pres. J. F. WILY, Vice-Pres. S. W. MINOR, Cashier

The

Electric Shoe Hospital

Desires Your Patronage

WE PLEASE OUR CUSTOMERS---
WE ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

Work Guaranteed

WE COLLECT AND RETURN WORK

O. J. HOBBY, Proprietor

"Brick" Starling, College Representative

324 W. Main Street **Phone 1272**

Trinity College Students

You will find Our Fountain the home of good drinks. We invite you to make our store your downtown headquarters.

BEN H. THOMAS, Telephone 33

MARKHAM-ROGERS CO.

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS, TAILORS AND HATTERS

104 W. MAIN ST. PHONE 590

WE WILL APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE

For Hardware, Pocket Knives, Shells and Leggins

POLLARD BROTHERS, Hardware

MAIN STREET DURHAM, N. C.

See Me and See Better

OPTICAL STORE
Opposite Postoffice

Lenses Ground While You Wait

Five Points Drug Co.

SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE

Phone 150

BLACKNALL'S DRUG STORE

THE BEST CREAM IN TOWN. COME TO SEE US FOR YOUR SMOKES, DRINKS, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

GEER BUILDING, CORCORAN ST., PHONE 62

Carr-Bryant

THE BEST LINE OF SHOES *for* COLLEGE MEN

Anything you want in high-grade shoes with

Snap and Style

Carr-Bryant Boot and Shoe Co.

106 WEST MAIN STREET

The Royall & Borden Company

We furnished all the buildings at Trinity and nearly all the faculty homes. No order too large for us to handle promptly, intelligently and correctly, and no order too small for our appreciative best attention.

WEST MAIN STREET DURHAM, N. C.

We Lead the Leaders in College Jewelry

See our line of Trinity Chains, Pins, Rings.
They're for *you.* Repair work a specialty.

JONES & FRASIER

W. C. MERRITT, College Representative

MAIN STREET PHARMACY

One block up from station. The greatest hangout for Trinity boys off the College Park

Let Us Serve You

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXII **OCTOBER, 1919** **No. 1**

MANAGER'S NOTICE

The TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will se fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater. If you do not wish to become a subscriber please notify us at once,* or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Entered at postoffice at Durham, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION: One year, $2.00; single copies, 25 cents.

Adress all business correspondence to J. H. Harrison, Jr., Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF

N. M. WEST ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
J. G. LEYBURN ..... *Associate Editor*
GLADYS PRICE, J. E. GILBREATH ..... *Literary Editors*
WESLEY TAYLOR ..... *Wayside Wares*
MARY PITTS ..... *Exchanges*
J. W. R. NORTON ..... *Alumni Department*
J. H. HARRISON, JR. ..... *Business Manager*
R. S. WHITE, L. M. DRAPER ..... *Assistant Business Managers*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LITERARY DEPARTMENT— PAGE

TO THE MEN OF THE GOLDEN STAR (poem)—*D. W. Newsom* 3

THE SALE (story)—*J. H. Shinn* 5

AMERICA'S PLACE IN A WORLD PEACE (oration)—*J. H. Lanning* 23

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE (essay)—*G. Whillikins*..... 27

DREAMS AND DUTY (poem)—*Ruth Merritt* 31

EDITORIAL—

CONCERNING THE ARCHIVE 32

THE RETURN OF FOOTBALL 33

WAYSIDE WARES 36

EXCHANGES 38

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT—

TWO STARS AND A DIAMOND (story)—*Adelaide Lyons* 39

378.756
T833d

The Trinity Archive

V. 32

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October, 1919

1919-20

To the Men of the Golden Star

D. W. Newsom, '99

I'm glad that you had the chance, my lads,
I'm glad that you had the chance,
To die for the world
Where Old Glory unfurled
O'er the fearless fields of France.

My heart leaps high when I think of you, lads,
As you dared the dark demons of sea,
To join the brave line
Where the immortals shine
As the seal of the world's liberty.

I am glad that you fought with the soul of a man
And died as a man should die,
Where the hell guns jarred
And the fight was hard,—
That you rest where brave men lie.

A thousand years might never bring
A tale of fairer fame
Though you died in a day
You shall live alway
With glory on your name.

Though hushed be the guns, and speechless the men
Who fell 'neath the long, long trance,
I can see them arise
With a flame in their eyes
At the sound of thy name, O France!

Ah, sad, very sad, in these glad days of peace
Not to shake your brave hand once more!
That you could not come back
With your gun and your pack
For a glimpse of the homeland shore!

Proud stands your old mother College today,
Though sorrow hath touched her soul,
That these nevermore
Shall enter her door
Nor along her pathway shall stroll.

She remembers your room, and the tree where you sang,
The books which you read with delight,
The sound of your yell
When the heart felt the spell
And the charm of a wonderful night.

But she's proud that you had the chance, my lads,
She's proud that you had the chance,
To brave the onslaught
For the things that she taught
And to die for the world, and for France.

The Sale

J. H. Shinn

Winning Story in the Southgate Short Story Contest, 1919

It was midnight in Rome, in the year of our Lord sixty-five. The tumult of the day was hushed, and the prevailing stillness which clothed the seven imperial hills was broken only by the cries of the night animals or the occasional shouts of the city's guards. The Via Aurelia was as quiet as the rest of the streets, but there were traitorous deeds being done on its wayside beyond the wide banks of the yellow Tiber. A candle dimly lighted the best room in the house of Julius, the tanner, and its feeble glow showed some forty or fifty people of the plebeian class gathered in a circle about an elderly man of seventy-five years of age. It was a prayer meeting of Christians who were forced to meet in secret because of the vigorous persecution of them by Emperor Nero. Those were dark days for the followers of Christ. He bore a cross indeed who abandoned his liberty for such a faith, but these people, preferring to risk physical danger than the punishment of conscience, carried on their worship with a heroism that has seldom been equaled in the annals of history. This night a meeting has been called by Father Thomas in the house of Julius, and no seat was vacant at the appointed hour. The meeting which, had been very successful, was nearly over. Led by father Thomas, the Christians read in low voices:

" 'He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb . . . ' "

Lucius Sextus, a young man of twenty-two, raised his eyes wearily from his scroll. His face had a dissatisfied look, and it did not belie the owner's feelings. Lucius was undoubtedly dissatisfied with circumstances. Since the time when he was turned loose in the streets of Rome, an orphan waif, he could remember little except disappointments and rebuffs. His life had been unhappy. He seemed to go from bad to worse, and at last, he reflected in exasperation, he had become allied with this hated religious sect and had lived in misery and fearfulness ever since. Lucius was a man of small courage and less spirit. He had become fear-

ful and suspicious by nature in his early life, and he had also learned how easy it is to bend before the wind. He was afraid to come to Christian meetings, but he was also afraid to stay away. He had promised himself to be absent tonight, but his courage failed him long before it would have been required, and he was one of the first to reach the house of Julius. As he looked into the care-free faces of the other men and women around him, he could not help but feel that he was out of his place. Tonight this conviction had siezed him strongly. No, he did not belong with the Christians of Rome.

Father Thomas dismissed the meeting with a short talk. "Children," he said, "we live in constant danger, but let no fear drive your feet from the path. The love of God is more to be prized than any bodily safety. Arise and go with my blessing."

Lucius lost his blessing and hurried away into the night. He turned off from the broad Via Aurelia and chose a less frequented road into the city. The thought of getting away from danger had possessed him entirely. He might have to leave Rome, but get away he would. He shuddered at the though of just going on and on without a chance for the best things in the world. To live as he had for the past year was unbearable torture. He could not exist in that way. He could not risk a horrible death. The world was was wide. He would . . . .

"*Quo Vadis?*"

The sharp challenge caused the cold chills to run down his spine. He was held up by a guard! He would be taken and given as a martyr to wild beasts! All kinds of dreadful tales flashed through his mind. Terror stricken he fled up a near-by alley without answering the challenge, and, in the distance, he could hear the sentry beating his sword on his shield—a Roman signal for help. The hue and cry would soon be out. He ran on desperately through dark lanes without a thought as to where he was going. Soon he heard the clanking of the pursuit. The soldiers were trained hunters, and they gradually drew nearer on Lucius who, distracted with fear, ran on and on with hope of

escape dying with every sound that announced that his pursuers were drawing nearer. As he turned the corner of a wine shop, he saw a big centurion, with the figure IX emblazoned on his shield, bearing down on him with drawn sword. He was crazed with fear. As a final effort, he dashed into the wine shop, slammed the door, and shot the bolt into its place. Then he crouched trembling in the far corner, while the soldiers, furious at the temporary escape of their quarry, began to hack and tear at the door with unrelenting violence. Fight he could not. Flee he could not. There was nothing under heaven he could do to save himself. The door was cracking! A few more blows and the soldiers would swarm into the room with swords and chains and . . . .

He sank back against the wall in a dead faint.

Before him rose a tall man, handsome in features and handsomely dressed. The visitor's toga, gown, and cap were of jet black, and his sandals were made of black fish skin. His brown aquiline face was partially covered with a black pointed moustache. He seemed to be a very commanding individual.

Lucius looked up at him with a mingled expression of surprise and timidness.

"And who are you?" he finally ventured.

"My name is nothing to you," the stranger answered in smooth tones. "You need not trouble yourself about who I am or from whence I came. Concern yourself about business with you at present. You are in serious circumstances, Lucius. You are a member of a sect which has neither your heart nor your courage. You are now in great danger. At this very moment Roman soldiers are hammering away at the door of your hiding place. If they get in—and they have an excellent chance of doing so—the future can hold little more for Lucius Sextus than the possibility that the lion will be hungry and will bite hard and quick."

He paused for a moment to give his words fullest effect. Then he resumed.

"What would you give to be removed from this wretched place and put in position of favor and honor under the Emperor?"

Lucius started.

"I have nothing—nothing. Hardly my life is my own."

"Yes, you are right; that is, almost right. But you have one thing in your possession for which I will place you in such a condition of prosperity."

"What is it?" asked Lucius, bewildered.

"Only a small thing," said the stranger. "Merely the worthless love of the God you worship."

"But that's different," said Lucius. "It's . . "

The stranger stopped him with a gesture.

"Very well," he said, with the air of one who has done his duty. "May the lions be merciful to you. Your God will not. He has abandoned you in your hour of direst need. Do you think he will deliver you? Why did he not deliver the ten that were burned in oil last night? Ha! Peter was a much better Christian than you, and he perished miserably. But you have chosen. My time is short. I would have befriended you, but you will not."

He turned to go.

"Stay, whoever you are!" cried Lucius. "If you offer me the favor and honor of the Emperor for the unavailing love of my God, I might consider."

The stranger's face grew grim. He knelt and caught Lucius by the wrist.

"Choose quickly, fool," he hissed, "before I leave you to your fate. Do you accept my generosity?"

"Yes," gasped the Christian, and all things darkened.

Lucius woke suddenly, rubbed his eyes, and looked around. He was startled when he realized that he had been sleeping on a bench near Arcus Tiberii in the Forum. Then new surprises came to him. His toga was of finest silk. His hair was carefully dressed after the fashion of young aristocrats, and his head was encircled with a jeweled band. A string of pearls was around his neck, and sandals made of polished leather were on his feet. Glancing farther he saw a coal-black Nubian slave, standing at the foot of the bench,

and the words "Lucius Sextus" were printed on his brass armlet. Lucius wondered vaguely how this slave could belong to him. He looked at the stir of everyday life in the forum around him; at the speakers in the Rostra, the young men attired like himself, the dignified senators, the poorer masses, and the countless merchants passing here and there in pursuit of their vocation. A hollow square of Roman legiondaries swept by his bench, and their proud standard, which had been borne triumphantly to the fartherest corners of the world, dipped in salute to the young man who watched with mute astonishment the homage that was being paid to him.

How came all these things to him: these fine clothes, these slaves, this salute from the soldiers of the Emperor? He was overwhelmed with such strangely favorable surroundings. What he wondered, was his status in Rome? How came he in the forum? What had he done that morning? He could not satisfy himself on any of these questions. Something he did not remember had happened. A cloud seemed to cut off all recollection of his existence prior to his awakening a few moments ago. His memory was as blank as a page of unwritten parchment.

The slave broke his thoughts by touching him on the shoulder and pointing to the crowds leaving the forum. It was time to go. Lucius nodded and rose to leave, but the slave had different ideas of departing. He clapped his hands, and four large Nubians appeared. They seized a handsome chair near one of the columns and bore it to the bench. Lucius stepped in, although he hardly knew what the chair was used for. The Nubians picked it up and began a trip the like of which Lucius had never dreamed. They left the Sacra Via and entered the beautiful Via Appia. They passed the dignified columns of Forum Romanum, the strong embattlements of the Palatine, and the long high walls of Circus Maximus, all glittering brilliantly in last rays of the setting sun, and entered the southern part of the city—the residence section of aristocratic Rome. The respect paid Lucius on the road astounded him. Every soldier saluted, every noble spoke in familiar tones, and every rustic ple-

beian silently bared his head as if in deference to one superior in rank and station in life. The slaves finally turned into a walkway to a large villa at the junction of Via Appia and Via Latina. They set the chair down before the steps of the villa and Lucius dismounted.

He entered the house and was astonished beyond words at its magnificent interior; the elegant Oriental curtains and rugs, the rich furniture, the friezes, the golden candlesticks, the statues, and the paintings—everything aroused his utmost admiration. He looked about for someone to explain, but he found no such person. He was alone in the villa with his slaves.

Presently he was taken to a perfumed bath. His clothes were changed, and then he was led in to a spacious dining hall. The table was set with fine silverware, and choice delicacies were laid before him, but, to his surprise, everything he ate was cold. He had scarcely finished eating when a slave entered bearing a ring with the name "Seneca" stamped on. Lucius hurried awkwardly into the reception to meet his distinguished visitor, whom he knew to be the crafty advisor of Nero, himself.

"Greetings, O Lucius!" said Seneca when the young man entered. "May you live long in the favor of the gods and the divine Cæsar. I bring you an invitation to the feast of Saturn which begins to-morrow evening at three hours after sunset. The Emperor eagerly requests your presence. Farewell! May the gods prosper you!"

Without another word the noble left the house leaving Lucius confounded over his unbelievably favorable condition. What did it all mean? He wanted someone to tell him about things. He did not know how to act at a state feast. Common reason told him it would be wrong to ask slaves. They were certainly beneath his dignity. While he was worrying over this problem, a low voice behind him asked:

"Do you wish for anything, O master?"

Lucius turned and looked at the speaker. He saw a fair-faced man of medium build who had the light hair and

square face characteristic of the Germans. He too wore slave's clothes and a brass armlet.

"Who are you?" inquired Lucius.

"Your slave, O gracious master. I was captured nine years ago by Germanius in his war with the Teutons of the North. Since then I have been an attendant at the court of Cæsar. To-day I was sent to your house as a personal gift from the Emperor himself!"

"What do you know about me?"

"Nothing. I was brought here only a few hours ago. You were away at that time."

"Do the other slaves know anything of my past?"

"They may or they may not, O gracious master. If they do they will never speak of it, for according to the regular custom among Romans, Nubians have their tongues cut out of their mouths, lest, in gossiping among themselves, they spread the private secrets of their lords. I escaped this because of my rank among slaves. I am not a Nubian."

Lucius was profoundly shocked by this disclosure. It was somehow contrary to some principles he thought he had learned sometime, somewhere. The practice seemed hideous to him at once, and he could not believe in it.

But other questions were uppermost in his mind.

"Are you acquainted with the customs and mannerisms of the Emperor's court?" he asked the slave.

"Yes, O merciful lord. For six years I have lived in court, and I have attended nearly every feast, worship, and banquet given by the Emperor in that time. I know court life very well."

"And I—I do not," confessed Lucius, wondering what the slave would think of him as a noble. "You shall instruct me. What is your name?"

"Aaral, the Goth, I am called, O master."

"Good! You shall teach me many things to-morrow about customs of Roman worships. Tell me; is it customary for Roman nobles to have their meals served cold?"

"Yes, O master, and very necessary. Owing to the frequent number of poisonings which have occurred in recent years, the food to be eaten by the lord must be tasted by

the slaves at least six hours before the lord partakes of it. This is a precaution to protect the lord from possible death by poisoning."

Lucius, remembering the hearty dinner he had eaten, started with apprehension. The German noticed this and said reassuringly:

"Have no further fear, my lord; I tested every dish of your table. It was all perfectly wholesome food."

"Very well," said Lucius only a little relieved, "but I wish to know something else that I don't know or have somehow forgotten. Should I accept the Emperor's invitation to the feast of Saturn?"

The slave seemed surprised.

"Why, my lord, it would be positively unthinkable and probably dangerous for you not to accept an invitation from the divine Cæsar," he said. "Such a breach of court etiquette would very likely be considered an insult to the most high Emperor himself. I would advise you, my lord, not to destroy the high favor which he so fortunately possesses. No, my lord, let no sickness, no depression, no adverse disposition whatever—nothing save death itself—restrain you from being present at the feast tomorrow evening, because an invitation from the Emperor carries with it the force of command. And now, my lord," he broke off abruptly, "if you are intending to learn much of court life to-morrow, you must rise early, and should, therefore, retire early to-night. Your room has been prepared. Will you go up, O gracious master?"

"Yes, I wish to rest," said Lucius. "My head is in a whirl. Show me to my room."

Aaral led him up the wide flight of stairs into a handsome bed chamber. Lucius sat in a chair for a while trying to collect his thoughts, but he did not know where to begin. At last he threw himself on the massive bed and tried to sleep, but for a long time he could not close his eyes. He could not help but feel a strong sympathy for the poor Nubians. The thoughts of eating poisoned food also worried him, and for the greater part of the night he tossed restlessly in the bed where he should have slept most

soundly. At last he plunged into a troubled stupor that lasted until morning.

He was awakened by Aaral.

"Your breakfast is waiting, O master," said the slave.

Lucius rose and was dressed by two Nubians. Then he descended into the dining room where he found his breakfast as cold as his dinner had been on the previous evening. It had evidently been tested, but the revelation of Aaral had turned his stomach for the food before him, and he left the meal almost untouched.

He found Aaral waiting for him in the reception hall.

"Some sad things happened yesterday, my lord," said the slave.

"What?" asked Lucius.

"Marcus, the senator, was poisoned by drinking a glass of wine yesterday afternoon, and Germanius, who recently returned from the island of Britain, was stabbed in bed last night."

Lucius turned cold with fear.

"And why?" he asked.

"No one knows. The slaves of the two nobles have been put to death, and it has been proved that the accursed Christians instigated the crime. The Emperor has already issued a decree for a rigorous search of the city for the criminal sect."

Lucius thought for a moment. Christians? The name sounded familiar. Where had he heard of them before? Somehow it seemed that poisonings and murders were not crimes which Christians were likely to commit. But fear of his own safety quickly banished these thoughts from his mind.

"Aaral," he said, "tell me. Am I in danger?"

The slave smiled.

"Why, my lord," he said lightly, "why should you fear? The Emperor will surely not suffer injury to be liable to any other nobles after the events of yesterday. Roman law is strong and will be strongly enforced. Let us dismiss unpleasant thoughts from our minds. You desire to learn. If you wish, we will begin."

Aaral led his master into a rose garden and, seated at the feet of the young noble, began his instruction.

In that morning Lucius learned much of Cæsar's court. He learned many things that he disliked. He found many more that disgusted him. At the end of Aaral's discussion he reflected that he was pleased with few of the mannerisms of court. The outstanding topics of his instructions were cautious against countless pits into which he might fall, and snares into which he might become entangled. He felt a heavy burden in existing as a Roman noble. The life did not appeal to him. How could he fit in? Somehow he must continue to eat meals which might cause his death. He must continue to lie down on a bed at night from which he might have to be lifted in the morning. This life must be his.

Then he thought of the Christians. The word seemed to haunt him, and try as he might, he could not free his mind from the thoughts of their race. Where had Christians influenced him before? This brought up the unsettled matter of his veiled past, and he spent the remainder of the morning in trying to break through the cloud that obscured his memory. His efforts were fruitless. The more he thought, the more bewildered he became. Time after time he endeavored to assume an air of nonchalance, but his efforts in this direction were equally unsuccessful. His mind always went back along lines that he could not fathom. He was groping in the dark for some key to his past, but could not find it.

He went to the midday meal, but could not eat anything set before him. Aaral was alarmed and inquired about his health.

"That's not the trouble, Aaral," he said, "I am afraid to eat."

Aaral assured him that every dish had been tested, and that there was absolutely no poison in the food.

"I know there is not," said Lucius, "but then there might be."

"But, my lord, you haven't touched your wine, and it was drawn from the best shop in Rome."

"Wine!" said Lucius, "I don't drink wine."

"You don't drink wine, my lord? Surely, my lord, you jest."

"I am not jesting. I have never touched wine in my life."

"But you must, my lord. Think of the feast to-night. What would a banquet be without wine?"

"Feast or none, I will not drink wine. I have been taught to leave it alone."

"Ah! My lord truly jests. My lord has a quick wit that should please the Emperor. Why, only the accursed Christians refrain from wine."

Christians? Again the name was on his ears, and again the question of his forgotten past came before him like a shadow. Why did he not drink wine? Why did he not believe in drinking wine? As before he could not answer these questions, and all afternoon he puzzled his brain in vain efforts to call up things that he could remember. Dinner-time found him afflicted with a violent headache. His appetite had deserted him. He could neither eat nor drink. Aaral was worried over his condition and insisted on calling in a leech, but Lucius was unwilling to confide his wretchedness to anyone and merely told the slave to prepare his dress for the banquet. A perfumed bath helped him somewhat by banishing his headache, but his other mental afflictions remained. He was restless and impatient for the time of the feast. Aaral dressed him in a gorgeous Oriental toga, fashioned his hair after the style of the Emperor, and covered him with jewels of immense value. Finally the long awaited time arrived. Accompanied by Aaral, Lucius seated himself in his chair and was borne by the Nubians over the same road down which they carried him a day before, but somehow this journey was not as pleasing by far to their master as had been the first.

Lucius dismounted in front of Templum Saturni and walked up the two flights of steps that led into the famous building. He passed through the lower court, and as he entered the inner court, a scene of extravagant luxury met his eyes. The temple was lighted by countless torches held

by Nubians. The beauties of nature had been arranged over the marble court by a master hand. The floor was strewn with roses, and the long white columns were trimmed with wreaths of ivy. Every piece of furniture boasted touches from the green fields, and every piece of statuary was crowned with a blossoming garland. The sweet scent of the flowers was mingled with a fine Oriental perfume. The air was cooled by fans. Everything was arranged for a prolonged carousal, and the nobles present were busily taking advantage of pleasant circumstances. The feast was getting well under way already.

When Lucius entered, he was conscious that he was the center of attraction. The eyes of patrician Rome were fixed on him, and he felt mixed impressions of curiosity, surprise, and jealousy in the glances he met from the nobles lying on couches about the long table in the center of the hall. At the head of the table sat the Emperor on a large rustic throne. Lucius had never seen him before, and, in spite of reports to the contrary, he was expecting to find a person of refinement and dignity. Instead he saw a fat, bloated mass of humanity that seemed void of any initiative; a round, portly face, a snub nose, a low forehead, and a pair of watery eyes. The Emperor's thin black hair was crowned with a laurel wreath; his fat body was partially covered with a robe of black and gold; in his hand was a pitcher of wine. This was Nero in his glory—Nero, the fratricide, parricide, incendiary, drunkard, liar, and ruler of the greatest country in the world. He gave Lucius one lazy glance from his little eyes, and then buried his face in his pitcher.

Deeply disappointed with the appearance of Cæsar, Lucius looked over the other guests. At the Emperor's right sat Seneca, his visitor on the night before, a man of much wisdom and stratagem—the power behind the throne of Nero. He stared at the newly arrived guest in silence for a while, and Lucius read something suspicious and almost ominous in that look. He ran his eyes along the rest of the aristocrats at the table—Septentius, Burrus, Piso, Lucan, and others; all of the nobility. Wine was flowing freely, and some of the guests were rowdy already.

Lucius could not move. He was shocked at the scene of debauchery and dissipation. He had expected to come to a worship in honor of a god. He had come instead to a drunken revelry which somehow did not harmonize in the least with his ideas of worship. Aaral brought him to his senses and indicated a vacant couch. Lucius flushed and lay down before the table to be crammed.

"Ah!" said Seneca, "though he comes late, our friend Lucius honors the Emperor's table with his presence. The Emperor is highly honored indeed."

This raised a laugh at the expense of Lucius. The Emperor joined in but immediately turned his attention to Seneca.

"Seneca," he said, "you are a mischievous devil. I have to watch you all the time."

"Yes," said Seneca, and then added soberly, "except when dancing girls perform."

This caused another guffaw, and the Emperor aimed a playful blow at the head of his favorite with his chubby fist.

Lucius sickened. Worship? Could this drunken gathering be called a worship? For an hour jokes of every description went around the table. Lucius took no part in them. He felt by himself in the company. Something told him that this babble was an outrage. He could not enjoy it. He forced several laughs at the loathsome jokes that the Emperor told and gave feeble applause at the Emperor's silly poems, but in reality, the whole program seemed repulsive to him.

After a time Seneca arose holding up a large wine glass.

"To the health and prosperity of our most merciful and divine Emperor," he said, "may he live long in the favor of the gods."

Every guest except Lucius raised his glass. He was afraid to touch the wine. Aaral, who was behind his master's chair, touched him warningly on the shoulder. Lucius resolved to take the stuff as a dose of medicine, and, raising the glass to his lips, he drank its contents in one gulp. Immediately afterward he was lying over the side of his

couch, coughing and vomiting. When his spasm was over, he looked up at the guests. Some were gazing at him in surprise, but most of them were disinterested. Seneca was regarding him with a leer of amusement and was trying to attract the Emperor's attention, but that worthy sovereign was busily drinking to his own health and scolding his advisor in spare moments. Lucius sickened at the whole affair, and the wine had nauseated him. For another miserable hour, he saw the Emperor and the rest of the guests drink their stomachs full and, with a feeling of repugnance, watched the transformation of men and rulers into beasts. The gathering grew more and more boisterous all the time and the language became coarser and more vulgar. Finally, one guest echoed the wish of all present except Lucius.

"The g-g-girls," he said between hiccoughs. "Give us the girls, O divine r-r-ruler."

Instantly a stuttering clamor arose from all sides of the table."

"Yes, O b-b-born of the gods! Give us the girls that our ha-ha-hearts may be light-t-t."

Seneca, who was still sober, whispered something in his Emperor's ear. Nero seemed pleased, for he nodded. Then Seneca rose.

"Not just yet, O Romans," he said. "We must wait for a few moments for another entertainment. We have traced down and captured the accursed Christian who murdered the noble citizens, Marcus, the senator, and Germanius, the warrior. He is to be shown to us immediately."

A hoarse howl of approval came from the guests. They would see the Christian. Yes, show them the vile dog.

For the first time in the evening Lucius was aroused. Christians again! His memory might be unbound by the sight of one. He was deeply interested and awaited the performance with a beating heart.

Seneca gave a signal. From without came the sounds of the clash of arms and the tramp of soldiers. Lucius fixed his eyes on the entrance of the court. The tramp sounded nearer. Lucius became conscious of an odor of burnt pitch and an uncanny smell which grew stronger and stronger

as the tramping grew louder. Then the vines covering the door were suddenly thrown aside, and four Roman soldiers in full armour marched into the court with their spears lowered at a salute. Behind them strode a large, pig-faced centurion with the figures IX emblazoned on his shield. In a flash, Lucius seemed to remember something. A light pierced his addled mind, but before his brain had time to clear, the second part of the procession came through the entrance.

Four slaves were carrying a long pole, and an old man was tied to its upper end. The arms, ears, and nose of the unhappy creature had been cut from his body. From his waist down he had been wrapped in pitch covered skins which had been set on fire, and the victim, already unconscious, was slowly burning to death.

Lucius was stupified with horror. He looked at the martyr's face, and—God in Heaven! Could it be true? His past became as clear as midday. *This dying wretch was none other than Father Thomas;* his teacher, helper; the only friend and father he had ever known. He saw everything; his early life, his alliance with the persecuted Christians, his cursed fear of death, and the fatal wine shop. Here his only true friend was dying horribly, and he was sitting in ease and extravagance with the wicked, licentious crowd of hellish fiends who had caused the terrible scene which he was witnessing. For a second he was helpless with horror and shame. Then a fury came over him, the like of which he had never known before. He seized his wine glass and hurled it at the head of Seneca, knocking him senseless. Then, with every fibre in his soul crying, "Revenge! Kill! Kill!" he rushed at the centurion and snatched the sword from his hand. Then he flew at the throat of Piso, but, before he could accomplish any violence, Aaral, realizing the gravity of his offences, knocked him down with a wine jar.

When he came to himself, he was lying in the reception room of his villa. Aaral was bending over him. He sat up dazed and then, remembering, dropped his head in his hands and groaned.

"Are you well enough to travel, my lord?" asked Aaral.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Lucius. "But why?"

"Because you must flee."

"Flee?"

"Yes, my lord, you must leave Rome. Surely you do not realize what you have done. You have broken up the sacred worship of gods and the feast of the Emperor, struck down a court favorite, and interfered in the just punishment of an accursed Christian. Any of these offenses are sufficient to cause your death. Your property has by now been confiscated and conferred on some other noble. The imperial assassins will soon be in the house. We have no time to lose."

"Yes," said Lucius rather disinterested, "let us go."

Aaral passed his hand over his eyes.

"I am very weary, my lord," he said. "Suffer me a glass of wine."

Lucius motioned his consent.

The slave picked up a glass from the table and drank its contents. As he set it down his face took on a queer look; he choked, his throat rattled, and he pitched his length on the floor—poisoned. Lucius bent over the body of his dead slave, and burst into tears. The last person to whom he was attached was dead. How cowardly it was to murder a man in this way. Was there no good left in the world?

His weepings was stopped by a loud knock on the door. He rose wearily. It was the assassins. Well, death had no terrors for him now. This world held out nothing for him. The next might be better. A bright thought entered his mind. He could pray. He knelt over the body of Aaral and began as he had been taught:

"'Our Father . . . '"

He stopped. The words were frozen on his lips. They sounded like blasphemy. What right had he to call on the name of the God whose love he had sold for a few hours of wickedness? The full meaning of his decision in the wine shop came to him. He had failed to follow Father Thomas' last warning. Fear had driven his feet from the path, and he had sold the love of his God for bodily safety. Cold perspiration broke out on his forehead, and a terrible

fear fastened on him. His God knew him no longer. The demons of Hell owned him body and soul. *He was damned;* damned without a chance before he even died. This awful realization was too much for his nerves. He shrieked and fainted.

Again the handsome man in black rose before him.

"Well, young noble," he said, "how is life in the court of Cæsar?"

"Wretch," said Lucius choking, "take anything and everything I have, but give me back the love of my God."

"Anything you have! What, pray, do you have?" The property that I gave you is gone as a result of your own foolishness. I would be a fool indeed to buy your life with the imperial assassins at your door. You are poorer now than you were in the wine shop. You had something worth while then, but you sold out so cheaply that even I was surprised. Now you have nothing at all."

"It is true," groaned Lucius and then cried out in his desperation: "O Father Thomas! Have you no help for a soul in Hell?"

The dignified figure of the old saint came before him, and the stranger in black shrank from his view.

"My son," the saint said, "you have sinned deeply, but the love of God is not for devils to buy and sell. It is yours again, but you must go back to the wine shop where you lost it. Can you do this?"

"O, for a chance!" cried Lucius with a new hope in his heart.

"It is yours," said the saint and again all things dimmed.

III

The door of the wine shop splintered and fell. The soldiers rushed into the room.

"Ah!" said the big centurion dragging Lucius to his senses. "A Christian dog! This makes the sixty-third. The lions will feed well to-morrow."

But Lucius laughed and sang. He allowed himself to be manacled without the least resistance, and talked so lightly about his fate that even the hardened soldiers were aroused

to admiration, and afterward, on their other duties, they constantly referred to their prisoner's bravery.

"God's above!" said the big centurion. "These Christians go to their death like heroes. Give me a legion like them and I will make Rome immortal as the foundations of the Palatine itself."

* * * * * * * * *

The Colosseum was brilliantly lighted. The spectators were sprayed with perfume and fed with cakes and wine as a special favor from the Emperor, born of the gods. Crash after crash of applause rippled over the multitudes in praise of the divine one from whose hand these honors fell.

Fifty thousand tongues chanted over the hideous slaughter of men, women, and children down in the arena:

"Gods prosper the Emperor."

But the babble of fifty thousand was hushed by the clear voices of sixty-three below, which have come down from ancient ages:

" 'Glory to God in the Highest, and, on earth, peace and good will toward men.' "

America's Place in a World Peace

J. H. Lanning, '19

Winning Oration in Wiley Gray Contest, 1919

Although the need of suffering humanity had been continuously calling across the sea with increasing volume since the Hun first turned his face toward Paris and placed his ravishing hand upon Belgium, America was not aroused from her lethargy until American property had been destroyed, German propaganda became rampant, and the Lusitania with her burden of human freight sent down without warning by the hellish submarine. But after these things had happened, she arose to the call of destiny and caught a vision of her duty to mankind. The mists of selfishness, greed, and self complacency that had so long beclouded the minds and hearts of our people gradually faded before the enlivening rays of a universal brotherhood born of a free Christian religion. And America entered the war, not for indemnities, not for territorial gains, not for self-aggrandizement, not for world power, but "To make the world safe for democracy." This young giant of the West had placed the verdict *guilty* upon the enemy of Europe and had inspired once more a ray of hope in the waning cause of those combatant nations who were making their heroic stand in the cause of right.

The hour had struck when America was to rid the world of autocracy and Prussianism. To England, her mother country, she went to carry assurances of affection and sinews of war. To devastated Belgium she went with substantial tokens of Christian sympathy and charity. And to France she carried the message of recognition of our debt contracted in the dark days of our heroic struggle for independence. The historic words of General Pershing as he stood at the foot of Lafayette's monument, "We are here, Lafayette," kindled anew within the bosom of every American and Frenchman a flame of love that must not die. Soon over two million American soldiers were there to make good to bleeding France these immortal words, while millions more were making the pledge safe in America. And it is not too much to say that the entrance into this gigantic conflict of the

high-hearted American soldiers broke the line of the insolent Hun and forced his columns to turn from Paris toward Berlin in the most ignominous defeat ever known to civilized people.

When the victory was won upon the battlefield, peace terms had to be put in the making. Here again in America was reposed the premier place. With her one hundred and ten millions of people, with a culture blended with all the best civilizations of the world, she realizes that progress lies in the predominance of none, and that the civilization of each must be refreshed by commingling with the geniuses of other nations. With the bitter memories of the tyranny which provoked the revolution, she bears witness that boundaries should be set where, not force, but liberty and justice demand. She realizes that she can no longer live to herself. The world has become but a small thing. Seas are no longer barriers to transportation; they have become great highways. Isolation is no longer possible. American interest lies in establishing right principles and in carrying into effect political and economic systems that shall last and influence men for ages to come. "We are seeking permanent, not temporary, foundation for the peace of the world," says the Commander-in-Chief of this Republic of ours. Today the world reposes greater confidence in her than any other nation has ever enjoyed. Never has there been within the hands of a nation what stands today within the grasp of America. Financially she holds the balance of power; within her boundary is the metropolis of the world; untold natural resources are at her command; the destiny of the future rests in her hands, and the brotherhood founded upon the principles of the Christ is speaking to her in no uncertain voice. In an address at Boston on February 24, 1919, President Wilson said, "America is the hope of the world, and if she does not justify that hope, the results are unthinkable. Men will be thrown back upon the bitterness of disappointment, not only, but the bitterness of despair. All nations will be set up as hostile camps again." Have not the horrors of the struggle through which we have just passed and

are passing proved beyond question to civilized men the folly of militarism?

The great emancipation day is at hand, and it seems that out of the host of the nations of the world, the great and infinite God of the universe has chosen America to be the liberator. Will she prove worthy of this choice? Will she throw to the four winds of the earth the sacred confidence and trust of mankind? Will she break faith with those who sleep in Flanders fields, who have given their all to establish the fact that man cannot live to himself? I hear the answer as it comes echoing and re-echoing from the millions of true souls of America, "No! No! we will prove true to our trust."

If we are not going to fail, how shall we proceed? The answer is found in the League of Nations. Some have said that a league of that kind is nothing more than another Utopia pictured by the imagination of a wild dreamer. Others have caught a true and larger vision and said it can and must be a reality. Who would dare say that the government of the United States is a failure? Then why cannot the principles upon which these states have been built become the foundation for a world organization which shall for all time make for peace on earth and good will among men? One hundred years ago it was the Monroe Doctrine that made this half of the world safe for democracy; today a League of Nations is the hope of the world in making it safe for democracy. With America rests largely the duty, honor, and privilege of establishing this league for peace. In an address at Manchester, England, President Wilson said, "There is a great voice of humanity abroad in the world just now, which he who cannot hear is deaf. There is a great compulsion of common conscience now in existence which if any statesmen resists, will gain for him the most unenviable eminence in history. We are not obeying the mandates of party or of politics; we are obeying the mandate of humanity." When the people shall have caught and put into practice this vision, men will no longer ask if there can be or will be any such thing as a League of Nations, but they will say there is such a thing. Some may say the advice

of Washington and Jefferson was, "That we come out and be separate." It was Robert Goldsmith that said, "The Mayflower has voyaged back to Europe freighted with liberty and democracy. As a matter of history we won our first fight for freedom by an alliance with France. Could Washington speak today, he would doubtless hail the advent of a league of liberals to oppose mediaeval monarchs. Did he not lead thirteen colonies against the tyranny of a despotic sovereign? Today more than thirteen nations are threatened by a tyranny far worse than that of George III. This is not to deny that for the United States to join a League of Nations would be a new departure; but such a departure from the policy of aloofness would not really be a break with tradition. Maturity is a new and radical departure from youth, but it is at the same time a normal development and evolution. Neutrality is at an end. Isolation is a thing of the past. It is manifest that America can no longer be an anchorite nation. Our financial, intellectual, and moral interests have become inextricably interwoven with the fabric of the whole world. Seclusion is an illusion. America is cast to play the leading role in the drama of history." America should be proud that beyond all other nations she is standing for the right. She should welcome with jubilant voice the hour she can put the ban upon intrigue and secret treaties. She should be glad that she can abolish forever from the world such atrocities as Europe has recently experienced. And she should be glad, moreover, to let such dreams of conquest be only in the minds of demons, and for them a nightmare to chase and haunt them through the ceaseless ages.

For America to fail at this crucial hour would mean that she has turned backward in her course, that she would write with a finger dipped in the blood of humanity the seal of her own infamy upon the top of the monument erected in the hopes of men, known as universal brotherhood. But why should this be called to the minds of men at all? She is going to prove true to the sacred trusts of mankind.

When she shall have done this, then, when the destroying angel shall come to declare time to be no more, America shall receive the grand plaudit, "Well done, take thy reward, deathless; eternal."

How to Enjoy Life

G. Whillikins

There are two great ways to get happiness, and only two. The first is by ministering directly to ourselves, and the second is by ministering to ourselves through the agency of other people. The Bible tells us so. It says, "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and it adds that this is the sum and substance of all law. In the first commandment, the Lord whom we are to love above all others exemplifies the supreme perfection toward which we are to aim and develop in ministering directly to ourselves. In the second commandment, "thy neighbor" means any person whom we select as fit for our intimate communion, and we are told to love that person as we love ourselves because in so doing we derive a satisfaction from his friendship worth many times what it costs.

Most of us know fairly well how to minister directly to ourselves because our bodily wants and our common judgment ever remind us of the things that are good for us. But we are by no means certain that we are doing our best for ourselves unless we have a "yard-stick" which we may apply to our daily lives to measure the wisdom of our actions.

Such a yard-stick is necessary, because to serve ourselves well, we must be good bargainers. Just as if we were making cash purchases, we must learn in our daily life to weigh values and get a profit in all that we trade for. Everything we do takes time and effort, even talking to a friend or reading a newspaper; and if we would make a good bargain for ourselves, we must be sure that we get some kind of return—physical, mental, material, or otherwise—that is commensurate with the price we pay.

Try the following "yard-stick" and see if it does not give you a way to measure your skill in serving yourself. It has only four measures:

1. *Trading Expenses for Employment.* Are you always doing something, whether you have anything to do or not? If so, you are promising. Recreation and rest are necessary to a certain well-defined extent; but beyond that, doing noth-

ing is simply idleness, and idleness is expensive because it does no pay a big enough return. There is always something to do; you can read, have an interesting conversation, or meditate. Rule: Trade idleness for employment, for the latter pays, while the former does not.

2. *Trading the Better for the Best.* As different things present themselves to be done, you must select the thing you will do, for you cannot do everything. Do you give your attention to the thing that will pay you or the thing that will not? Do you read a story or play solitaire? Either is pleasant, but the one will add to your knowledge and the other will not. Do you read the League of Nations news or the funny paper? Either is interesting, but the one will make you better educated and the other will not. Rule: When you cannot do everything, select the thing that will pay you the most.

3. *Trading at Long Range.* Do you trade a little inconvenience or annoyance now for a promise of more future happiness than you pay for? If so, you are wise. Will you go to the dentist for a couple of hours pain and several years of comfort, or stay away for several years of pain and no comfort? Will you work four years in college for a life-time of success, or will you take four years of ease and a life-time of regret? Rule: Bargain at long range.

4. *Trading Eccentricity for Well-rounded Development.* Do you get some good things of all kinds? There are so many things to do and have which give happiness that you cannot afford to miss any of them if you can help it. Do not concentrate all your capital stock in one possible source of revenue; you may miss something that later proves to be necessary; you may be like the merchant who bought three hundred thousand pairs of shoes and no laces for them. Enjoy music, athletics, study, conversation, theatres, and everything else you can. Rule: Get all the worth-while things in life that you can get; do not forego something simply because it does not happen to be your specialty.

You have but one life to live. In it you will get what you bargain for and nothing else. Nobody cares whether you are a good bargainer or not, but you must be a good one if

you get a life-time as full of happiness as you can get it by serving yourself directly.

We come next to serving ourselves through others,—serving others and leaving it to their pleasure to serve us in return if they will. We get half of our happiness in this way. Then just what does successful friendship mean? It is variously called love, brotherly love, affection, friendship, and other names, but it varies only in degree, not in quality. It does the same in any case, for it is that "thing apart" which picks out certain individuals and declares them specially fitted by temperament and circumstances to share our property, our fortunes, and our most guarded secrets. To make a study of it, let us consider it in its most intense form and call it love, remembering however that it varies only in degree.

Love is a failure unless it is mutual. There had better be no love at all than love that is not appreciated and returned. And there is a way to tell whether it is mutual. The following "yard-stick" is designed to test the genuineness and the strength of love. See if you do not think it will work. Try it first on some person who professes to love you; then try it on yourself. It has five measures. (The masculine pronoun is used for convenience, but it is designed to apply to both sexes):

1. *Thoughtfulness.* Does the person do little things for you without being asked? Will he go out of his way to please you? Does he arrange little affairs and do little things just because he knows you like them? If so, he cares for you; if not, he seldom thinks of you and does not love you.

2. *Generosity.* Will he bear expense and sacrifice for you? Anybody can give the glad smile as long as it costs nothing, but only a person who is honestly attached to you will part with some of his property for you.

3. *Acquiescence.* Does he always comply cheerfully when you ask of him a favor, great or small? If so, his love is almost certain; if not, his love is doubtful. We are told that a father whose son asks for bread will not give him a stone; neither will the true friend or lover ignore a reasonable and honest request from the right source.

4. *Confidence.* Does he confide his secrets in you? It means much to be able to tell rejoicings and complaints to somebody who is sympathetic and responsive. Mutual confidence is the elixir that sooths the unpleasantness of ill and exhilarates the joy of success. It does good both to the trustee and the trustor; the one shares the inner secrets that have brought happiness or pain to the other and is complimented by the evidence of faith; the other is relieved by giving expression to pent-up feelings. If the person will tell you his secrets and discuss private matters with you, he loves you; otherwise, his love is doubtful.

5. *Constance.* Will he stick to you through thick and thin? No better evidence of love can there be than this: "A friend in need is a friend indeed." If he sticks to you for better or for worse, he loves you; but if he cares for you only while your money lasts, or drops you as soon as you are temporarily no longer around to contribute to his good time, his love is shallow; avoid it.

So there is the test of love. If after trying it on somebody else and then on yourself, you find a discrepancy, you may know that there is a bad bargain, for wasted love is wasted life, whether it be yours or his. But if the test reveals a solid and mutual love between you and the other person, then you may be sure, in that case at least, of enjoying that sweet recompense which comes from obeying commandment number two, "Love they neighbor as thyself."

No man can force us to love him; neither can we force any man to love us. We do not want to force love; to try to do so would be to destroy it entirely. We love voluntarily when we love at all. However, we can invite love and encourage it, and await results. It is like a highly valued and cultured flower plant; we cannot force it to grow, but if we would avail ourselves of the fragrance that it so freely offers, we should care for it and take great pains to make it flourish. So successful love is costly to inspirit, but it is worth the price. If we minister to ourselves alone, we get only half of what there is in life for us; but if, with love as our guide, we also minister to others, then we receive the full benefit of the two ways to be happy.

Dreams and Duty

Ruth Merritt, '19

A sacred rapture thrills my soul
  As I backward cast my eyes
And view the scenes of college days,
  Whose beauties grandly rise.

The soothing hands of time and space
  To joys have changed past pain;
So day by day but college mirth
  In thought I live again.

How gladly I'd live o'er in truth
  Those days so free from care,
Those days so dear when all was seen
  Thru rosy tints, so fair.

But stop! I'm startled from my dreams
  By progress' noisy course;
I've dreamt, and, lo, I've almost made
  But dreams my ruling force.

Then *alma mater* speaks: "If thou
  Would'st give me honor true,
Forbid that dreams of past should rob
  Thy present—future too."

Then a sacred rapture thrills my soul
  As I forward cast my eyes
And view a world of work, whose call
  The fool alone denies.

EDITORIAL

CO-OPERATION

The ARCHIVE is again with you. The abnormal conditions existing last year rendered impossible the publishing of this magazine. It is not, however, the purpose of the writer to offer an apology for the temporary cessation of the appearance of the ARCHIVE; the conditions referred to are within themselves sufficient explanation. The desire is rather to impress upon those to whom the ARCHIVE must look for support, the fact that the publication of the ARCHIVE this year is attended with unusual difficulties—difficulties which can, however, be overcome with the loyal and unstinted support of the student body. It will be the withholding or the bestowing of this support that will in a large measure determine the failure or the success of the ARCHIVE in 1919-1920. Fellow students of Trinity, the fair record of the ARCHIVE is at stake. We face the issue of maintaining or failing to maintain the enviable record of the students who have preceded us here. With your assistance, success is assured; without it, failure is inevitable.

The editors do not wish, however, to pass along to others the whole of the responsibility, or to forestall deserved censure; they will rather welcome criticism given in the proper spirit—the spirit of helpfulness. But to the gentle, the perpetual knocker, the individual who sees nothing except through the jaundiced perspective of his own ill-directed tastes, they have this to say: If you can offer something superior for that which you propose to condemn, very well; they will welcome your substitute. If however yours is like the activity of the crawling youngster who pulls down but never replaces, they spurn it.

> "Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
> And censure freely, who have written well."

The support that is essential is of a two-fold character, consisting of a supply of literary material and substantial financial aid. Any student who has writing ability owes it

to himself and to his college to offer for publication any story, essay, poem, or review which he may have or be able to produce. In normal times the work of an editor who has an abundance of material from which to choose is comparatively easy. On the other hand, when material is scarce, the task is indeed herculean. Do not be modest in submitting what you have.

The securing of an abundance of material does not, however, surmount all of the obstacles this year. One of vital importance yet remains. The manager must have the financial and moral support of the students. Since the Archive was last published, the price of paper and everything that contributes to the making of the magazine has advanced in price approximately one hundred per cent. It must, therefore, be obvious that the nominal price which obtained for years in the good old *ante bellum* days is no longer adequate in this time of high prices. Hence it is hoped that no one will give less hearty support because of the slight increase in the subscription price. Subscriptions are the basis on which the financial success of this publication rests. Without a large number of subscriptions, advertisements can not be secured; and without advertisements, the Archive could not long exist.

Students and alumni, let your response be in terms of subscriptions and contributions.

THE RETURN OF FOOTBALL

Through the untiring efforts of many staunch, unselfish friends of Trinity College, the heavy damper of the football ban has at last been raised from this institution. The oldest and foremost collegiate sport has, after a prohibition of many years, been unconditionally reinstated. To those who have effected this achievement for their *alma mater* the Archive wishes to extend congratulations; and in doing so, the editors believe that they express the feelings of the student body and alumni. Many are of the opinion that the regaining of football is the most significant step made by Trinity College in a decade. Certainly football, as all other branches of athletics, may be made a powerful factor in the

work of the College—the development of men physically, mentally, and morally. Football, however, as other effective agencies, must be rightly directed and used if the proper results are to be obtained. The locomotive serves a useful purpose as long as it is skillfully managed; but if the engineer, forgetting the purpose of his work, runs his engine blindly and makes the running of it an end within itself, without regard for the results which he is expected to achieve, destruction for himself and all with whom he is associated is inevitable. Thus it is with college activities. The means must not be mistaken for the ends desired.

Since Trinity is about to enter again a career in football, it may be well at this time to consider the potentialities of this game. In order, however, that we may judge intelligently as to the rôle that the gridiron should play in this institution, let us pause to state the purpose of an education. To Plato an education meant "the giving to body and soul all the perfection of which they are capable." Spenser has expressed approximately the same idea in the following words: "Education is preparation for complete living." Inasmuch as the function of the college is to supply many of the links in the chain of the individual's education, the ultimate goal of the college must be identical to that of an education.

Now back to football. In so far as it tends to achieve the aims of the college, football should be encouraged; and it requires but little argument to establish the fact that a clean game of football develops the player's physique, fosters within him manly courage and the ability to make quick decisions, and, above all, engenders higher respect for fair play and honesty—in short, fits him for better living. Clean football indulged in in moderation needs no justification. It is to the possible entrance of the abuse which is too often concurrent with college athletics that this article is intended to point.

What is that abuse? It is the lack of due proportion maintained between athletic and intellectual pursuits found in too many American colleges. Perhaps the ideal can be found between the ideals of two ancient schools. The boys

of Sparta were given unlimited physical training with a mere smattering of *book* learning; whereas, the Athenians placed the emphasis on mental training, neglecting completely the physical development of the student. Neither of these ideals is desirable. The happy medium doubtlessly lies between these two extremes. The arms of the world are open to the man with a trained mind in a strong body. No one, however, can draw an arbitrary line and prescribe that each student must spend a definite amount of energy in bodily exercise and another fixed amount in mental work. But this much we do know: When the student gives the greater part of his time and thought to athletics, regarding the small amount of intellectual work which he does, as a forced condition to the continuation of his athletics, the pendulum has swung too far toward the ideal of the Spartans. For temporary popularity, for the cheers of the crowd, for the love of the sport, he is sacrificing in a large measure his chances for preparing himself for a useful life. Athletics when carried on as a means of facilitating the education of the student, is proper and good; when it becomes an end within itself, it defeats its own purpose, as well as the purpose for which every worth-while institution of learning exists.

Let Trinity College embrace the opportunity to get into football once more—not for the sake of football, but rather for the purpose of promoting the development of men for more nearly complete living.

WAYSIDE WARES

SHANTUNG

Messrs. Borah, Lodge & Company are certainly putting the *tongue* in Shan*tung*. They are also trying to put the *sha'n't* in Japan's right to *Shan*tung. But let us hope the administration leaders will succeed in putting the *sh!* in all the *Sh*antung opposition.

ORGANS AND ORGANIZATIONS

Everything these days is organized, and every organization seems to have its publication, or organ. The latest wrinkle in this line is the American Cat Association, an organization of cat enthusiasts, which met last time in Louisville, Kentucky. It has an apparently large membership of both men and women. Ever since its beginning some time ago it has had an official publication called *The Cat Review,* a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of cats, published at 96 Center Street, Orange, New Jersey. It is about the size of a Sunday-school quarterly, and is bound in light green covering. It may be ordered from the publishers for ten cents a copy or one dollar a year.

This magazine advertises for sale many "high grade" cats. It prints short stories about cats, critical articles concerning the various breeds, essays on the care and health of the cat, cat pictures, cat poetry, etc.

Not all fools are dead yet. Question: Who are the fools,—we, the ordinary American people, or they, the cat enthusiasts?

We should not be surprised at any time to hear of a National Tooth Pick Association, a Federal Council of Agitators for Improvements in Pin Cushions, an International Congress of Men Who Wear Moustaches, or a Weekly Journal of People Who Chew More on the Right Side than on the Left.

Truly this is a day of getting together and organizing. We suggest that these clubs all get together some day and call themselves The Society for the Promotion of Anything and Everything Except the Right Thing.

A GOOD OLD WORD STILL UNRECOGNIZED

There are thirteen million niggers in the United States. The census man tells us that there are thirteen million negroes but he is wrong. There are no negroes. There is no such think as a negro. It is true that the word "negro" so spelled may be found occasionally in long dry treatises in the political science books, in certain essays about educational conditions in North Carolina, and in student orations at commencement time. In fact, the word is really spelled *negro* in formal writing and pronounced accordingly in formal speech, but the word spelled in that way never was a success and never will be. It does not look right or sound right. Both people and niggers in the United States say *nigger* because they like to say *nigger* and do not like to say *negro.* And after all the people make the language. Do not ask for the psychology of the thing; simply go by the way you feel about it. When you look at a black man, what comes into your mind? Why *nigger,* of course. Do you ever think *negro?* Certainly not! Then let the dictionary man get busy and recognize our good old friendly every-day word that he has so long ignored.

EXCHANGES

"I mistrust the judgment of every man in a case in which his own wishes are concerned," thus spoke the Duke of Wellington, and thus speak all men. The editors of college magazines early realized this fact and organized the Exchange Department wherein they might criticise each other.

The Editor of an Exchange Department should be neither hated nor feared, for he is no more than a student observer who tries to separate the good from the bad, to set a value mark upon the work that comes under his observation. We recognize the worth of praise and shall not withhold it, while, on the other hand, when we think a bit of warning or advice would help, we shall not hesitate to give it. Now, as our magazine goes to press we are waiting with interest the arrival of our sister exchanges and extend to them our hearty good wishes for 1919-1920.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

TWO STARS AND A DIAMOND

Adelaide Avery Lyons, '17

The entertainment committee of the New Hope Red Cross, automatically transformed into the welcoming committee for returning soldiers, was meeting to plan a celebration worthy of the home-coming of New Hope's own.

For New Hope had not been drafted and was inordinately proud of the fact. On the day after war was declared, their Company L of the state guards, lineal descendants of the Mountain Greys of the Confederacy, had begun to recruit to war strength and had enlisted more than the town's quota.

Now the welcoming committee sat above the hardware store in the room which Sandy Huff had turned over to the Red Cross. They were waiting for Mrs. Mason, president of the chapter, and as they waited, they discussed what Sandy Huff called "Exhibit A," the case of Sergeant George Mason.

All New Hope knew that both Mary Sue Robinson and Ella Scott were wearing service stars for George Mason, and everyone wanted to know which star was going to change into a diamond. They also wanted to know what terms of peace George could arrange with the owner of the other star, for both Ella and Mary Sue were demanding unconditional surrender, and each was prepared to carry the war into the enemy's country and do all possible damage.

"Sam says he believes Mary Sue is ahead," announced Mrs. Sam Gilmer, wife of the postmaster. "He says that in the last mail from France she had two letters, and Ella didn't have but one."

"Well, I believe Ella is buying her trousseau," said Ora Tate, who was part-time clerk in New Hope's "department store." "She bought that six-dollar georgette waist that was in the window—the white one with the blue beads, you know. And she got ten yards of pink crepe de chine. Said it was for underclothes. You know she can't afford that unless she's going to get married."

"Everything that family can make goes on Ella's back—just because she's pretty," remarked Mrs. Will Edmondson.

"Ella told me," Ora continued, "that she was going to order most of her summer clothes out of a New York catalog."

Ora sighed. She considered George Mason worth sighing for. He always looked just like the posters that clothing drummers brought to New Hope, and furthermore, his wife would be able to dress like the pictures in the fashion magazines at the pattern counter.

"Well, I believe that which ever one gets hold of him when he first steps off the train will hang on to him for good and all," Mrs. Edmondson was saying. "I wouldn't want a son of mine to marry either of them." Her sons were aged five and seven. "But I believe I'd rather risk Mary Sue."

"Not me," said Mrs. Gilmer, "I'd hate to be hen-pecked by her."

"Yes, but she's practical, and George will run through everything his father left him if he don't have somebody to look after him. Mary Sue would make him a good wife."

"Oh, she would keep him fed, and all that, but she'd buy his ties at a bargain sale, and she wouldn't let him put his head on her sofa pillows. Ella would at least let him do as he pleased."

"And Ella is so pretty," remarked Ora Tate, who was not.

"Yes, but she'll fade. Those blondes always do. I'll tell you one reason he'd better marry Mary Sue. She can make it so uncomfortable for him if he marries Ella. You know how she bosses all that young society set. She'd simply cut both of them out of everything."

"He's in for it which ever one he marries, for I bet Ella could make trouble too. For one thing, Mary Sue would always be jealous of her because Mary Sue is not pretty."

"Yes, and she's got a temper of her own."

"Who's got a temper of her own?" asked Sandy Huff coming in with a scuttle of coal and a shovel.

"Ella Scott."

"Oh. So's Mary Sue. Are you women warm enough in here?"

He took the lid off the little round stove and sifted in a shovel full of coal. Wiping his hands on the sides of his trousers, he remarked, "Darned if I don't wish he'd marry both of them."

"That's what Will says," Mrs. Edmondson announced. "He says if he could sell George two engagement rings, he would buy me a phonograph. Then they could go to Utah."

"Utah's not far enough away to suit me. I want him to go to Turkey or Persia or somewhere where harems is really fashionable. That would take him plumb off my hands."

Sandy Huff had reason to be interested in George Mason's future, for with George's father he had built up the hardware business which supplied half the county with its nails and cookstoves, its mowing machines and automobile repairs. Now the elder Mason was deceased, and his son had inherited half interest in the business. But the boy's participation in the hardware trade consisted chiefly in drawing his share of the profits and using the store as a loafing place between social engagements.

"I'm plumb glad George got himself into this mess," old Sandy went on. "When he first commenced setting in Mary Sue's parlor one night and taking Ella to the movies the next, I told him he was putting himself between the devil and the witch. The other day I was writing to him, and I told him he'd better have stayed in the trenches, that coming home would be like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Well, he's in, and he'll have to get himself out now. It ought to do him good; it's the first hard job he ever tackled."

Sandy Huff retreated down the steps banging the coal scuttle as he went.

"Mr. Huff sure is down on George," Mrs. Edmonson remarked, "But I think George's all right. The only trouble

is that he hasn't ever had to work, and all the girls have flung themselves at his head because he was good looking and had money. His money is all Ella wants him for."

Ora blushed and looked out of the window, across the public square where the country buggies and wagons were hitched, and over at the service flag hanging in the park by the railway station. Mrs. Gilmer added her opinion as to George and the girls:

"Money's what Mary Sue wants him for—mostly. Of course she doesn't need it like Ella does, but she'd like to be able to make the biggest splurge in town. They say the paper she is having put on their parlor . . "

But Mrs. Gilmer did not finish her remark as to the cost of Mary Sue's paper. Ora interrupted.

"Here comes Mrs. Mason. She's got Ella with her."

"Which one do you reckon she wants?"

"I don't know, but it's a sight the way Ella hangs around her. Stops there every time she comes to the store. Says she wants Mrs. Mason to feel like she can call on her for anything, just the same as she could her own daughter. Ella'll get over that after a while; she's naturally lazy."

As the creaking stairs announced the immediate approach of Mrs. Mason and Ella, silence fell upon the welcoming committee. In a moment the two women entered, Mrs. Mason florid and panting, Ella languid with the discontent of a pretty woman who feels that her neighbors have not made due returns for the privilege of looking at her.

Mrs. Mason sank into a chair, fanning herself with the weekly *New Hope Recorder*.

"Those steps always take my wind. Here's a letter from George you can read while I get my breath."

The committee read, but neither George's hope for an early return nor his descriptions of devastation impressed them as did the paragraph which said:

"I had a letter from Vera Price the other day. She asked me if there was any harm in her writing to cheer up a soldier boy who was stranded in France. I told her there couldn't be, for five or six girls from all around were doing it already."

By the time the letter had passed all around the room, Mrs. Mason's respiration was normal, and she took charge of the meeting.

"I brought Ella along because she has some real good ideas for the celebration. Tell them about it, Ella."

Ella hesitated for a minute and then raised her eyes, just as blue as a forget-me-not, and just as shallow.

"I think we ought to do something really beautiful for the boys when they come home, so I wondered if we couldn't meet them at the station with some sort of pageant. We could get the band from Russellville, and we could have someone to represent the Goddess of Liberty."

Everyone in the room knew that Ella meant, "You could have me to represent the Goddess of Liberty."

"And she could put a laurel wreath on the company's flag."

George Mason was color sergeant.

"Then while the band played *The Star-Spangled Banner* the mayor could take down the service flag in the park, and they could march with it to the court house and put it with the Confederate flags there. That night we could have a big dance."

Thus Ella's plan of campaign was made public, and the committee, having no better form of welcome to suggest, became accessory to its accomplishment.

While the women discussed ways and means, Ella looked out toward the railway station, her forget-me-not eyes dreamy, her face flushed. She was thinking how she would look when George first saw her.

The flowing robes of Liberty would make her look even taller, even fairer than usual. The sun would shine on her loose golden hair, and in her outstretched hand she would hold a laurel wreath. George would lower the colors, and she would fasten the shining leaves to the staff. As she did it, she would smile at him.

That smile ought to get him, for she would be even more beautiful than she had been at Mary Sue's party the night before he left. That night he had almost—he had put his arm around her and said:

"Ellie, you are the prettiest thing I ever saw. Why, when I look at you, I never want to do another thing except just keep on looking. Some day . . "

Just then Mary Sue had called them to supper, and had kept George with her the rest of the evening. But Ella felt that her service star was justified. Only now she must get a chance at him before Mary Sue could. Mary Sue had a house where she could give parties. Mary Sue was used to getting what she wanted. Only now Mary Sue must not get George. Ella felt that George was her one chance at prosperity.

"If Mary Sue should take him away from me, I'd . . "

Ella dug her finger nails into her palms, and her eyes grew hard. She did not know what she could do if Mary Sue got George. It simply must not happen.

The radiant beauty of the Goddess of Liberty, she knew, was her best chance of success.

The committee which accepted Ella's plan was surprised at her inventiveness. She did not usually take a leading part in New Hope's society. They were equally surprised that Mary Sue took no active interest in the reception. Mary Sue was usually the center of things.

But Mary Sue was planning a campaign of her own. Just then, in a blue gingham apron and a pink dust cap, she was superintending while Charlie Williams, chief paperer to New Hope, put upon the walls of the Robinson parlor some new paper—a leafy jungle effect suggestive of lurking chimpanzies and possible giraffes.

"Now, Charlie, you can fit the paper better than that around the stove pipe, and don't forget to put a strip over there between the two front windows."

Mary Sue stood in the doorway and surveyed the effect. It would look well when she got the davenport over there by the front windows—with lots of pillows on it. She must make some new pillows, some of those round, frilly silk ones. She could make one out of her old red taffeta party dress. She had made her mother order a new morris chair. It would go over there between the side window and the stove George would like that. He liked to be comfortable.

"But I'll get him out of some of those lazy ways—later."

Mary Sue shrugged her sturdy shoulders. She wished she knew just the day they would get in. She wanted to make George a devil's food cake with thick icing. She wanted to plan for her first party. There would be lots of parties in that parlor. Mary Sue gave it one more glance as she turned away.

Mary Sue pursed up her full red lips as she walked through the hall to the kitchen. That little fool Ella Scott thought she'd get George, did she? Well, she wouldn't. George belonged by divine right to Mary Sue Robinson, dictator of New Hope's younger society.

"So she wants to pull off a tableau stunt when the boys get home. Beauty stuff so she can show herself off. I'll show her. I'll take him away from her right before her eyes while she's posing."

Mary Sue laughed. Her lips were tinging with the memory of George's kiss the night before she went away.

It was at the farewell party at her house. She had found George on the porch "spooning with Ella," and had served refreshments fifteen minutes earlier than she intended so that she could call him in. When she got him alone, she said:

"George, I've borrowed these flags from all over town, and I have to take them back in the morning. Can't you stay and help me get them down tonight?"

George had hesitated a minute, but he had stayed. So Mary Sue had kept him from walking home with Ella that night.

When the last flag was down, and he was ready to go, she had looked up at him and held up her lips—so.

He kissed her—not just as if he had to, but as if he really enjoyed it. He did it twice and put his arms around her tight. Then he left without a word, but Mary Sue felt that her attack had been worth while.

The next morning he went away. His last kiss had been hers. Now, if she could get the first kiss when he came back—particularly if she could get that kiss in public—George himself would be hers in the eyes of all New Hope.

So she would take no active part in the welcoming ceremony. Ella Scott could do all the statuary stuff she wanted to. But when company L broke ranks for the first time, Mary Sue would be standing close to George Mason. She would hold up her lips, so, just as if the kiss was her natural right.

George would not know how to refuse the offered kiss—she was sure of that. She knew that in New Hope a kiss was the equivalent of an engagement. So it would all be settled.

But the parlor with the jungly wall was necessary also, for Mary Sue knew that Ella was pretty and she was not. She must make George forget Ella's prettiness. She must make him so comfortable that he would forget he ever wanted to take Ella to the movies or to sit in the dark with his arm around her.

And thus New Hope's celebration plans were completed.

Ella arranged and rearranged her white draperies until they fell in just the proper folds. The laurel wreath—artificial but resplendent—lay in the room over Huff and Mason's store. The Russellville band was ready to motor to New Hope at a moment's notice.

The Robinson parlor, too, was decorated all except one yard of nodding tree-tops which formed the border. Charlie Williams had miscalculated the length and had to wait until more paper came from Roanoke. But the Morris chair was ready, inviting repose, and the new silk pillows turned the davenport into a tawdry imitation of a rainbow.

All New Hope was in readiness on the Monday morning when word came that Company L had landed in Norfolk. They were to go immediately to Camp Lee, where they could be mustered out at once. Sometime on Thursday they might be expected home.

Arrangements were made for a telegram when the troops passed Roanoke. The Russellville band was coming early in the morning to be in readiness. The mayor and two assistants experimented with the service flag until they could lower it with the fewest possible hitches. All New Hope tried on its new spring raiment once more and settled down

to watchful waiting—one eye on the railroad and the other on Mary Sue and Ella.

With Thursday came rain, not mere temperamental showers, but a downpour equinoxial and determined. Still New Hope, overshod and protected by umbrellas, collected around the public square.

The Red Cross committee gathered uncertainly in the room above Huff and Mason's. Ella Scott, very white-faced and determined donned her Liberty robes.

"But can you do it in all this rain?" the committee queried.

"Yes, someone may hold an umbrella over me until the train stops. Then I'll not want it any more. I can't be hampered while I'm decorating the flag."

"Really I think we'd better give it up today and have the ceremony later at the court house," Mrs. Mason suggested.

But Ella was not to be dissuaded.

"I just couldn't think of letting a little rain interfere with our welcome to the boys. They must see that we appreciate what they have done for their country."

"'Pears to me that they'll think the Bolsheviki is turned loose on them, when they see all this," mumbled Sandy Huff from the back of the room.

Then into the room stepped Mary Sue Robinson, triumphant in dripping raincoat and cap.

"Charlie Williams is putting the rest of the paper on my wall, and I had no business leaving him. He's just as likely to put it on upside down as not. But I couldn't help coming down to see the excitement."

She looked over at Ella sitting huddled by the window. The stars in their courses were fighting for Mary Sue, and she felt that she could be gracious to her rival. Going over toward the window, she said:

"Too bad the rain interfered with your plans, isn't it?"

To which Ella replied:

"My plans have not been interfered with in the least, thank you."

Just then Sam Gilmer opened the door.

"Mrs. Mason," he called, "Special delivery for you from George. I knew you were here, so I brought it right over."

In intense silence the room watched while Mrs. Mason read the letter, watched her face grow puzzled, cloud, and clear again as she read page after page. At last she folded the letter and said quietly:

"George won't be here today with the other boys. Just before he left France he was married to a little French girl, Mimette DelChamps. She has sailed for New York, and he is going there to meet her. They will be home in a few days."

Slowly she put the letter into her bag and reached for her coat.

"You don't really need me, do you? I think I'd better go home and take up the spare room carpet."

For a full minute after she had left, the surprised silence of the room continued. Then Ella Scott said:

"It's a raining harder than ever. There's no sense in my going out in these clothes and looking like a draggled chicken. Where's the skirt to my suit?"

Mary Sue, as she slipped out of the door, said nothing, but downstairs in the store she paused to remark to Sandy Huff:

"If there's no telling when that train is coming in, I'm going to see what Charlie Williams is doing to my parlor."

Sandy Huff watched her go out the door, and then chuckled to himself:

"There's some hope for that boy, after all. He took a darned cute way of getting out of a mess. They say them French girls is pretty as a picture and smart as a dollar, too."

SHEPHERD FURNITURE CO.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR

COLUMBIA, AEOLIAN and VOCALION
TALKING MACHINES and RECORDS

CORCORAN STREET

EAT AT
GOODY SHOP CAFE
FEEDS YOU BETTER

PERRY-HORTON CO.

We Specialize in Smart Shoes for College Men

Nettleton's and Hurley's for Men
Cousins' and Grover's for Ladies

117 West Main Street *Telephone No. 7*

RAWLS-KNIGHT COMPANY

Main and Parrish Streets Durham, N. C.

Fashionable Wearing Apparel for Women

Silks, Piece Goods, Notions, Centemeria Gloves, Crown and Lady Ruth Corsets

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN MAIL ORDERS

CONFIDENCE

THAT'S THE REASON WHY OUR BANK HAS GROWN

OUR BANK HAS GROWN BECAUSE THE PEOPLE OF THE COMMUNITY BELIEVE IN OUR BANK

We do not solicit your account just because ours is a National Bank, but also because the good names of responsible upright men of known financial responsibility are likewise behind our Bank. We shall welcome your bank account.

Capital	**400,000.00**
Surplus	**250,000.00**
Undivided Profits	**50,000.00**

JULIAN S. CARR
President

W. J. HOLLOWAY
Cashier

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF DURHAM

We know your wants and want your business

See--- DURHAM'S LEADING FURNITURE HOUSE

CHRISTIAN & HARWARD

FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS

Corcoran St. Opposite Postoffice — J. L. LOCKHART, Manager

TRINITY PARK SCHOOL

ESTABLISHED 1898

Location Excellent. Equipment first-class. Well trained Faculty of successful experience. Special care of health of the students. An instructor in each dormitory to supervise living conditions of boys under his care. Excellent library and gymnasium facilities. Large athletic fields.

For Illustrated Catalogue address

F. S. ALDRIDGE, Headmaster

DURHAM, N. C.

Founded 1838 Chartered 1859

TRINITY COLLEGE

An institution of education intensely devoted to developing men. Its graduates are everywhere successful and fill important positions in all lines of work. They occupy places of honor and dignity in church and state, and ably and prominently represent their state in the national government. A college supplied with ample resources to provide the best education. A wide range of courses.

Necessary expenses of the students moderate. No increase in tuition charges within twenty-five years.

For catalogue and illustrated booklet, address

R. L. FLOWERS
Secretary to the Corporation
Durham, N. C.

Shoes, That's All

But We Have Them for ALL you Boys and the Young Ladies, also.

Glad to have you come to see us at any time.

PRIDGEN & JONES COMPANY

Victrolas and Victor Records

Headquarters

Sheet Music **Small Instruments**

The Corley Company

Durham, - - - - North Carolina

Keep Your Feet Off the Ground

Have your sole mended by the Goodyear Repair System and make life's walk easy. A good sole keeps a good disposition, and a good disposition creates a good soul; so live for the future by looking out for the present.

ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

Trinity Athletic Council, Representative **209 E. Main Street**

SPECIAL CLASSES

Turn your spare time into the knowledge of

SHORTHAND - TYPEWRITING - PENMANSHIP

Special Class arrangement for Trinity Students.

Tuition Rates Reasonable

Our school is accredited by the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools

DURHAM BUSINESS SCHOOL

MRS. WALTER LEE LEDNUM, President

Automobiles for Hire

W. E. Harris | J. H. Harris | M. D. Harris

CADILLACS

Phone 1390 | Phone 414 | Phone 1418

We Will Be Ready

DR. D. K. LOCKHART
DENTIST
405 Geer Building
Phone 771

DR. J. T. McCRACKEN
DENTIST
413 Trust Building
Phone 114

"THE TWO-TIMES-A-WEEK LAUNDRY"
(*TUESDAY and THURSDAY*)

Durham Laundry

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

The Trinity College Athletic Council, *Agent*

Trinity Pharmacy

WE WELCOME EVERY TRINITY STUDENT
WE DESIRE YOUR PATRONAGE

Cigars, Cigarettes, Candy
Toilet Articles, Stationery

FOUNTAIN DRINKS

THOMAS DRUG COMPANY

WEST DURHAM, N. C. PHONE No. 186

Full Line Cigars, Cigarettes and Candies. We have an up-to-date Soda Fountain. Fresh Complete Line of Prescription Drugs.

See Us Before Buying

AGENTS Kodaks, Vinol, Rexall Line, Nyall Remedies

MALBOURNE CIGAR STAND

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, MAGAZINES, PAPERS

We Appreciate Your Patronage

R. L. BALDWIN CO.

105 MAIN STREET

Correct dress for women. Specializing on ladies' and misses' Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists, Hosiery and Shoes. Curtains and Drapery.

GREEN AND POTEAT

INKS BOOKS STATIONERY

"WE APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE"

SNIDER-FLETCHER COMPANY

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY

Repairing a Specsalty

Get it from DURHAM CIGAR STORE

"It must be good"

Make this Your Home, Boys They all "Hang Out" Here

Cigars Cigarettes Tobaccos Pipes Candy Soda

"Trinity's Downtown Headquarters for Last Ten Years"

Model Steam Laundry

Laundry and Pressing

Good Service Guaranteed at

GOOD RATES

Represented by - - - - J. O. LONG

25 STORES SELL FOR LESS 25

BELK-HUDSON COMPANY

"Everything up-to-date"

MEN'S FURNISHINGS AND SHOES

BELK-HUDSON COMPANY

W. MAIN STREET

KRONHEIMERS 313-15-17 W. Main St.

DURHAM'S BIG DRY GOODS STORE

Dress Goods, Suits, Millinery, Etc.

"College Trade Solicited"

DURHAM TRACTION CO.

1899 1919

"Nothing too Large---Nothing too Small"

Everything Electrical

FOR

POCKET KNIVES, RAZORS AND RAZOR STRAPS

SEE

TAYLOR-PHIPPS CO.

J. W. POLLARD, Proprietor

J. Southgate & Son

Insurance a Specialty - -

Durham, North Carolina

FALL CLOTHING

Our new Fall Suits are worth looking at.

If you want the latest style, you'll find it right here.

There will be just the correct number of buttons on your Coat — just the right length — just the proper roll to the lapels — just the correct curve to your Trousers and the right cut to the entire suit.

Then last, but not least, the price will be just right.

$30 - $35 - $40 to $55

Sneed, Markham, Taylor Co.

The Clothiers

Expressing Elegance

MEN of today demand a higher order of quality in their clothes than ever before — probably because genuine quality has become a rarer article than in pre-war times.

This very condition has created a greater popularity for this store because we have impressed the fact that only the highest quality and style attainments can meet our high standard ideals.

Pritchard-Bright Company

DURHAM, - - - NORTH CAROLINA

FIRST

Style is to a suit what paint is to a house. It is the first thing to be noticed. Wear a Fashion Park suit and you are as well dressed as it is possible for any man to be.

THE FASHION PARK AGENCY

W. M. NEWTON COMPANY

DE LUXE CLOTHIERS 213 W. MAIN

The Trinity Archive

November, 1919

Life

It is a long lane and has no turn--
It is rough, rocky, and full of hardships--
But if you are prepared for it the way is easy

When you are through College and get out into the world you will realize this truth. Begin saving now and make the road of life easy going.

Many of the nation's greatest financiers started their fortunes with a dollar. . The world offers much to a college man with a little capital in his pocket. *Think it ouer.*

THE FIDELITY BANK

North Carolina's Greatest Banking Institution

B. N. DUKE, Pres. J. F. WILY, Vice-Pres. S. W. MINOR, Cashier

The

Electric Shoe Hospital

Desires Your Patronage

WE PLEASE OUR CUSTOMERS---
WE ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

Work Guaranteed

WE COLLECT AND RETURN WORK

O. J. HOBBY, Proprietor

"Brick" Starling, College Representative

324 W. Main Street **Phone 1272**

Trinity College Students

You will find Our Fountain the home of good drinks. We invite you to make our store your downtown headquarters.

BEN H. THOMAS, Telephone 33

MARKHAM-ROGERS CO.

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS, TAILORS AND HATTERS

104 W. MAIN ST. PHONE 590

WE WILL APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE

For Hardware, Pocket Knives, Shells and Leggins

POLLARD BROTHERS, Hardware

MAIN STREET DURHAM, N. C.

See Me and See Better

OPTICAL STORE
Opposite Postoffice

Lenses Ground While You Wait

Five Points Drug Co.

SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE

Phone 150

BLACKNALL'S DRUG STORE

THE BEST CREAM IN TOWN. COME TO SEE US FOR YOUR SMOKES, DRINKS, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

GEER BUILDING, CORCORAN ST., PHONE 62

Carr-Bryant

THE BEST LINE OF SHOES *for* COLLEGE MEN

Anything you want in high-grade shoes with

Snap and Style

Carr-Bryant Boot and Shoe Co.

106 WEST MAIN STREET

The Royall & Borden Company

We furnished all the buildings at Trinity and nearly all the faculty homes. No order too large for us to handle promptly, intelligently and correctly, and no order too small for our appreciative best attention.

WEST MAIN STREET DURHAM, N. C.

We Lead the Leaders in College Jewelry

See our line of Trinity Chains, Pins, Rings.
They're for *you*. Repair work a specialty.

JONES & FRASIER

W. C. MERRITT, College Representative

MAIN STREET PHARMACY

One block up from station. The greatest hangout for Trinity boys off the College Park

Let Us Serve You

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXII **NOVEMBER, 1919** **No. 2**

MANAGER'S NOTICE

The TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will se fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater. If you do not wish to become a subscriber please notify us at once,* or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Entered at postoffice at Durham, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION: One year, $2.00; single copies, 25 cents.

Adress all business correspondence to J. H. Harrison, Jr., Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF

N. M. WEST ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
J. G. LEYBURN ..... *Associate Editor*
GLADYS PRICE, J. E. GILBREATH ..... *Literary Editors*
WESLEY TAYLOR ..... *Wayside Wares*
MARY PITTS ..... *Exchanges*
J. W. R. NORTON ..... *Alumni Department*
J. H. HARRISON, JR. ..... *Business Manager*
R. S. WHITE, L. M. DRAPER ..... *Assistant Business Managers*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LITERARY DEPARTMENT— PAGE

THE WINTER WIND (poem)—*D. W. Newsom* 51

THE ETERNAL "WHY" (story)—*Ney Evans* 54

A RACE IN A CHOIR-LOFT (comic narrative)—*J. G. Leyburn* 62

THE GREAT KLEPTIC ACHIEVEMENT OR THE REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF ADDISON CRABBE (story)—*Wesley Taylor* 64

A NARRATIVE OF WAR-TIME PARIS (story)—*R. A. Smith* 75

THE HOME COMING (poem)—*E. W. McCullers* 80

WOLF (story)—*J. L. Peterson* 81

WAR POETRY AN EXPRESSION OF WAR THOUGHT (essay)—*Ruth Merritt* 88

THE EAVESDROPPING BREEZE (tale)—*Mary G. Pitts* 108

MY HEART WILL STRAY (poem)—*Jake Hazelwood* 111

EDITORIAL—

NEEDED CHANGES 112

OPTIMISM 115

FAIR-MINDEDNESS 115

WAYSIDE WARES—

HOW SERVANT MOUSTACHE WON HIS DISTINCTION 118

THE DOPE SHOP—A REALITY—*J. H. Shinn* 119

A PAGE FROM A LOCAL CATECHISM 121

EXCHANGES 123

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT—

AN APOLOGY FOR GRINDS—BY A CYNIC (argument)—*John Cline* 125

The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1919

The Winter Wind

D. W. Newsom, '99

Who cometh here, thou vandal bold,
Ice-hearted, ruthless, bleak and cold,
From yonder northern ice-built throne
To claim so lightly as thine own;
The lovely things that summer knew
And all she heired from springtime too!
You drove the songbirds from the fields
And seized the breath the flower yields,
You hushed the music of the stream
And broke the peace of autumn dream;
The honey-bee and butterfly
In terror fled when you came nigh;
The leaves all fluttered through the wood
And hid from you as best they could;
The summer clouds float drear and dry
When your dread form goes stalking by.
The countenance of lake and pond
Grew stonelike neath your waving wand;
You lock the rivers and the bays
And send the ships through distant ways;
The mossy banks of ditch and road
Reared icy fingers as you strode
O'er copse and glen and fern-clad dell,
And marred their life with your dire spell;
And heaven's eyes glint cold and blue
And gaze afar with awe at you.
You sent Jack Frost as secret spy

To tell you where our treasures lie;
'Tis your delight to shriek and roar
And hear the children slam the door;
The pine trees murmur at your voice,
There's not a cricket to rejoice;
The whole world shudders at your sound,
Your cold tread freezes all the ground.
What bold intrigue dost thou forswear
To leave thy frigid, ice-bound lair
And stalk the highways of our land
To smite us with thy tyrant hand?

So spake the child. The wind replied,
When he had heard, and gently sighed:
"You do me wrong, my hasty child,
For though I come from regions wild
I am thy friend, I bring no harm;
Though cold, I bring a heart that's warm.
I am the king of cheer and health
And own the store of winter wealth.
I drive away the scorching heat
And bring new strength to weary feet;
I paint the earth with glist'ning snow
And hang the ice-lace as I go;
I give the sky the glowing red
And chant night-songs about your bed;
I build a fire in every home
And give the night its ruddy gloam;
I bring the popcorn, nuts, and fruit,
The voice of violin and flute
Around the happy evening fires,
And stories of the old grandsires;
I bring glad laughter as I pass
And warm the hearts of lad and lass;
The mistletoe and Christmas-tree
And yuletide lights all come with me.
I put wild joy and glad surprise

I send the sleighbells o'er the hills
Into the little children's eyes;
And bring the stockings Santa fills.
The candy-stew and quilting-bee
And merry crowds all follow me."

"O pardon, sir," the young voice said;
"In truth, kind sir, I am agraid
I saw you with unseeing eyes;
You walk the earth in fine disguise;
Henceforth your goodness I shall sing
In praises worthy of a king;
Your ice-clad heart is warm and kind,
Long live my friend, the winter wind."

The Eternal "Why"

Ney Evans

As the whistles were announcing the lunch hour, a handsome roadster drew up in front of the office building of a large manufacturing plant. The driver, a charming young girl clad in the latest fashioned motor costume, stepped lightly from the car and ran up the steps into the outer office. Inside she stopped for a moment and spoke to a handsome, smartly dressed young man, one of the bookkeepers employed in the office. She crossed the room and just as she put her hand on the knob of the door on which was printed, *"President, Private,"* she glanced once more with a pleasant smile toward the young man lingering on the steps and then entered.

Sitting at a desk in the elaborate private office, the girl saw her father, a man somewhat past middle age, his hair streaked with gray about the temples, with cultured and refined features, and the mien of a true financier. Facing him, but with his back to the door, stood a young man with stalwart and athletic form. The financier was talking seriously, earnestly, almost confidentially, to him.

But a pleasant smile lighted his face when he saw his daughter enter the room. "Come on in, Elsie," he called to her. "I will be ready to go to lunch in just a moment."

As the girl approached the desk, the young man turned around, and as he turned she said cordially, "Good morning, Hal. You seem to be a favorite advisor; I find you in here almost every time I come."

"Oh, you just happen to come while I'm in here," he replied pleasantly and continued the conversation with some remark about the social events of the week.

Henry Roland, the president of the large concern, gazed intently at the two young people as he was putting on his overcoat. He was proud of his daughter. She was a very beautiful young girl, just growing into womanhood. He felt

a great deal of satisfaction as he saw her eyes flash under her dark eyebrows, her fair lighted face lighted with animation, her pearly teeth disclosed by the smile on her beautiful ruby lips. But an expression of seriousness, almost of sadness, passed over his face at the thought that came to him as he looked at his private secretary, Hal Graham. On the frank face of the young man was an expression of admiration as he talked to the attractive girl. His features were fine and the experienced look in his eye clearly showed that, although he was not yet twenty-five, he was past the rashness and impetuosity of youth. True, manly character was imprinted on his face. The manufacturer had realized the value and worth of the young man when he had first entered the office after completing his college course and had made him his private secretary. A little over a year after Hal Graham went to work for the Roland Manufacturing Company, he brought his younger brother, Paul, to the office, introduced him to the president and asked for employment for him. Roland, knowing the value of Hal, and glad of the opportunity to do him a favor, gave Paul a place as bookkeeper. Paul had proved fairly efficient, worked silently and consistently, and no one had ever questioned his honesty and integrity.

But Henry Roland had had more intimate acquaintance with both of the Graham boys than with the rest of his office force, for both of them liked his daughter and had been at his home several times. He had noticed in the last few months that the friendship between the two young men and his daughter had grown stronger and seemed to begin to ripen into love. He had also noticed that Elsie seemed to prefer the younger one, Paul, although she was always pleasant to Hal and only made her preferment known, probably without actual intention, by little acts and glances. Hal, too, had noticed the mutual attraction and although he felt as sincere love for Elsie as did Paul, he did not want to stand in the way of his younger brother, especially since Elsie seemed to like him.

The girl's father had nothing against Paul Graham, but his experienced judgment told him that if Elsie was going to marry either of the boys, she would be happier with Hal. Another thing that worried him was that he could not account for his dislike for Paul, other than by prejudice, and prejudice, he knew, was a mark of ignorance. Indeed, Paul did lack the open and frank look of his brother and Roland imagined that he was concealing something, but he had nothing to justify him in such a suspicion.

Picking up his hat and cane, Roland walked over to his daughter and caught her arm, to escort her out. As he came up, he cordially asked Hal if he would not go to lunch with Elsie and him, but Hal excused himself, saying that he had some records to file that would detain him several minutes. The father and daughter then left the room and Hal went to his desk.

Affairs ran in their usual course for several weeks. Hal continued to grow in the favor of the wealthy manufacturer, and Paul and Elsie seemed to care more and more for each other. Hal had by no means put Elsie out of his mind, but true to his generous nature, he did not interfere with his younger brother.

One morning Roland had been looking over some very valuable bonds, worth more than $25,000, and as he went out he laid them down on Paul Graham's desk and told him to take them to the bank and put them in the safe deposit vault.

Paul took the bonds, listened to the directions of the owner and then placed the papers above the book on which he was working, intending probably to take them to the bank as soon as he could reach a stopping place in his figures. But at the instant he closed his book, Elsie entered the office and finding her father gone, invited Paul to take a short spin with her. He gladly accepted the invitation and in his haste, he shoved the book back to the wall, arranged his files on top, and completely forgot the bonds that Roland had given him.

It was a warm, clear summer day. In their interest for each other the young couple absolutely forgot time and business and all such material affairs. Paul whispered of love in her ears.

Elsie, in her bliss, was unconscious of the time and distance and put mile after mile behind her. Finally Paul made a bold suggestion, turned it into a frank, sincere proposal,—and Elsie agreed. They motored on to a little town a few miles from the city, were married, and started on their return.

In the meantime, Roland, after attending a director's meeting for two hours, dropped in at the bank to investigate some other papers and noticed that his bonds were not there. He rushed in breathless haste to his office, and the flush of excitement on his face was exchanged for an ashy paleness when he saw Paul's chair vacant. He dashed into his office, signalled for Hal and, when the private secretary came, said in a trembling voice. "Do you know where Paul is?"

"I do not," replied Hal with deep concern, noting the alarm on his employer's face. "He was here this morning, but I haven't seen him since noon. Isn't he at his desk?"

There was no answer. Roland simply stared fixedly at the floor.

"For God's sake, what is the matter?" Hal asked, now really alarmed.

"Why," stammered the employer, "I gave him some bonds, worth all of $25,000, to carry to the bank over three hours ago. Just now I came by there and the papers are not there, and Paul has not been seen since he left the office. I can find no trace of him."

It was now Hal's time to turn pale. He sank into a chair, more affected by the surprise and the thought that came to him by real suspicion, for he had never known anything in his brother to cause him to be accused of dishonesty.

"Do you,—do you suppose he could have stolen them?" Hal faltered after a time.

"I have no idea," said the financier, striving to calm himself. "Perhaps I have given an alarm too soon. Let us search his desk."

Hal immediately ran to his brother's desk and went through the material on it hurriedly. But no papers did he find. He 'phoned to apartments where he and Paul lived, but no one answered the telephone.

After a short conference the two men decided to keep the matter quiet until the next day and see if Paul did not return. At the close of the day Hal went homeward, his mind agitated by wonder and fear. As he was walking slowly down the avenue, his head bent in meditation, he heard some one call to him and looking up, he was relieved to see Elsie and Paul in the roadster. He ran out to them, and before he could say a word, they announced in one voice the news that was so pleasing to them, but which clouded Hal's face with a grave expression.

"But where are those bonds, Paul?" Hal asked, as soon as he could recover himself.

"What bonds?" Paul asked, perplexed at the alarm on his brother's face.

But Elsie paid no attention to the alarm, if she noticed it at all, and broke in, "You goose, why don't you congratulate us?"

Hal collected himself and explained to Paul about the missing papers. Like a flash Paul remembered the forgotten and neglected charge and without further discussion, directed Elsie to drive to the office as fast as possible. As the car drew up, Paul jumped from it, rushed madly into the office and with trembling fingers searched his desk, but all was in vain. He turned to Hal and Elsie, who was behind him, and gasped, "What shall I do?"

They conferred together and decided it would be best, inasmuch as circumstantial evidence was against Paul, and that Elsie's father would not sanction the marriage with the suspicion on Paul, for him to disappear for a few days, until they could straighten out matters and make a more careful search for the bonds.

"And what shall I do?" asked Elsie. "I sent a message to father, saying that I was married. But I didn't say to whom. I just did it because I thought it romantic."

That brought up another question and it was decided that Hal would have to be the husband until his brother could be vindicated. Hal gave Paul a check to provide him money and instructed him to keep them (Hal and Elsie) informed of his whereabouts so they could notify him promptly when matters were straightened out. Accordingly, Paul made his departure, while Hal and Elsie went home to receive the parental blessing.

The father met them at the door and presuming that Elsie had married Hal, congratulated them heartily, but expressed some concern about Paul. Hal had explained that he and Elsie were married that morning before Paul disappeared.

The next morning Hal realized that he had probably taken a rash course, but it was too late to recant, for he did not know where to find Paul. Therefore he changed the name on the license and prepared to vindicate his brother as soon as possible.

Time went on. Roland instituted a search for his bonds and offered a reward for the capture of Paul Graham. Hal hired his own detectives and endeavored to solace his brother's wife in her perplexity and grief. But the searches were in vain, and after a time, Roland gave it up. Much to his surprise, Hal did not hear from Paul but once, and after that his letters were returned unopened. After a year had passed, in which he had searched everywhere for his brother, Hal and Elsie gave him up for dead and secretly solemnized their own marriage.

A few months later, Roland decided to remodel his office and install new fixtures. The old office was abandoned temporarily and the fixtures were pulled down. One day one of the carpenters came into the president's office and handed him a bundle of papers. The financier looked at them, wiped the dust from them, and instantly recognized them as the

lost bonds. He immediately announced the discovery to Hal who was now vice-president of the concern. Hal felt relieved that the stain was lifted from his brother's name, but a touch of sadness went over him—Paul's happiness had been cut short.

In the meantime, Paul Graham left the city, intending to go to Pennsylvania and work in the mines, but when he saw the reward offered for his capture, he became frightened and got a job on a freighter plying to foreign ports. His wife was ever in his mind, but he had no way of communicating with her or ever hearing of her. Eighteen months after he left America, he came back, secluding himself in the darkness and always disguised. He watched the papers and no reward was any longer offered for him, but to his surprise he found notes in the society column about "Mr. and Mrs. Hal Graham," "at the home of Henry Roland," and it came into his mind that his brother had not treated him squarely. His mind had become affected to some extent by the constant strain of fear, jealousy, malice, and the sufferings of broken health and continual hunger. Revenge began to steal into his heart and he finally determined to take his revenge,—for what he did not know, but at any rate to get revenge.

He made his way, through hardships of all kinds, back to the city where he had once been so prosperous and happy. By night he went out to his brother's home and stole into it. It was just in the early part of the evening that he crept stealthily into the living room and saw his brother standing before a cozy fire-place, holding Elsie in his arms. Maddened with the one idea that had been in his mind and heart for months, he rushed on his brother, took him by surprise and overpowered him. Elsie was so frightened that she scarcely knew what to do, but when she realized that her husband's life was in danger, she signalled for help and a policeman answered the call. Just as the officer entered the home, a shot rang out and Hal Graham sank to the floor without knowing who shot him.

In spite of his frenzy, Paul Graham realized the penalty for what he had done and attempted to escape, but the officer called him to halt and when he refused, the officer shot him. The shot was not instantly fatal. Paul was helpless, but when he turned his head and uttered a groan, Elsie recognized him and ran to him from the body of her dead husband. Suffering from the pain of his wound, but brought to his senses, Paul listened to the explanation that Elsie falteringly gave him and with the words, "My God, forgive me! Have mercy on me! I was crazed by my imagination, the victim of my own mind." He sank into her arms, a lifeless corpse. Elsie threw herself on a sofa, buried her face in her hands, and wept until she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. But years afterward, when with a shudder she thought of that horrible night, the very foundations of her philosophy were shaken, and there came into her mind the eternal *"why."*

A Race in a Choir-loft

The scene of the tragedy I am about to describe was in a church in a small town; the time was Sunday morning at half past eleven o'clock; the persons concerned were the members of the village choir. This choir was composed of two sopranos, two altos, two tenors, and two basses, as well as an organist. The organist gave the signal, and the choir rose to attack the anthem. The text of the anthem was found in the second Psalm: "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"

To persons who have a musical education, it is very trying to listen to mistakes. On this Sunday morning, Saint Cecelia seemed to have forsaken her devotees. The sopranos (one a tall, thin woman, the other a short, chubby one) started into the anthem with all their strength, off the key. The other singers were not affected by this, but went blithely on, asking and re-asking the question "Why do the heathen rage?" I was beginning to wonder the same thing.

The choir bravely pulled through the first part of the anthem, with the sopranos off the key and the organ playing at full blast. It was with a sigh of relief that I heard the organ being softened and the tenor beginning a solo. When he sang with the whole choir, he was courageous enough, singing very lustily; but now, deserted by the other members of the choir, he seemed very much frightened. Starting his solo at a medium rate of speed, he began gradually to increase the tempo, until by the time he reached the middle of the solo, he was going so fast that the organist had difficulty in keeping up with him. His words became unintelligible, and his exhortation to the kings of the earth to be wise and to serve the Lord with fear and trembling was lost to the congregation. In fact, he was practicing what he was preaching.

He stopped; the organist began rapidly to pull out the stops of the organ: once more the heathen began to rage.

Sense of rythm and time was absolutely lacking in the choir. The organist raced (fortissimo e prestissimo) as though she were going to a fire; the sopranos, again off the key, "followed suit;" the altos, not to be outdone, rushed precipitously into the roaring tumult; the tenors bellowed and moaned in pursuit of the females; the basses, God bless 'em, were absolutely lost after the first measure or two, and they came in a few pages later several measures behind the rest of the choir, thus turning the pandemonium into chaos. It was simply thrilling to hear it! Although it was winter and bitterly cold weather, the church seemed to be overheated. Would they never finish?

"He shall vex them in his sore displeasure," they sang. (I shouldn't blame Him). Still they sang on and on. I considered them to be in the same position as that of the six hundred of the light brigade: "Their's not to reason why: their's but to do and die!" In the next minute, I lived hours; but every cloud has a silver lining: this dark cloud of discord showed its silver lining when the choir began the "Amens," and there must have been a dozen of them. Finally, they conquered the last one and sat down.

Was it accidentally or intentionally that the minister chose as his text that morning, " 'Now that their tumult hath ceased, I will utter my voice,' saith the Lord?"

A Great Kleptic Achievement

or the

Remarkable Statement of Addison Crabbe

Wesley Taylor

Winning Story in the Southgate Short Story Contest, 1918

On April 6, 1904, the following account appeared in the Atlanta *Constitution*:

"Nobody can explain a very singular incident which occurred in a crowded street car on Peachtree Street yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Rufus G. Campbell, of No. 46 South Quigley Street, handed a ten-dollar bill to the conductor to pay her fare. If reports are true, the bill instantly vanished from her hand just before the conductor took it. The conductor appeared to be as much perplexed at the vanishing of the bill as Mrs. Campbell, but the latter quickly suspected him of attempting to rob her, and ordered a policeman to arrest him. The conductor and the woman were taken to the police station, together with several other passengers who witnessed the affair. The conductor was searched, but no trace of the money was found in his possession; he was later discharged for the reason that there was no evidence against him. Mrs. Campbell, however, who does not believe in occult agencies, insists that he robbed her. The police are helpless to assist her."

A few weeks later the following account appeared in the New York *Tribune*:

"He who does not believe in witches and hobgoblins will surely be surprised to learn of a most remarkable incident which occurred this morning in the presence of several witnesses. Arthur C. Lufkin, a waiter in a restaurant on West Thirty-second Street, got in line before the receiving teller's window of the Traders' and Capitalists' Bank in Cortlandt Street with the intention of adding a deposit to his account. When his turn came at the window, he drew from his pocket on old leather purse, from which he took a twenty-dollar bill. He was just in the act of passing the bill under the

bar in the window when the bill actually vanished, instantly and completely, before his eyes. The cashier and several other men who were looking on swore that they saw the man offer the bill and that they saw it disappear; but so mysterious was the disappearance that no one would give an explanation. The waiter had no more money, and was obliged to leave the bank in chagrin. The police were notified and there was a hearing before the magistrate, but the officials frankly admitted that there was little hope of getting an explanation or of recovering the money."

Five days later the Buffalo *Enquirer* printed this account:

"Last evening while Michael T. Rollo, a wealthy hat manufacturer, was buying a ticket for admission to the Empire Theatre, he was thoroughly mortified at the sudden and complete disappearance of the ten-dollar bill which he presented at the window of the box office. He told the police he was absolutely positive that he was in the act of putting the bill through the window when it disappeared. Miss Ethel Vining, the ticket seller, told a reporter she thought she saw him offer the money, but that it never got through the window, although she could not furnish even a shadow of an explanation. Several bystanders were questioned, and all of them who noticed the incident stated that they saw the strange disappearance. The police have no clue. Pickpockets are not to be considered, they say, because the money was in full view when it was lost."

Accounts similar to these occurred in newspapers in all parts of the country at various times throughout a period of eight years. In every case the money actually turned to nothing, under the observation of witnesses, while it was being exchanged in some public place. Very few of the newspapers attempted to give any explanation of the phenomenon; most of them frankly admitted that no explanation was possible, since there were witnesses to prove every statement made. In most cases the police were informed but could not clarify the mystery. Because of the smallness of the amounts

lost, ranging from five-dollar to hundred-dollar bills, the news of their disappearance did not often excite more than local interest.

I, Addison Crabbe, believe it is my duty to expose the facts in my possession; I am the only person in the world who knows the truth concerning the cause of that remarkable chain of events. I have often been tempted to disclose my secret, but since the occurrence of these events I have allowed several years to elapse without gaining the necessary courage to give the truth to the public. At last I make the attempt with fear and trembling.

Thirty years ago I was living with my parents and my foster brother, Richards Rhodes Nehmen, in our old home in Canada. Richard and I were as different as day and night: I was a big, slow, awkward, phlegmatic blond, while he was a slender, nimble, dark-complexioned boy two years younger than I. I had patience and candor but very little self-reliant enterprise, while Richard had a fiery disposition, an elastic conscience, and a remarkable inventive genius, which always came to his rescue in times of emergency; he seemed, moreover, to have perfect control over all his powers of both mind and body, for he always executed his designs in a most admirable manner.

One summer afternoon when Nehmen and I were twelve and fourteen years old, respectively, we were enjoying our usual care-free rambling in the old orchard back of the house. We had been eating ripe apples and pelting each other with green ones, when suddenly Richard, who was some distance in front of me, became very quiet as if deeply interested in something. Upon my approaching him, I found that he was examining with great care a large toad that he found lying lazily in the grass.

"What's up now?" I asked abruptly.

There was no answer.

No answer was necessary, for I saw that he was only examining the toad and trying several experiments on it, (among others being the giving him of a few insects that

he had caught). I myself had never before seen a toad eat an insect, and I was really surprised, therefore, at the remarkable quickness with which this one ate its victim.

Contrary to my expectations, Nehmen did not dismiss the matter from his mind, for he gathered up the toad and also all others that he could find and took them back to the house, where he carefully enclosed them in a box. At first I thought that he had merely taken a sudden fancy, but when several days later I saw him still silently catching more toads and putting them in his box, and saw him then spend a considerable portion of each day in catching flies to feed to his toads, I guessed, knowing him as I did, that in that busy brain of his there was something concerning those toads that he did not care to disclose to me. Oh, if I had known then what I know now!

Twelve years later Richard and I were seniors in Matthew Anderson University. Richard was a very successful student; he was liked by the students, by whom he got the nickname "Sox," a short form for "Socrates." But here, as usual, Richard had a peculiarity; but this time instead of a liking for toads it was a sensitiveness concerning admission of students and others into his room in the dormitory. He occupied two rooms; he did not object to admitting people into his front room, but the back room was his holy of holies, into which no one was ever admitted, not even the janitor. He had placed on it a heavy Yale lock, which always remained fastened from the outside.

Now, my old feeling of combined admiration and jealousy for Richard's mental powers made itself felt with respect to this room. Truly, I had no business in knowing the contents of the room, but I could never shake off the desire to pry into it if possible. Finally, as our senior year was drawing to a close, I felt that I could no longer curb my yearning to satisfy my curiosity; that secret room of Richard's had weighed so heavily upon my mind that the very thought of it sent a thrill of wild dread through my whole system,—not because I believed that ghosts or skeletons were in there,

but because I did believe that in that room was something, that was going to be used some day either for the good or for the bad of mankind, and I was afraid that my family connection with Richard might bring me into implication with it.

One night in April, with a sudden spurt of energy, I walked briskly up the steps to Nehmen's room—his front room, of course—bent upon asking him to admit me into his back room.

I was expecting upon making such a proposition to receive an unpleasant rebuke from him; I was not prepared, therefore, for the surprise in store for me. After a short chat in which the matter was lightly discussed, he quietly walked over to the door of the secret room, turned a key in the squeaky lock, and threw wide open the door and the curtain behind it.

"Follow me," he said.

I was disappointed as well as surprised upon entering the room, for I did not see what I expected to see. No, there were no generators, X-ray machines, or bottles of fiery chemicals—nothing wizard-like in sight. In the middle of the room were a chair and a table; in one corner of the room was a nameless thing that looked more like a guillotine, such as we see it pictured, than anything else I had ever seen. It was composed of two upright beams with a horizontal shelf-like projection between them that could be adjusted to various heights. Over the shelf the opening between the two upright beams was filled with a wire latticework. Upon closer examination the thing looked also somewhat like a ticket window in some public office. The other contents of the room were equally as unfamiliar to me as the thing just described: from the ceiling of the room there were several punching bags of different sizes as well as other athletic implements such as I had never seen before; on one wall of the room was a very large map of the United States, showing all the states, counties, and railroads of the country; on the other three walls were numerous charts, some of which I

recognized as representing the anatomy of a man; another, the muscular system of a toad; and still others, strange things that I could not identify at all.

When I had looked around for a minute, Richard locked the door and we both sat down. We were silent for some minutes, each probably expecting the other to begin the conversation.

"Fatty," he began at last, "you need not think I am bringing you into this room for nothing or simply to satisfy your curiosity. I have a purpose in bringing you here, which you will learn as I proceed. I will ask you first of all if you have any idea at all what this room is for."

"Not the least."

"Good. Do you know what this equipment here is for?"

"I have no idea."

"Good again; then everything is safe. I am going to confide to you the biggest secret of my life, and it will likewise be the biggest secret of your life. Like King Midas's barber, I am compelled to tell my secret to somebody; I am trusting you because I know you are reliable, and besides, you are big and lazy and will not try to make use of my secret alone. We will call it *our* secret from now on, and the whole matter is to be a sealed book between us two."

I laid down my cigar and listened eagerly. He proceeded.

"Life is a great chess game: one move, either through choice or force of circumstances, will change the whole course of a game or of a life. Did you know that the destiny of my life was fixed by my watching the toads in the old orchard on that afternoon twelve years ago? Well, it was. I saw a toad lying lazily in the grass and began to watch it. It happened that there was a common house fly sitting on a blade of grass just in front of the toad but in less than the twinkling of an eye there was a faint rustling sound and the fly was gone. I thought it flew, but soon I saw another fly disappear in the same manner and began to wonder what

could be the cause. By way of experiment I caught a fly and killed it; then I gently placed about half an inch in front of the toad's mouth, and waited. That fly disappeared just as the others had done. 'Is it possible,' I asked myself, 'that a toad can lick out his tongue and draw it back so fast that I cannot see it?' I repeated the experiment several times, always with the same result. Just then you came up and interrupted me, but I had already fully decided to continue my experiments to find out something definite; accordingly, I put several toads in a box and fed them insects from day to day.

"Several days passed, during which time I learned definitely the fact, then remarkable to me, that human vision is not instantaneous and that the toad actually did lick out his tongue, catch the fly, and draw it back into his mouth, all so rapidly that the human eye could not perceive that anything had happened other than that the fly had appeared to vanish into nothing.

"Three years later, while I was standing in a crowded street car near a man who was handing the conductor a five-dollar bill, a brilliant thought struck me. 'Aha,' I thought, 'the toad got *his* prey unawares because he acted quickly. There is a five-dollar bill in that man's hand; if I, like the toad, could—' I was so carried away with my idea that I got right off the car at the next stop and hastened into the town library. I looked up an article on optics, and as a subhead I found a paragraph entitled '*Persistence of Vision;*' I have a copy of it here, which reads: 'The retina of the eye does not act instantaneously. It has been found by careful experiment that an image will remain in the optical centers of the brain in *full intensity* for two forty-fifths of a second after the eye has been closed, but that it then weakens rapidly until it disappears in from one-twentieth of a second to one or two seconds. This fact is the secret of the operation of the newly developed instrument called the *cinematograph*, or moving picture (q. v.). *It has been shown likewise that the converse exists*: *i. e., what*

we may call the "laziness of vision: an action which takes place before the eye in less time than two forty-fifths of a second cannot be seen at all.'

"I guess it is time for me to give you now a complete exposé of the plan I developed upon learning these facts, for you know I am a practical man and always look for profit in whatever I do. The whole chain of events, beginning with the toads and the flies, had suggested to my faculty for invention the idea that I might so train my arm that it would be possible to move it out a foot or two, snatch some paper money in another man's hand, and draw it back in less time than the man's vision could operate to enable him to see my act. At first the idea had seemed to be entirely impossible, little more than a dream; but when I reflected on the complete success that the toad achieved in catching its fly unawares, how it gained its very subsistence by such skill, I took hope. I realized that such ability in me would not be possible without much training; yet I did believe it would be possible *with* training: if a man ignorant of telegraphy can learn by a few months of training how to make sense out of what had been to him only a jumble of clicks; if a person ignorant of the violin can learn by much practice how to make music by the proper manipulation of the strings and the bow; I say, if much practice will make a telegrapher or a violinist, why would not practice enable me to achieve the end I had in view? If you were to tell of the marvelous possibilities of a telegraph instrument or a violin, to a man who had never seen or heard of either, I dare say he would flatly refuse to believe you; yet we know that these possibilities have become realities through undying patience of man for work and practice. Why, then, could I not by diligently exercising a system of applied calisthenics, which I proposed to make for myself, become able to move out my hand, seize a bill, and draw it back to my own person in less than two forty-fifths of a second?

"I decided that the plan was feasible; at least, it was worth an attempt. There were too many allurements in it

to allow it to escape without a trial: First: if I had the accomplishment I proposed to have, I could get in line in front of ticket windows in railroad stations, post offices, theaters, and other public places, and by taking a bill or two from somebody at each place, or even at only one place out of two or three, I ought to be able easily to make a hundred dollars a day or more, and should thus soon become a rich man: in the second place, the chances for detection were practically none; nobody would suspect me capable of a deed so apparently impossible as taking money before the owner's very eyes; the amounts of money taken, also, would be a loss not serious enough to make the owner start a vigorous investigation; and even if an investigation were started, and the money were found on my person, the real owner could not prove that it had belonged to him; in the third place, and the most important of all, such a way of stealing, so far as I know has never before been used or heard of in the history of the world, and there is, consequently, no precedent in public knowledge upon which one might suspect me.

"I now fully determined to try my plan. I proceeded in a scientific and businesslike way: I made a careful study of the muscular system of the human arm and saw just which muscles it would be necessary to develop. I made special apparatus to develop these muscles, and set a regular time of three hours a day in which to practice my calisthenics. I prepared special instruments to use in my exercises; among others, I constructed a stop watch with electric contact connections so arranged that I could measure the exact length of time, to the thousandth of a second, in which I moved my arm back and forth, and also a meter stick and automatic pointer to indicate the distance my arm moved in the trip. I recorded the status of my progress from day to day on a cross section chart. At first I could not make the round trip with my arm in less than one-ninth or one-tenth of a second, but after six months of training I found to my great delight that I had reached a speed of one thirty-seventh of

a second. This result was so gratifying that I laid aside all doubt of the practicability of my plan.

In the meantime I kept all my thoughts and actions on this matter absolutely secret, even from you and my father and mother. I was sixteen years old when the thought came to me for the first time; at nineteen, when I entered the university, I had already done considerable work on my plan, and I resolved that my college course should be with the one purpose of training myself, not for a doctor, lawyer, or engineer, but for the anomalous 'business' I had invented for myself. I chose a course of study made up largely of science, with some psychology and philosophy as minor specialties,—a course of studies that I believed would help me in my work. In the dormitory here, planning for four years of hard work, I rented these two rooms, and in this back room I set up my apparatus. In all of my college course I have been spending from two to six hours a day on this work. You cannot imagine the magnitude of the task I had undertaken: I had to be both teacher and student; I had to invent the branches of my subject, invent ways to teach them to myself, and then proceed to learn them. I reached the desired point, all right, of actually being able to make the round trip with my right arm in less than two forty-fifths of a second (I finally reached two fifty-thirds), but I had then only begun my task: I had next to train my left arm to do the same thing. I did this, but it seemed then that my problems became legion, multiplying indefinitely: such as how to grasp the paper money in the other man's hand so as to make the least possible noise; how to put the money in my pocket when once I had seized it; how to keep my body perfectly still while my arm was in motion; how to keep my coat sleeve from making a flopping sound during the motion; how to keep a perfectly 'straight' face to conceal my inward excitement, if I had any; and how to approach as near as possible to the man from whom I was taking the money at the ticket window without his suspecting a reason for my undue proximity. One by one I solved these difficulties in ways which

I shall explain to you later. I constructed a ticket window, which you see there in the corner, equipped with cross bars and a shelf adjustable to different heights, and I stood a big roll of bed covering in front of the window to serve as a man. It was here that I got my training, all by myself. In time, my arm doubled in size, and seizing things instantaneously became as natural to me as writing my name. Little by little I worked out my whole course of procedure, even to the smallest detail. The purpose of this map, of course, is to help me to plan my itenerary over the United States when I have completed my preparation for this work and also my course here in the university.

"I have worked on this thing for seven years, four of which have been my years in the university. You see, I have taken two courses combined, one at the real university, and the other in my own little institute here in the back room, which I call the 'University of Autolychus,' in honor of the Greek god, the prince of thieves. At times I have grown very tired of this work, but I have always been spurred on by the fabulous rewards in sight for my efforts.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Narrative of War-time Paris

R. A. Smith

War-time Paris was at her gayest. The depressing restlessness of watching the slow-moving Peace Conference had not yet begun to dampen the spirits of the Parisian crowds, and the joy of the victory was in every eye. The Boulevard des Italiens was thronged with officers and soldiers of all the allied armies, in Paris on leave. One could see the olive drab of the American doughboy, the multi-colored uniforms of the French officers, and an occasional striking uniform of one of the Indian soldiers with the British army. These, mingled with the ever-present attractive gowns of the French women, made the sight indeed a novel and pleasant one.

At the bar of "The Tasting Room," one of the many so-called "American Bars" on the Grand Boulevard, stood a young American lieutenant drinking with a number of other Allied officers. The superb neatness of his uniform and his perfect military bearing, mingled with a gracefulness and charm all his own, marked him as the most attractive figure of the group, notwithstanding the fact that there were those among the number who wore the gold leaf or the eagle. The young lieutenant introduced himself as the Lieutenant Jack Bloom of the 125th Machine Gun Batallion. His especial attentiveness to the remarks of Colonel Allen, whom he knew to be connected with the Provost Marshal's Department, was almost too evident. After a few drinks and dances with the girls who made this cafe their rendezvous, the party broke up, and young Bloom ordered a taxi to take him to the Hotel du Louvre, where he was staying.

Coming down stairs next morning, he met Lieutenant Walker, a friend of his, who said, "Say, Jack let's go over to the Regina Hotel tonight. They're going to give a dance for officers only. Hang these dances where you've got to be bothered with a lot of bucks hanging around! What do you say?"

"Oh! all right," acquiesced Bloom, a bit doubtful as to whether or not he should spend a night in an amusement so tame.

Genuine American Jazz by a bunch of doughboys made the tired but pretty canteen workers and nurses forget the day's work, and a group of curious French who were looking through the window doubtless observed that Americans could dance as well as fight.

The dance had just begun to liven up when a severe punch on the arm caused Walker to turn quickly to his comrade who, with his eyes riveted on some evidently very attractive object, exclaimed, "Ye Gods! Jim, look what a girl!"

The young person whose graceful figure, brown eyes, and dark hair had called forth this sudden exclamation was Miss Mayme Alden, one-time college girl and school teacher in the sleepy little town of Elton, Georgia. No Parisian creation could have made her more simply beautiful than she was in that Red Cross uniform with the Sam Browne belt.

"I'll have the next dance if it breaks a colonel's heart," swore Bloom, as he moved to the window and calmly watched a captain of the Aviation Corps finish the dance.

"Pardon me, this dance?"

"Sorry, but the next four are taken. You may have the fifth."

There seemed to be nothing to do but agree. This he did and, with each dance, became more bewitched with her beauty, her smile, her voice, and—herself.

He went with her to the canteen at Gare Du Nord, where she was to go on duty at ten o'clock, and when he left her he had the promise of many happy days with her as long as they should both remain in Paris.

The weeks immediately following found them nearly always together. Like two children in an enchanted, far-off land they wandered arm in arm, day after day, along the Boulevards of this great and beautiful city, drinking her wine, seeing her theatres, and wandering through her wonderful shops and priceless museums. It was this free and

exciting life that made Mayme say to him one day, "Jack, I'll never be able to be content with those worn-out ideas and that monotonous life of the States again, will you?"

"Never," he said. "Why can't we always live here in this gay city and be happy."

"Jack, if you were to leave I couldn't bear it. Nothing will happen to end our happiness, will it?"

"Nothing," he replied, but she noticed how quickly he called her attention to a particularly striking piece of statuary in a nearby window and thus left the subject which he never knew meant so much to her.

* * * * * *

"Consider yourself under arrest."

Lieutenant Bloom, just in the act of cashing a check for two thousand francs at the Guaranty Trust Company, turned and indignantly demanded the reason for such an order on the part of what appeared to be only a common-place doughboy.

The D. I. (Department of Criminal Investigation) man produced a card showing his connection with the Provost Marshal's Department and quietly said, "Will the Lieutenant go with me over to 10 Rue St. Anne? You are charged with forging checks, being absent without leave, and impersonating an officer."

Being unable to show any authority for being in Paris and seeing that his pretty game was about to end, he said, "Well, buddie, you've got me, I guess. Would you consider about fifteen hundred and let this little matter drop?"

"Sorry, sir, but I guess you'd better go along with me."

* * * * * *

"Say, sergeant, how's for a drink of water—may I go get it?"

Sergeant Earl, of the prison guard on the fourth floor of Hotel St. Anne, gave his consent.

As the prisoner started out of the cell-door into the hallway leading back to the lavatory, he paused for a minute and said, "Well, sergeant, this is some come-down for me. Only yesterday I was pressing a button and saying, 'Boy

bring up a couple of bottles of Champagne'. When you fly high you fall hard, eh? I am only a buck private, as you know, but I've been sitting on the world for the last three months. It was a long chance to take, but I got by with it till now. I've drank with majors, shot crap with colonels, and staged mid-night parties with members of the Military Police Force here, and they never suspected me. I was always Lieutenant Bloom."

Williams, one of the privates on Sergeant Earl's relief, was told that he would take Bloom down for trial the next morning. Upon learning that Williams had been assigned this job, Bloom asked the sergeant if he might speak with Williams provided that the conversation was in the sergeant's presence. The coolness and cheerfulness with which the young chap was facing twenty years in Leavenworth had gained for him the sergeant's admiration, and the permission was granted.

"Look here, Buddie, you look like a regular sport. Now I want to ask a favor of you, but before I do so, sit down a minute, and I'll tell you a little story."

"Boy, I'm in a hell of a mess, as you see, but you don't see it all. The Major has learned some how that Miss Alden, a Red Cross girl here, knows me, and he's going to have her at the trial tomorrow to identify me. Boy, she's the dearest girl in the world to me. I'll swear I love her, and I know she loves me. You ought to see her. She's one of those fine Southern girls—and talk! My God! I'd rather hear that drawl of hers than to see the Peace Treaty signed. She doesn't know I'm not an officer. How in God's world am I ever going to face her? I'll swear I can't do it—I can't."

At this moment the young fellow's face was tense with emotion, and for a moment he seemed to be in a stupor.

"Listen, old man, you can't help taking me down stairs for a trial tomorrow—you can't help that,—but won't you, for her sake, leave these hand-cuffs off until I get out of her sight? She thinks I am anything but the criminal that I am. God knows what she'll do if she sees me tied up like this."

* * * * *

The Major sat at the desk drumming idly on the telephone with a pencil.

"Are the witnesses here for the next case? All right; bring in the erstwhile Lieutenant Bloom."

Standing somewhat in the background of uniforms surrounding the Major's desk stood Mayme Alden wondering vaguely how all this would turn out. What could have happened? She did not know except that something had happened to Jack—Jack the only man she had ever loved and the one in whom she had placed her love, her confidence, and her all.

At this moment the door opened, and Bloom entered, accompanied by the guard, Williams.

"Miss Alden, do you know this man?" said the Major, pointing to the prisoner.

With one bound she was in his arms, and as a pair of arms stole around the prisoner's neck, their owner softly sighed, "Oh! Jack." And his lips met hers in the last little moment of happiness before the long stretch of miserable years he knew were waiting for him.

The Home Coming

E. W. McCullers, Ex-'18

Along the white road winding,
O'er meadow and low lying dell,
Where once the night was blinding
And the skies red with shrapnel shell;
In crude, slow carts a-creaking,
On past the church with broken dome;
Still toiling, dawn a-streaking,
France's peasants are coming home!

Throughout quaint villas lying,
Abandoned are the marts of trade
Where country-folk were buying
Before the havoc newly made.
With wooden shoes a-clatter
Like traders in the streets of Rome,
They group and go a-scatter,
France's children are coming home!

Beneath the sunset creeping,
A ribbon of blue finely spun,
An old canal is keeping
Still the glow of the setting sun.
On endless lines a-reaching
Above deck of boats from the Somme,
The week's wash hangs a-bleaching,
France's people are coming home!

Wolf

J. L. Peterson

A man and a dog were moving slowly along the snow-covered trail. On the man's back was a large pack, and on the dog's was a smaller one. These facts were typical of their life together for the last three years. During that time neither had seen another of his own kind. They had lived together as comrades up here in the frozen North during three short summers and three long winters. Now at the beginning of the fourth winter they were packing the last load of the fish they had caught during the summer to the hut that the man had built in a sheltered nook of one of the valleys between the cold, bleak, northern hills.

Winter had come early this year and had caught them before they had finished carrying their winter store to their lonesome home. The night before they had slept at their cache on the bank of the Mackenzie; now as the sun was going down at the end of the valley up which they were trudging, they had traveled twenty-five of the thirty miles between the river and their cabin. As the sun went down, its last rays were reflected by the snowflakes; and millions of spots of brilliant color were formed by these crystal prisms.

"Wolf, old boy, isn't that beautiful? Just think, Wolf, we have all this to ourselves. There is no one else to see it. We are really selfish. Now aren't we, old comrade?"

Wolf was accustomed to this kind of talk from his master, and he seemed to understand, for he wagged his tail and whined softly. The dog was the only friend that the man had to talk to, and he told him all his thoughts. Wolf discreetly kept these confidences to himself. The man often wished that human beings were as discreet.

It had been dark for two hours when they reached home, but a fire was soon built and their supper of fish made ready.

As they ate, the man talked to the dog; and he often stopped to look at the picture of a beautiful young woman.

"Wolf, I wonder if she ever thinks of us now. I wonder if she would care if she knew where we are. But she can't, or she would not have acted as she did that night. Wolf, I know that you are tired of listening to that story, but I must tell it, and you are the only one to hear it. Come over here, old boy, and listen while I talk."

The dog came and placed his head on his master's knees and kept his soft brown eyes on his master's face while he was talking. The man stirred the fire which burned on the rude stone hearth. Then he began his story abruptly.

"It was a summer night, Wolf, as different from tonight as I am now from what I was then. I had known her for years. Sometimes I think it was for centuries. Wolf, you remember how we met her, don't you? We met her while we were on a fishing trip in the Adirondacks. She was spending the summer at the large house that overlooked the lake, and we were staying in a little tent on the shore of a bay across the lake from the house. Every day we watched her as she paddled her canoe around the lake. How graceful she looked! And how we wished that we could see her face! Then came the day of the squall. It had been cloudy all day, and we had been sad because we thought she would not come. But late in the afternoon she did come. And how glad we were! We stood on the shore and watched her, and then just as she reached the center of the lake, a squall swooped down from the north and quickly churned the water into foam. Before she could reach the shore, the wind and the waves caught her canoe and overturned it. We swam to her and brought her unconscious to our tent. Wolf, she smiled at us so sweetly when she regained consciousness that we quite lost our heads. Didn't we, old boy?"

The man stopped talking to pat the dog's head and to light his pipe, which he had been filling. Then he continued his story.

"As the lake was calm by that time, I took her back in our canoe. Old boy, she patted your head before she left, and that was the last time you saw her. She went back to New York the next day. After she was gone fish wouldn't bite, and I grew cross and scolded you. Finally we packed up and went home. Then I left you and went to New York. I just had to be near her even if I could not see her, and you could not understand. But I did meet her, and we were together a great deal. Two years passed, and we were engaged. During those two years I neglected you, Wolf, but I will never do it again. And then came that summer night.

"Wolf, we were to have been married in September, and I was so happy. But all my happiness is gone now. We quarreled that night, and she gave me back my ring. Why did we quarrel? A man whom I thought to be my friend was jealous of me and told her that I was not true to her, that I had had an affair with another woman. At first she would not believe him, but he gave her such conclusive proofs that she was forced to believe him, and then she would not give me an opportunity to explain. She just gave me my ring and told me to go. And here we are."

The fire was burning low, and the pipe had gone out. The man and the dog got up and went to their bed of moss.

The long, gloomy winter passed slowly. The life of the man and the dog was the same every day: a breakfast of fish, a long tramp through snow during the day, another meal of fish in the evening, the one-sided conversation between the man and the dog after the evening meal, and then a long night's sleep. As spring approached, even the dog could see that the man was growing restless. At last one morning the man spoke to the dog about this restlessness.

"Wolf, I must see her again. We shall start before the spring thaw comes."

As soon as their packs were ready, they started on the long tramp to the nearest post of the Northwest Mounted Police. They stopped for several minutes where the trail crossed a ridge that would soon hide the cabin from their

view. The man and the dog stood silently looking at the cabin and the white hills around it. At last the man spoke.

"Wolf, we may never see our cabin again, but we shall always remember it."

They went down the slope, and the long journey was begun. For days they tramped wearily on, sleeping at night in little hollows dug out of the snow, where if possible the man built a small fire. After a week of this traveling, they reached the post, and from there they went with a dog sled to the coast. At the coast they boarded a steamer for San Francisco, from which place they went to New York by train.

The man's first act after securing a room at a hotel was to purchase some clothing to replace that which he had worn in the Northwest. Then he went in search of the lady of the picture. His enquiries brought him the answer that she had gone to France as a Red Cross nurse.

On his way to New York the man had heard a great deal of talk about a war in which all the principal nations of the world were engaged, but he had not realized the significance of this fact until he heard that the girl to whom he had at one time been engaged was behind the battlefront as a nurse. Without making any further enquiries he went straight to the nearest recruiting office and enlisted.

In March he enlisted. In May he was in no man's land doing patrol duty and directing artillery fire from a shell hole between the German and Allied trenches. In spite of his taciturnity and evident desire to be by himself as much as possible, all the men in his company liked him and Wolf, who was his constant companion. On his arrival in France he had tried to find the girl, but he had failed; and a few days after his company landed, they had been rushed to the battlefront. Thus we find him here in a shell hole directing artillery fire by means of a little field telephone that he had carried out with him the night before.

The artillery fire had been very heavy on this part of the line for several days; and the Allied officers, fearing a Ger-

man attack, were trying to prevent it by overwhelming the German artillery with a superior fire. All during the day Wolf had sat by his master as he telephoned directions to the Allied guns. He had watched eagerly every shell explosion and every movement of his master. Late in the afternoon a shell exploded near the hole in which they were stationed, and a fragment of the shell struck the man. He rolled unconscious to the bottom of the crater and lay there without moving. The dog began whining softly and running back and forth from his unconscious master to the top of the shell hole. As soon as it became dark, he made his way to the Allied trenches and guided a patrol to the spot where his master was lying.

The next day the man recovered consciousness for a few moments to find himself in a little hospital back of the lines, with Wolf's soft nose rubbing his cheek. The officials had tried to keep the dog out of the hospital, but this had proved such a difficult task that they had finally given it up and allowed him to lie unmolested by his master's cot. For days the man hovered between life and death, and many times the surgeon was on the point of giving him up. But always there was Wolf, with his soft brown eyes and pleading whine, to call him back to life. Finally one morning two weeks after he had been brought to the hospital, the man awoke feeling much better. His fever was gone, and the surgeon said that he would live. The man laid his hand feebly on the dog's head and spoke to him in a weak voice.

"Wolf, old boy, have you stayed here all the time? But I knew you would, and in all my delirium the thought of you waiting for me to get well kept urging me to fight my weakness and fever. Well, old comrade, I'll soon be out; and we'll be back at the Huns again. Won't we, Wolf boy?"

The dog whined softly in reply. The man soon fell into a deep, restful sleep; and the dog left his bedside for the first time in two weeks. He lay down just outside the entrance to the ward, as if still keeping watch over his master. He had not been there long before a nurse came by. She

was above the average height, black of hair and red of cheek; and her black eyes sparkled with a spirit that two years of work in hospitals with the wounded and dying had been unable to quench. There was a grace about her every movement that once seen would never be forgotten. As she passed the doorway where Wolf was lying, he opened his eyes slowly and watched her quietly for several seconds. Suddenly he leaped up and ran to her, barking loudly as he ran. He leaped around her several times and then ran toward the door by which he had been lying. As she did not follow, he returned to her and again ran to the door. At last she seemed to understand what he wanted, and she followed him quickly through the doorway into the ward where his master was lying asleep.

When the man awoke in the afternoon, his eyes met a pair of black ones that, when he had seen them last, had been looking into his with anger. Now they were looking at him with the soft light of love.

"It was Wolf that found me. After all these years he knew me, dear. He brought me to you."

"But why did you come?" the man asked. "You sent me away."

Tears began to flow from her black eyes, and her voice was choked with sobs as she replied.

"I know it, Jack, but you will forgive me, won't you? I know that I do not deserve your forgiveness; but, Jack, I have suffered so. You know the story that was told me about you. I would not believe it for a long time, but the proof that Mr. Renwick brought me was such that I was finally forced against my will to acknowledge your guilt. After I learned that I had been mistaken, I searched for you for months; but I could never find the least trace of you. Finally I gave up the search and came over here as a nurse. I thought that I might by this means atone for some small part of the sorrow I had caused you. But always there was the thought of you as I had seen you last to torture me. And to-day Wolf found me and brought me to you. He loved you as

much as I do, and he forgave me. O Jack, you do love me still. You will forgive me too. Won't you?''

The man took her soft hand in his thin one and slowly raised it to his lips. He drew her down to him and whispered, ''Wolf and I have nothing to forgive you. We love you as we always have.''

For a long time they were silent. The realization that they were together again after almost four years of separation was so overpowering that they could only look and look at each other without speaking.

At last the man spoke. ''Where is Wolf?'' he asked. ''He found you, and he should be here to enjoy our happiness.''

''Wolf is dead, dear. The men say that he refused to eat while you were sick, and that grief and lack of food had made him so weak that his sudden exertion on seeing me caused his death.''

The man turned his face to his pillow, and his shoulders shook with his sobs.

A month later the man was able to walk around, and the first time he went out for any distance, he and the nurse went together to a little grave that was already covered with a fresh, green robe of grass. At the head of the grave was a little wooden cross on which was carved in rude letters:

WOLF

They stood for a time by the grave without speaking. At last the girl looked up with tears in her eyes.

''Jack,'' she said, ''sometimes I think that his was the greater love. He loved you even when you mistreated him; I sent you away just for the tale of a jealous man. Now Wolf has given his life for you.''

Jack's arm went around her, and his voice was husky as he spoke. ''The greater love, Mary? Yes, possibly it was, but he loved us both. We must be happy for him.''

War Poetry an Expression of War Thought

Ruth Merritt, '19

(Winning Essay in the Braxton Craven Essay Contest, 1919)

It must be apparent, even to the casual student of history and literature, that man's development has, from the beginning, been paralleled with a similar development in literature, either written or unwritten. From the wild, crude songs and stories of primitive man there has been a gradual and continual evolution of literature to the vast store that the world possesses as its precious heritage to-day. All men are the makers of literature though there is only an occasional person that gives to it "a local habitation and a name." Literature has ever furnished a medium for portraying a spirit's aspirations and successes or a soul's struggles and defeats. Most often the strongest feelings have been expressed in poetry, for this form of literature has ever appealed to those mastered by strong emotions, either joyous or sad. Poetry is primarily the history of man's inward life. Not to history and not to fiction can one turn to find best mirrowed the deepest thoughts, feelings, and ideals of an individual's or of a nation's life, but it is to poetry that one can best look for such a true record of life.

The relation of poetry and war has long been debated, and the question will likely never be settled satisfactorily to all critics. Doubtless some will ever hold that war cannot create poetry, while others will ever maintain that war has an immediate bearing upon the creation of poetry. Whatever critics may decide theoretically, the fact cannot be questioned that some of the greatest poetry of all time has been written during war and after it.

During the years of the Great War it seems that even the careless observer of life and literature might have noted an increase in the reading and writing of poetry. Though Wordsworth said, "poetry . . . takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility," who will deny that some

of the finest poetry in the past five years has been verses that have come straight from the trenches, with the smell of powder and smoke about them? Thus the recent war refuted Wordsworth's statement by the proof of unmistakable facts. The poet of the great war was in many instances he who was among the first to offer themselves for the cause of liberty. Many poets there were whose presence cheered their comrades in the greatest stress and strain of war; many there were whose sweet songs were hushed by the cruel hand of war. Galloway Kyle says: "When the history of these tremendous times comes to be written, the poetry of the period will be found to be an illuminating index and memorial. And the historian will be least able to neglect the poetry of the camp and the battlefield, which reflects the temper and experiences of our great citizen army."

In seeming contradiction to the opinion of Wordsworth's quoted above are his words, "all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." If this is true, then surely it seems that in a time of war the amount of poetry written would increase, for at what other time could one expect a more "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings"? War snatches men from the pedestal of highly cultivated will to the plane of instinctive impulses. Before the beginning of the war, man had allowed selfish interests gradually to shut him away from his own emotional self. Such tendencies sometimes continue till they sicken of their own hypocrisy and insincerity and die; sometimes, however, some outside force is strong enough to overpower such trends. The latter was the case in the period of the Great War. It was then that the real life of man, which had lain hidden from view so long and had been so long dormant, came to light and burst forth in diverse strains of poetry. Not only did poetry then begin to express feelings long repressed, but, by a kind of reflex action, it seemed that the expression of those long buried feelings awakened new yet kindred feelings. This fact was more strikingly evident in the case of the poetry concerning the soldiers or by them. However, it is doubtless

true that the spirit of those who remained in the quiet walks of life during the war was the same in tenor as that of the soldier; his spirit, in most instances, differed from theirs only in that it was more intense. In the discussion to follow the treatment will be throughout from the viewpoint of the Allies. Most of the examples of poetry given are taken from poems that refer directly to soldiers and soldier life, but, as suggested above, this does not mean that the characteristics discussed are those of soldiers only.

The first characteristic of war thought and poetry to be considered is unselfishness. Doubtless few, if any, competent critics will question the statement that the dominant spirit of the Allies in the Great War was unselfishness. It has often been said that never before was any war fought with the thought of others and the good of humanity so supreme and controlling a force. The glory of the recent war was not the winning of a renown by individual men, but it was the giving of the best by each to the cause so that the failures and successes of all might work for a final triumph of right. Thus the thought of self was summarily thrust aside, and the thought of others put into the foreground. Often in former wars men had gone forth with the definite purpose of winning personal fame; men had sometimes waged war for no other cause than to make themselves glorious conquerors. The spirit of the late war was so far removed from such paltry, mean thoughts that it is hard to realize that previous wars could have had such low aims and ideals on both sides as many of them had had. With man's gradual development before the Great War, he had come to have more justifiable ideas of war, but often, even then, there had been a kind of selfish unselfishness in his spirit, the desire to wage war for the purpose of winning renown for his country, regardless of the effect upon other countries. This was a selfishness only broadened from man's first personal selfishness. It was reserved for the Great War to demonstrate nations' supremely unselfish fight for justice and right in the whole world. It is not to be here inferred that the soldier of the

recent war felt no love for his native land, that his heart did not swell at the strains of his national anthem; what is to be said, however, is that even his patriotism was of a new and splendid type: it was the patriotism that believed that to be most patriotic in spirit, was, in a sense, to be most universal in spirit, that the good and safety of one's country depended upon the good and safety of the world. Charlton M. Lewis says: "The present war is not like other wars. Our cause and our interests have more than national scope. . . . The fundamental national and patriotic impulse is half smothered by impulses toward universal humanity and righteousness. The poetry of this war is not merely patriotic poetry; it is the poetry of an irresistible movement of human thought, reinvigorated by the very crime that was designed to arrest it. And even in poems that are distinctly hortatory—the thought is not so intent on the glory of the smashing blow as on the sacrificial consecration of the spirit." The soldier in the recent war who loved not all humanity, along with his countrymen, was not, in the truest sense, the soldier of the Great War. When once the spirit of unselfishness had been set free among soldiers, it seemed to increase according to the spirit of its own unselfishness. The songs of the poets could but embody this spirit of unselfishness. An astonishingly large percentage of the war poetry bears the stamp of this spirit, and many of the poems, perhaps, will owe their lasting place in literature to the fact that this spirit is so nobly expressed in them. So many of the poems reveal this spirit, and so often is it expressed in a worthy manner that it is difficult to decide, from the vast store, which are most deserving of praise. A few passages will here be cited to illustrate the unselfish spirit shown in the Great War.

The unselfishness of the whole enterprise of the war is beautifully expressed in Owen Seaman's poem *Pro Patria* where he says, addressing England:

> "Peace was your care; before the nations' bar
> Her cause you pleaded and her ends you sought;
> But not for her sake, being what you are,
> Could you be bribed and bought."

The spirit here presented may be attributed to others of the allied countries. Here there is no suggestion of any selfish, unjust motive for England's entering the war; it is claimed, instead, that selfishness would have kept her out of the war, would have made her keep her hands clean of the great bloodshed. Her very unselfishness caused her to enter into the work that so many had previously carried on with selfish motives.

In John Curtis Underwood's poem *Blood Transfusion* is told the appealing story of a young girl's giving some of her own life's blood to save the life of a wounded soldier. One passage reads:

> "Hers is the body and the soul of love in a sacrament that giving and sharing fulfills itself."

Here the thought of others is elevated above any thought of self; self is here conceived as being of worth only in so far as it can serve others; "the soul of love" is here represented as the largest of service.

In the poem *To "My People" before the "Great Offensive,"* by E. F. Wilkinson, M. C., unselfish thought in regard to the sacrifice of death is sublimely and nobly presented in these lines:

> " . . And if the crown is death,
> . . . . . .
> Thank God that he who drew from you his breath
> To death could bring
> A not entirely worthless sacrifice,
> Because of those brief months when life meant more
> Than selfish pleasures. Grudge not then the price."

Here the thought is not of death in reference to the magnitude of the sacrifice of him who dies or of those left behind, but the idea has respect to the worth of the sacrifice, for what death can mean in the final working out of the great aim in the war.

Christopher Morley, in his poem entitled *Kitchener,* carries the idea of unselfishness in regard to death even further. Though England's love for Lord Kitchener was so

great the poem represents his death as so deeply touching his beloved England that—

> "No man slept in England the night he died."

yet, such was the absence of all thought of personal glory and of self that this grand message and challenge is attributed to him in the poem:

> "Think not of me; one servant less or more
> Means nothing now; hold fast the greater thing."

So lofty is the unselfishness here shown that it is itself not to be thought of. The remaining living are to press forward, not for a moment allowing any thought of grief or sorrow for a comrade, fallen in the strife, to hinder them in attaining the desired end. No thought is here even suggested that the poet thought that Kitchener believed himself deserving of any praise or commendation because of the sacrifice; the lord is shown as having considered his life as only a minute, insignificant entity in an overshadowing cause.

In Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae's surpassing poem *In Flanders Fields*, conceded by many to be the greatest poem written during the war, the spirit of unselfishness is subtly and splendidly presented. The first two stanzas, if isolated from the last, might be thought to have been written primarily to laud the sacrifice of the dead. The treatment given to the subject matter of the poem was doubtless affected by the viewpoint taken by the poet: the poem represents words spoken by the dead themselves. Without accusing the writer of depreciating in the least his thought of the sacrifice of the slain, one may see in the poem a complete rejection of the thought of their own sacrifice as such. Instead of there appearing in the poem the purpose of conveying the thought that the dead believe themselves to have made any preeminently great sacrifice, there seems to have been the aim of showing that so noble was the cause that they died for that it deserved the utmost sacrifice on their part. The writer, himself acquainted by experience with army life, doubtless knew the spirit of the soldiers, and gave a true portrayal of it in the last stanza of his splendid poem:

"Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to raise it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields."

What can be the dominant note here but one of unselfish exhortation to the living, in view of the worth of the cause? After the selfish spirit had done all it could in an enterprise, it would then maintain a state of neutrality, but such is not the case here: if the great cause goes down in defeat, the dead will not sleep.

Perhaps no poem of the Great War has excelled in real beauty and appeal of unselfish thought the poem by Rupert Brooke entitled *The Dead*. Five lines from this poem read:

"Whose laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons they gave their immortality."

There is no picture here of the soldier on a quest for fame; of the restless wanderer, who enters war to enjoy its excitement; of the man who regards a quiet, peaceful life too tame for him. Indeed, the records of our soldiers do not justify a belief concerning them. Arthur Wood says of the returning soldiers:

"They have a new spirit of feeling that the only thing that is worth while in this world is to do some great thing for others, is to back up some cause,—they want a chance somewhere to fit themselves into the scheme of life so that they can count on doing something worth while." The lines in the poem, written by one who himself was offered as a sacrifice on the altar of freedom, suggest no thought of a reckless abandon of all to a relentless fate, but they portray the unselfishness of one who is prepared to face the issues of life with a resolute, true purpose.

The next characteristic of war thought and poetry to be considered is the spirit of universality. This term is scarcely

adapted to convey the idea here intended. This second characteristic is closely allied to unselfishness, yet they are not synonomous. The seed of the spirit of universality is unselfishness, but the latter term is not adequate to convey the idea of an unselfish spirit grown to a fruitful stage of mercy and compassion for all. The term "universality" is here used to apply to a predominantly broad and sympathetic spirit toward the enemy. It is the spirit back of the force that has been effecting the gradual, continuous evolution of man's thought from that of the individual to the family, from the family to the gens, from the gens to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation and which works finally to unite the whole world in a common brotherhood. It is the spirit at the center of the ever enlarging circle of man's thoughts and sympathies. This spirit of catholicity banishes hate and prejudice; it seeks the triumph of right instead of the conquest of enemies; it denies that might makes right. It is the spirit which sees in the vanquished, not so much human flesh removed from the way leading to the reaching of the conqueror's goal but a fallen enemy who was brave and courageous in his cause. It is the spirit that is solicitous that prisosners of war receive humane treatment. It is the spirit that sends nurses to serve the wounded both of the enemy and the ally. It is the spirit which makes a great and powerful military leader accept the enemy's offer for an armistice just when the refusal would make possible the capture of vast numbers of the enemy and the slaughter of great numbers of others of the enemy. It is the spirit which believes the enemy to possess an immortal soul; it is the spirit which views him as a spiritually created being of God's own, though following a false ideal. It is the spirit which so far has found its highest point of development during the period of the Great War. Though many poems filled with the spirit of envenomed hatred were written during the war, yet there are others that nobly portray the high ideal of war against false ideals instead of against hated men.

In the Epiloque, by Alfred Noyes, are lines that express the new liberal feeling of the soldiers for the enemy:

> "They who work their country's will
> Soldiers, but not haters, know
> Thou must pity friend and foe.
> Therefore hear,
> Both for foe and friend our prayers."

There are volumes of thought contained in the words "Soldiers, but not haters." By these four simple words there are brought into the mind thoughts of those hundreds of years when to fight was to hate, when to be a soldier was to be a hater, and when the belief was that he whose heart burned hottest with hatred was he whose hand was direst in its stroke. The novelty of the idea that hatred is not requisite for a successful soldier is also suggested in the lines quoted, for on carefully reading the poem one may have the feeling that the poet, conscious of the old idea of war and soldiers, hastened to qualify the term "soldiers" so that there would be no mistake in the mind of any reader as to the type of soldier referred to. In these lines also the old idea of the tribal war god, a god that has sympathy and favor for one people only, is nullified. The God here invoked is one that pities "friend and foe." The fundamental idea here is the universal fatherhead of God, which has as its corollary the universal brotherhood of man. This thought is strikingly stated at the close of Lee Wilson Dodd's poem *A Song of Democracy,* where he addresses the "God of Man United." Farther on in the poem by Noyes the idea of compassion for the enemy is stated more at length in these words:

> "Pity deeper than the grave
> Sees beyond the death we wield,
> Forces of the young and brave
> Hurled against us in the field.
>
> Cannon-fodder! They must come,
> We must slay them and be dumb,
> Slaughter, while we pity, these
> Most implacable enemies."

Though to the army arrayed against him the enemy must be, in a sense, as "cannon-fodder," yet one can see here presented the thought that there were those who could look through the armor of the foes arrayed against them and see suffering bodies, disturbed minds, and troubled spirits, that there were those who could see the forms before them, not as mere targets for guns, but as beings human and immortal. Such allies as these could see a home, friends, and loved ones back of the stern soldier before them; they could see the anxiety of a mother for her son, the distress of a sweetheart for her lover, the anguish of a wife for her husband, and the blighted happiness of little children on account of the absence of their father.

Cale Young Rice's poem entitled *Processional* expresses in a most definite and impressive manner the divine mission of the true soldier in the words:

> " . . . . oh, to kill
> Should be a sacred wrath."

How full of meaning is the expression "sacred wrath!" Could the strokes impelled by a sacred wrath be guided by any hand other than God's? Could the hand of God guide any but merciful strokes—strokes fell only to the degree that the good of a righteous cause demanded? A "sacred wrath" causes a soldier not to slaughter and murder, but, instead, to dispatch. In the next line of this poem the reason for entering the war is stated to have been "war on war:" not to avenge but to rectify was the soldier's mission; "to war on war" is not to tread down the enemy but to lift him up to a height where his ideals shall be such as to preclude false ideals, which make him a menace to the world.

In Marion Conthony Smith's poem *By Order of the People* is the meaning stanza:

> "This is the law to bind us, when
> Sense and self go wild,—
> That the sword be strong for mercy
> That the shield be over the child.

That the great eternal standards
Ride high above the strife,

And the soul of a mighty people
Be dearer than blood or life.''

There is in these lines a kind of appeal on behalf of the enemy. The standard ''that the shield be over the child'' that is the soldier's own or his ally's provides no law for war, but the standard ''that the shield be over the child,'' that is the enemy's, can control many an impulse of otherwise unrestrained lust for victory at the cost of any and everything. Two meanings, about equally lofty in tone, may be read into the last line quoted above. Whether the ''mighty people'' referred to is the ally or the enemy, the poet has not made clear, but, in either case, the meaning is worthy of a noble sentiment. Assuming for a moment that the ''mighty people'' is the ally, one may draw the meaning that it is necessary to keep the soul of a nation clean and unspotted from undue bloodshed, even in war fought for a worthy end. On the other hand, supposing that the ''mighty people'' is the enemy, one may get the thought that to preserve the soul of the enemy should be far dearer to the opposing forces than any desire to conquer.

In the poem *Forward,* by Alfred Noyes, there is expressed the splendid conception of war as only a crude but, for the time, necessary means toward an estimable end. He says:

''We only fight to achieve at last
A great reunion with our foe.
Reunion with the truths that stand.''

The fight is here conceived to be, not against men but, against a barrier between men. One can picture two armies arrayed in from of each other, divided by a barrier that must be pierced through in order to make possible a union of the two forces. That which divides the two forces is false ideals and ''truths that stand,'' not a barrier that has been gradually and strongly built up and that will require the efforts of both to remove. Farther on in the poem are the words:

"Then . . in that day . . .
Our faith shall make your faith complete
When our battalions reunite."

An even more impartial view of the enemy is here given: he is not altogether undeserving; not all his standards have helped to build the cruel barrier; there are ideals yet reserved, worth preserving and a faith that is true and that is needed to make the faith of the other force perfect and complete. The aim set here is, not that the Allies' faith shall, in the victory, wipe out all the enemies' faith or dominate all of their faith but, that the faith of both forces shall unite and blend into a complete whole, which shall be the compensation for all the strife and horrors of the war.

The third characteristic to be considered is that of optimism. Doubtless never before had the spirit and morale of the soldier been regarded to be of so paramount importance as during the Great War. Thousands of dollars were spent in order to surround the soldier with an environment tending to make him cheerful. The spirit of the soldiers, however, was apparently not dependent upon the efforts put forth to produce optimism among them, for some inward force and influence, with the source dependent upon no outward surroundings, seemed often to control the soldier when the trials were most terrible, when the days were darkest, and when the battles were bloodiest. Melancholy in such hours as these would have meant madness; so in these sad times the soldier seemed to realize that he must cultivate and maintain a confident cheerfulness and overruling optimism. This spirit was sometimes evident in mere jest and foolery, but often it took the form of a well worked out, constant optimism and hope. The soldier seemed to have made for himself a true philosophy of life, in which cheerfulness was one of the dominant factors. In the times of greatest stress and strain he seemed earnestly to exert himself to appear with a smile and, not only to appear with a smile, but to feel the spirit of a smile in his whole life and being. The soldier who was cheerful amid the conflicts of battle, who was hopeful in a hell of

despair—that soldier was characteristically the soldier of the Great War. This cheerfulness was largely dependent upon the soldier's belief in the justice of the cause and the belief in the final triumph of right through victory. With these thoughts in mind, the individual soldier made himself an optimistic entity in a great compound, made up of like elements, that made the whole wonderfully cheerful. William L. Stidger, a Y. M. C. A. secretary, says:

Those of us who have lived with out soldiers abroad, slept with them, and eaten with them, came back with no sense of gloom or depression. I say to you that the most bouyant, happy, hopeful, confident crowd of men in the wide world to-day is the American Army in France." In Robert Herrick's introduction to the little volume *Poems de Poilus* he tells of meeting a regiment of French soldiers, coming back for rest from the trenches beyond Verdun. In describing them, he says:

" . . . some were chatting and hailed us with gay comment." Farther on in his discussion he gives a characterization of the typical French soldier in these words:

" . . . we see as perhaps his first characteristic note his cheerfulness, his spontaneous gaiety." Again he says: Dirt, smells, discomforts, wounds, disease, death—all these he has taken in good part, cheerfully, even gayly. No one who visits the wounded in the military hospitals can fail to realize the happy atmosphere of content and calm that prevails there, even in the wards of the desperately maimed."

It is a striking fact that the most terrible war in the world's history is the war that brought out most signally the cheerful side of the soldier. He, though confident of victory, doubtless realized that the optimism of each man would hasten that victory. The poets of the war—the soldier poets more than any others perhaps—played no small part in keeping alive this spirit of optimism in the war centers. Theirs was a gladsome note, sounded amid the gloom, which they believed to be only temporary.

The poem *To America,* written by Lee Wilson Dodd, expresses the confident belief in a better day. He represents the sons and daughters of America as saying to their native land:

"For though we perish from you, you shall live."

In the darkest hours of the struggle, when the world seemed in the throes of the approach of an overwhelming defeat of all that was worth living for, the soldier, with a trustful face, looked into the future, with his eyes upon a vision of the triumph of right, and said to his country "you shall live." The color tones of his vision were not affected by the ever present cloud of pain and threatened death; he saw beyond, the realization of a cherished hope.

Henry Van Dyke's poem *Stain Not the Sky* expresses the sanguine attitude in these words:

"The peace of God that answers prayer
Will fall like dew from the inviolate air."

War will not last forever, strife will not wreck the world forever, but "the peace of God" is still destined to bless a blood-stained earth.

In Alfred Noyes' poem *Epilogue* is the beautiful stanza:

"Speed, O! Speed, what every age
Writes with a prophetic hand,
Read the midnight's moving page,
Read the stars and understand:
Out of chaos ye shall draw
Deepening harmonies of Law
Till around the eternal sun
All your peoples move in one."

How could despair or melancholy prevail in the face of such a confident belief? The soldier who could keep his eyes on future triumph instead of on present horrors was the soldier whose optimism was grounded upon a foundation sure and unfailing; whatever circumstances might arise that would tend to cause melancholy were disregarded by him for thought of the better conditions to come.

In Herbert Asquith's poem *The Fallen Subaltern* we find the optimistic spirit presented in the words of those

represented as burying a comrade, fallen in battle. The soldiers gather to bury their comrade—

"Who looked at danger with the eyes of laughter."

Let it not be believed that this optimism was a foolhardy abandon to the inevitable, but rather, let it be thought that it was an optimism that looked with sanity, calmness, and hope to the outcome of the struggle. This optimism is not merely an adjunct to the main requisites of a true soldier, but it is a necessary qualification.

In Grantland Rice's poem *The Hour Hand* is the stirring stanza:

"'What time is it?'
It's time to fight
To rally up the hosts of cheer,
And in the face of bitter night,
To wipe away the useless tear."

At the first glance it seems like a paradoxical statement to suggest in one breath that—

"It's time to fight;
To rally up the hosts of cheer."

Again Rice begins his poem *As for Service Rendered* in the same optimistic note, with these lines:

"To look fate in the face,
However grim and dark—
To take the game's worst break,
And hold the vital spark—
To throw soft flesh aside,
Where trouble rules the fray,
Nor make one lone camplaint
Along the harder way . . "

Service is not complete if there is complaint at it. The most beautiful service is that which is performed most cheerfully; there is something repellant in the attitude of one whose service is performed unwillingly. The one most deserving of praise is he whose does his whole duty, and one part of duty is cheerfulness in the performing of it.

The fourth characteristic of war thought and poetry to be discussed is the belief in immortality. Of the four here

considered the contemplation of this spirit is perhaps the most sublime and inspiring; of the four it is the one that makes one feel most that in the very centre of the great struggle there was a feeling of the higher significance of life, of the spiritual purpose of man's existence as a creation of God's own. Whatever might have been the belief of the soldier before the war—and indeed of many of those left in civil life—who will deny that during the war man's belief in immortality, generally speaking, was unmistakable and undoubting? The war, staged on ground soaked with blood, was no fitting scene for non-believers in immortality. The occasional presence of death inspires thought and awe; the daily presence of wholesale slaughter of hundreds demands not only thought and awe, but, in numbers of cases, a settled, definite belief in regard to the future. Doubtless most soldiers, if asked before they went to war if they believed in immortality, would readily have answered in the affirmative. There is a vast difference, however, in the belief in a doctrine because there has never been anything to cause the believer to deny a traditional faith of his fathers and, on the other hand, in the belief in a tenet because some great crisis, some great determining influence or factor has come into one's experience to require a thinking out of his personal belief to a finality. Certainly the latter was the case with the soldiers. Surely it is true that at least the large majority of American soldiers entered the war with a casual, passive belief in a future life, but is it not just as true that they come out of the war with a firmly established conviction of the fact of immortality? If a few brief hours of intense suffering would end all of life; if the life of the soul would end with the life of a suffering body; if there would be no better condition of life for the worthy soldier, who had given his all to make possible a better state on earth,—if all these the soldier must believe to be true, whence could he get the incentive to be courageous and noble? These things he did not accept as true, for, seared with the fires of battle, he came out with a new creed of immortality, worked out

amid the horrors of war and proved with its acid test. This unfailing belief in immortality is one of the most beautifully presented thoughts in poems of the recent war.

Joseph Courtney in his poem *As the Leaves Fall* notably symbolizes the falling of soldiers by the falling of leaves; he follows up the symbolism with these lines, which close the poem:

> "'There is no death—There is no death—
> No death—and comfort you,
> When the leaves fall.'"

Here the idea is unmistakable, definite, and decided. The falling of leaves in autumn signifies no permanent end of nature's beauties; instead, it but prophesies that in a few months' time a rebirth of nature will adorn the earth in loveliness more fresh and exulting than that of which autumn dismantles nature; so also the moment when death touches with his icy fingers the brow of the fallen hero, the moment when life flows with a quick and silent ebb from the warm living body of the fallen hero, is only a moment of transition for him whose life has been worthy to a blissful life after death.

The Honorable Evan Morgan in his poem *The World Reward* says:

> "Thus through unending pain
> We go to death,
> Hoping by death to gain
> A happier breath;
> Trusting for once whatever we had doubted.
> That death to us, of victory now shouted."

Here there is first expressed a hope and then a trust; there is also suggested the thought that the soldier's ability to sustain his spirit under the "unending pain" of war depended, in part at least, upon his belief in a future life, free from suffering. In the fifth line of the stanza quoted there is presented the thought that, whatever might have been the thought and previous attitude of the soldiers in regard to the meaning of death, whatever passing doubts might have

assailed some at any time, their belief had been made sure and certain in the midst of the tortures of war.

In the poem by E. F. Wilkinson, M. C., entitled *To "My People" before the "Great Offensive"* are stanzas whose tone itself breathes forth the spirit of immortality; they are beautifully onomatopoetic. A selection from this poem reads:

"If life is more than so much indrawn breath,
Then in the hush of twilight I shall come—
One in immortal Life that knows not Death,
But ever changes form—I shall come home,
Although beneath

"A wooden cross the clay that once was I
Has ta'en its ancient earthly form anew.
But listen to the wind that hurries by,
To all the Song of Life for tones you knew.
For in the voice of birds, the scent of flowers,
The evening silence and the falling dew,
Though every throbbing pulse of nature's powers
I'll speak to you."

The first line of the stanzas quoted may be taken to show the soldier's first shock at the awful reality of death, the first realization that death must be followed by something different, surely for the deserving something better. In the first lines there is not felt an absolute, certain belief in immortality, but there is rather an expression of a sincere effort to find some faith that will prove worthy of unshaken belief in; there is the "if" that bespeaks the sincere groping of one who seeks true conviction rather than the questioning of one who doubts in despair. In the last lines quoted one feels that the vital question has been answered with a triumphant belief in immortality. In the thought of immortality here presented there is an element rather striking to the modern mind; this element is transcendently spiritual; the thought is that although the body shall assume its "ancient earthly form" after death, yet the immortal spirit will visit loved scenes of earth again—

"Through every pulse of nature's powers."

The idea of the identification of the spirits of the dead with nature is here clear.

Margaret Peterson's poem *The Roll of Honor* expresses the thought of immortality in these lines:

" . . . Blest is he who strives
For Love, and Faith, for Truth, and priceless Honour;
These cannot pass away with mortal breath;
God guards them safe, and in his mighty keeping
Are also those who nobly looked on Death!"

Here, woven with the idea of immortality, is the idea that this life determines the condition of life after death: when Love, Faith, Truth and Honor have been the goal and ideal of life—

"Whose cannot pass away with mortal breath."

God takes into his own safe keeping "those who nobly looked on Death."

In Rupert Brooke's wonderfully fine poem *The Soldier* there is a sublime presentation of the thought of immortality. The poet, in making a request as to what he wishes in case he dies, says:

"And think this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England giv'n;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends, and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

Here, as in much of the war poetry dealing with the subject of immortality, there is the sweet confidence, the quiet assurance, and the calm belief of him whose soul, if not his body, has been through the testing of some great crisis, has had its "baptism of fire." This poetry has an inspiring tone, which makes one feel that the writer had just been into the sacred precincts of some holy sanctuary, had just left some divine presence. In reality, however, these poems often express the thoughts of those whose holy sanctuary was a cold, lonely trench or the fatal field of battle and of those who had been into the divine presence as felt only when death is at hand. In the expression "a pulse in the eternal mind" there is a vague suggestion of the possibility of man's service for God in the life after death.

In the poem entitled *In Memory,* by Edward J. Bidwell, Bishop of Ontario, this idea is more specifically brought out in the words:

> "Loving and loved, brave and true!
> Too brief his span; yet in Eternity
> Surely the Master still has work to do
> For such pure souls as he."

For those who gave up life's most coveted joys to live amid daily horrors, for those who counted not their loss, but only others' gain, for those who did their whole duty and met death as a final issue—for all these life is too brief a span. The true man's work is not finished during the short sojourn on earth; a future field of activity is open to him. The crises of this brief span are a preparation given to fortify and purify souls for larger and grander service beyond.

In the foregoing dissertation it is easily seen that the treatment throughout is idealistic, but this distinctive tendency is only in keeping with the typical spirit of the war, for it was essentially idealistic. How long the mass of the poetry written during the war will last may depend upon whether war ideals are destined to become realities. With the narrow perspective with which men view war poetry now, some believe that an estimable amount of it is destined to live. However, true or false, time may prove this belief to be, no critic deserving the name can question the statement that the poetry of the Great War is a wonderful interpretation of the thought of the war.

The Eavesdropping Breeze

Mary Gooch Pitts

One night in April, 1919, while the moon was flooding the world with glorious light and every living thing seemed to be exulting in the joy of spring, a fitful breeze began to stir down in a southern valley. After playing among the branches until it had waked them all to whisperings, it blew out across the fields, over the dew-sprinkled flowers, gathering sweetness as it went. As it swept thru the campus of Trinity College, the inquisitive little breeze noted an air of sweet mystery around one of the buildings. It was "date night" at Alspaugh Hall, but of course the little breeze was not aware of that fact. Stealing softly around the corner of the porch, it hovered for a moment near a couple whose tones were so low that they could be heard only by a breeze's ear.

"Tell me more about the fellow who was up here to see you last week-end."

"Oh! he's a friend of the family."

"How long have you known him?"

"L-o-n-g time."

"How old is he?"

"Don't know."

"Well, it seems you won't tell me anything definite. The boys say you are in love with him. How about that?"

"Don't be so inquisitive. I thought you were going to Raleigh last week."

"Nothing interests me up there. You know where my thoughts are."

"Ah! this is interesting," thought the breeze, and it flitted over to a freshman and a senior girl seated on the steps.

"Have you passed all your work?" she asked. "I do hope you will pull thru on your examinations. Study hard this week and pass everything."

"Oh, I'll do it all right," and the "newish" lit a Fatima, blew rings of smoke into the moonlight, and dreamed of the lovely creature beside him.

At that moment another couple, returning from church, sat down behind one of the porch columns. The eager breeze hastened to the newcomers.

"Why are you so blue to-night? I believe you are angry with me."

"No, I am not. I think as much of you as ever."

"Then why don't you talk?"

"I just can't."

"Oh, yes, you can. You are thinking of someone else. I saw you wink at the boy on my right."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"Good night."

The breeze had witnessed a foolish quarrel. And now it did a naughty thing, for it stole over into a dim corner of the porch and blew some golden curls across the dark cheek that was so close by and caused quite a commotion in the owner's manly breast. The breeze, unconscious of the great forces it had set in motion, now slipped in thru the parlor windows and found a couple who would not leave the seclusion of the parlor for the tempting moonlight.

"Do you know you are my ideal?"

"Why?"

"Cause . . . "

And even a breeze could not bear to listen to the sacred whispers that followed, and it glided away to the hall.

"Why don't you stop smoking?"

"It does not hurt me."

"Yes, it does."

"Honest, it doesn't. I don't inhale the smoke, and then too, I can stop whenever I get ready."

"If you keep on, you won't be able to. You'd stop if anyone else asked you to."

"I'll do anything to please you, but it is wonderful to be all alone with nothing but a good cigar and my thoughts, and then to see your lovely face smiling at me from out the clouds of smoke."

"O, John, did you ever really do that?"

"Many, many times."

"Well, of course, I don't really care—if you smoke only good cigars and not cigarettes. Will you promise?"

The breeze now went back to the porch and cooled the flushed brow of a desperate youth.

"What do you see in the moon?" he asked.

"I see a man."

"What does he look like?"

"You. What do you see?"

"A girl."

"I know who it is. It's that girl you went to see last night."

"No, it's not either. You know who it is."

"Of course I know: I have just told you."

"No, you didn't. You know I don't care anything for that girl. A fellow can't get out of going with a girl sometimes. But you know where I wanted to be."

Now the moon had climbed high in the heavens, and for fully sixty seconds it had been time for the boys to leave. The dean was getting impatient. With clouded brow, she bustled down the hall to send them away. But when she went out on the porch the little breeze did a noble thing. Softly caressing the silver hair, it whispered, "Remember the days of your youth." The harsh words died on her lips and she said gently, "Good-night, boys." The little breeze now stole away and died among the flowers.

My Heart Will Stray

JAKE HAZELWOOD

My heart will stray to Balsam's hills,
I cannot keep it here,
Though hard I ply me to my task
Of framing my career.
Before the page I see the slope
Of Lickstone's rugged ridge,
Where leaps the water in a stream
That never knew a bridge.
There oft I climb the secret path
That leads to *Old Spruce Springs,*
To sit on mossy rock and feel
The throb of silent things.
I gaze from Juna's snowy top
On valleys green below,
And tread the forests whisp'ring ways
To find the friends I know.
I'm as a stranger here among
The busy throngs of men.
My heart strays to the Balsams,
Nor will come back again.

EDITORIAL

NEEDED CHANGES

This is indeed a day of discarding old systems and instituting new ones, and there are some things that Trinity College might well consider changing.

It goes without contradiction that the efficiency of a college is measurable in the ability and ideals of the men who graduate from it. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the college spare no efforts in developing the facilities which are conducive to the harmonious growth of each man who becomes one of its students. While he is in college, the student "weaves the tissue of life to be." There he forms not only habits of accomplishment and morals but also opinions of things in their aggregate and of their relations to each other. In college his notion of the eternal fitness of things is formulated. If a young man attends a college in which social life is given undue prominence, he consciously or unconsciously gets the idea that the chief end of a college course is to develop in the student perfection in the performance of the conventionalities required by the social world. In a college that advances athletics beyond its deserts, making the intellectual and the social pursuits secondary to athletics, the student again absorbs a perverted conception of the just proportion between things. In either case he fails to achieve that harmonious development, the giving of which should be the aim of every college. Upon the college must rest the responsibility for imparting or failing to impart proper ideals to the students who attend it.

In the light of these facts, let us inquire whether there is any room for improvement in the ideals of Trinity College, taking as a basis for arriving at a conclusion as to what those ideals are, the proportion of support given to

the several activities of the institution. Let the facts be presented, and the conclusion will be obvious.

Each year Trinity College pays from the collections exacted from the students in the form of an athletic fee over three thousand dollars for the financing of athletics. Among such expenses are the payment of a coach, the providing for trips, and the buying of equipment. Moreover, each man who meets certain requirements is accorded the distinction of being awarded a "T." In fact, every practicable support is given to athletics. It is true that under the present status of affairs it is nesessary for a college to advertise through its athletic teams. Of necessity each institution must follow the fashion. Inasmuch as Trinity College is in a measure the creature of these circumstances, it does not perhaps give too much to athletics. It should be borne in mind, however, that the promotion of athletics, having as a prime purpose the physical development of the student, is a means and not an end. The body should be developed in order that it may be an efficient abiding place for the mind and the soul. The Archive is of the opinion that less hearty support would not be compatible with the position which Trinity College holds among institutions of learning. There is, in fact, an evident need for more extensive physical training here. May the time not be far distant when suitable compulsory physical training will cease to be fiction and become a fact. In the meantime the college should give to other activities a degree of support commensurate with that given to athletics.

The team which represents the college in debate or the publication which circulates among the students of this college and other colleges is as truly representative of the work of this college as is any athletic team. It is not, therefore, encumbent upon the institution to give its support to these activities? There can conceivably be but one answer. Yet the college does not provide one cent for defraying the expenses of the debate teams that represent it. A small group of individuals bear the burden that should logically be

shared by the entire student body. Furthermore, the task and responsibility of producing the several publications of the college are left to the students who happen to be elected to manage them. These men are wholly dependent upon the voluntary subscriptions of the student body for funds to produce these publications. That this system is highly unsatisfactory is proved by the unfortunate experiences of the past. It may as well be admitted that the student publications of this college are not on a par with those of other colleges in the class with Trinity. For this condition either the students or the administration are responsible, and to be sure there is no reason for concluding that the personnel of the student body here is inferior to that of other colleges. With the proper financial backing, the publications of Trinity College should be of such a character as to enable them to compare favorably with those of any other college in the South.

The logical method of providing the necessary funds for these purposes would be the exacting of a fee from each student. The total could be divided on an equitable basis between the publications and the literary societies, the part going to the literary societies being sufficient to cover only the expenses of intercollegiate debates. The institution of such a fee would undoubtedly result in giving to debating and the publications a guarantee of the greater success and the higher appreciation of the student body which these activities deserve by virtue of their place in an institution of learning having as a prime purpose the mental development of its students.

The failure on the part of the college to institute such a fee will be a tacit acknowledgment of its indorsement of the old haphazard system. Such a failure would carry with it an admission, tantamount to a declaration, that the activities under discussion are inferior to athletic pursuits.

OPTIMISM

We feel that the man who says that he fully expects the prices of food to go down in the next few months deserves a medal or some other reward of distinction. Optimism! how rare a gem it is! We wonder how many people have had the misfortune in the summer, when the heat is sweltering, and the body is covered with perspiration, to hear some pessimist say, "It is hot to-day, isn't it?" The mere fact of his saying such a thing makes the weather about ten degrees warmer. It would have been much easier to say, "I believe that we are going to have some cool weather soon."

If there is one person that we care for less than another, it is the pessimist. We meet him every day. He is the student who knows that he is going to fail to pass his examination; he is the one who knows that we are going to lose the game; he is the one who knows that there is something wrong with humanity in general; he is the one who is generally discouraged.

The optimist, however, traces the rainbow through the rain. He knows that there is no need to worry about whether the Bolshevists are going to overrun America, or about anything else. He knows that

"God's in His heaven, and all's right with the world!"

May his tribe increase!

—J. G. L.

FAIR-MINDEDNESS

Prejudice is one of the commonest of sins to-day. The modern Diogenes would seek many days before he found a man who is fair-minded upon all subjects. Every person has the privilege of forming his own opinions, but the world lacks men who are fair-minded enough to give their petty jealousies and opinions a back place in passing judgment upon a subject.

This old world has been torn and tossed about by dissensions of various sorts for the last five years. We do not deny, that a certain amount of indignation and anger at our enemies was necessary before the war might be won; but the war has been finished for over a year. Is our anger at Germany to continue? We have noticed editorials in many newspapers praising the college student who refuses to study the German language. Shall we deny ourselves the pleasure of learning the language of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine, because of the fact of late Germany has pursued a blood and iron policy? Germany came to ruin because she preached love of country and things German to the exclusion of everything else. We believe in putting America first, but let us be broad-minded enough to give the other nations of the world a place in our thoughts.

To the south of the United States lies a country which at intervals gives us trouble. Francisco Villa, an outlaw, is the chief source and instigator of this trouble. The average American, when Mexico is mentioned, thinks of Villa and his bandits; consequently, Mexico has become a by-word on the lips of Americans. True, Mexico has not the stable government that her northern sister has, but of late, has not a part of the American republic been as lawless as the Mexican public? Scarcely a day passes that we do not read of race riots, lynchings, mobs, and uprisings in this country. We should be more willing to have our own nation judged by its lawless few than we should be to judge Mexico by its lawless element.

The American public generally condemns strikes when it is affected by them. As a rule, however, this condemnation is made only upon a superficial knowledge of affairs. Mr. Householder reasons thus: "This strike makes it hard for me to get what I want and need; therefore it is unjustifiable. I condemn it!" Does he ever place himself in the position of the striker? Can he imagine himself confined to the interior of the earth all day for three days a week, and idle the rest of the week, receiving no pay when there

is no work? Or can he imagine his wife or sister a worker from early morning until after sundown in a sweatshop? That all strikes are not justifiable we admit; we condemn heartily any strikes that are stirred up by agitators, or strikes that are calculated to antagonize the foreign element in this country; but we urge that the strikers should not be condemned without a fair contest.

There are innumerable chances for one to display his broad-mindedness in college life. In the matter of morals, there is room for an increase of fairness on both sides. One class of students should not condemn the other because it is not as strictly Puritanical in its beliefs and practices as it might be, nor is the other side to condemn the Puritans because they do not care particularly for "society," as the word is used nowadays. There is a happy medium of fair-mindedness which some of our readers possess, and which we urge the others to cultivate.

Certain students have been condemned by others for banding themselves together in certain clubs. Club spirit is innate in man: people of like character are attracted by each other, and a club of some sort is the natural result of such attraction. And yet, the club thus formed should not be blind in its prejudices against certain classes of students; it should not apportion a part of the universe to itself and disdain the companionship of the rest of humanity. The spirit of democracy should pervade the students in clubs and out of them.

The whole aim of college life is to teach one to become broad-minded. If, at the end of four years, one is still prejudiced on certain subjects, he can count his college course a failure. On the other hand, that person who has the greatest perspicacity is the one who has made a success of his college course, and the one who will make a success in life. We make our plea for more men who "live in the house by the side of the road."—J. G. L.

WAYSIDE WARES

NOTE.—Don't read Bringing Up Father, The Spice of Life, That Reminds Me, The Katzenjammer Kids, or the Wayside Wares; that is, don't read them if you are one of those Aristotle steel-framed-glasses fellows. But it's different if you are an ordinary mortal like the rest of us.

HOW SERVANT MUSTACHE WON HIS DISTINCTION

"My Master," said Servant Moustache, "is a Senior. He uses me as a herald to all the world to announce his lofty advancement among his fellow mortals. He takes great care of me: he keeps me adjusted, bathed, and perfumed; he clothes me in the finest cosmetique; and he trains me carefully. My job is to announce my Master's manhood, for none but fully grown men, and only the strongest of them, can have my services. I claim first place in my Master's corps of diplomatic servants."

"You are wrong," said Servant Derby. "I myself am the greatest pride of my most accomplished Master. I sit upon the top of his precious seat of learning, the place where rest the laurels of heroes and the crowns of kings. I am my Master's most conspicuous servant. I am large and symmetrical, and it is my sacred duty more than any other servant's to proclaim to all people that my great and worthy sovereign is a Senior of Trinity College."

"You are both wrong," interrupted Servant Cane. "I am the largest, strongest, and most prominent of all. My Master carries me in his very hand, and the hands are where the scepters of monarchs direct the awful decrees of their mighty majesties. I am my Master's defence: I am his faithful servant and weapon when wild beasts or threatening enemies come near him. I myself claim first place among my Master's servants."

And so the contest continued. The privilege of being the Master's first servant seemed to belong either to Servant Derby or Servant Cane, and they vied each other jealously for the honor. Decision seemed impossible for the two to reach.

But Servant Moustache would not be outdone. Just at this moment he stepped to the front to have his final word, and that proved to be the greatest of all.

"Hold," he said. "I have one more claim, a most delicate and most important one. I am the keeper of my Master's most guarded secrets. When my Master visits his lady friend, my future Mistress and Queen, I alone am present. Servants Derby and Cane are left outside with the filthy Servant Overshoe. I go with my Master into the Queen's parlor. I hear my Master's affectionate appeals, and I hear the Queen's reply. I know when my Master's heart throbs quicker, and I see the Queen's response. I know all, for I am there. I witness their rapturous countenances. And then, as the grand finale to the evening—the good-night—I am the only thing that comes between them! Were I not trustworthy, my Master would not have thus admitted me into the private drawing-rooms of Alspaugh Palace. And lest I tell my secrets, I demand first place among my Master's servants!"

"You win," said Servant Derby with a bow.

"You win," said Servant Cane with another bow.

And thus Servant Moustache occupies the choicest spot in King and Queen Senior's affections.

THE DOPE SHOP; A REALITY

J. H. Shinn

Of course you have seen it. Who has not? That notorious Bolshevistic institution at Trinity College known as the dope shop is the first establishment which a student enters after his arrival on the campus. During his life on the park, he usually spends the greater part of his time in this infamous

joint, and when he leaves, he carries with him a dope habit and a longing for the presence of the old gang that can not be lightened by a diploma. When one goes through the door of the aforesaid dope shop, he at once becomes acutely conscious of all sounds familiar to a night-hawk's ear: the jingling of bottles, the rattle of dice, the splash of dope against the bottoms of stomachs, the elevating conversation, the familiar question:

"O. T., gimme dope."

And its equally familiar answer:

"Wait a minute, freshman, till I knock down this jit."

All topics that appeal to those who rise at eleven and retire at two-thirty-one are discussed: the next dance, the gentle art of sand-bagging, the proper way to turn up a night-watchman's clock in daytime, "the . . . who busted me on my last quiz," and other such items are canvassed in flowery language. If any man who is not hopelessly degenerated and depraved will listen to this contaminating pow-wow for fifteen or twenty minutes, he will go away with his faith in the morals of mankind shattered beyond repair, and with a strong religious tendency in his mind to consign Christopher Columbus to a lower berth in the basement of Hades for ever having dreamed of finding the land where such an institution could prosper. Before the normal-minded man can endure the politics of the dope shop, his principles of right and even wrong must depreciate until he is lower than anything on the bottom of the sea, and until he is so crooked that a corkscrew by contrast looks straighter than the shortest distance between two points. Then, and only then, can he tolerate the unutterable nonsense of the dope shop's most sensible conversations. It looks as if such a course of degeneration would take a long time even in the worst of us, but the doors of the dope shop are crowded, and all who enter its portals pay homage to the line of its ruler, whose official capacity at Trinity College is electrician and professor of modern language—both profane and vulgar.

A PAGE TAKEN FROM A LOCAL CATECHISM

Question—Who are you?

Answer—We are the Chosen, the Elect, the living models of the prophets of old.

Question—Who made you?

Answer—Latin, Greek, Deuteronomy, and the History of the Hebrews.

Question—Where are you from?

Answer—As the mighty David came from the plains of Beersheba, so did we come from the Sands of Carteret and the Wilderness of Cherokee.

Question—What do you believe, and why?

Answer—We believe what we believe because we believe it, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. We are right; all other people are wrong.

Question—If you are satisfied with your righteousness, tell what you know about sin.

Answer—This does not need to be defined. Certain things are bad in themselves. These things are called sins.

Question—Explain.

Answer—There is a scale of sins, graded A, B, and C, from the least to the greatest. Some A sins are as follows: having chewing-gum in one's possession; being more than one minute late at Epworth League without repentance and forgiveness; frowning or laughing, or looking other than absolutely passive and expressionless; using pencils more costly than a cent apiece; and drinking water from the faucet instead of from a glass. Some B sins are as follows: wearing tan shoes instead of black, or low shoes instead of high-tops; wearing pressed trousers or clothes without stains or splotches; going to bed later than ten o'clock at night; laughing or smiling on Sunday; the extravagance of changing collars or shirts oftener than twice a month; and wasting water by taking a bath oftener than twice a year.

Question—What are class C sins?

Answer—They are too awful to repeat.

Question—Your faith demands it, even if you have to get forgiveneess later for mentioning such things.

Answer—Yea, verily, make a joyful noise unto the sky, oh my soul. All C sins are on a level with these two: one is cutting chapel; the other is drinking that filthy thing they call dope. We prostrate ourselves in humility at the mention of such diabolic things.

Question—Where do sinners go?

Answer—They go down below, and are prosecuted in that Place that runneth with Fire and Soap-stone.

Question—Do you ever sin?

Answer—We do not.

Question—Are you going forth prepared to fight the battles of life?

Answer—We are.

Question—With what are you equipped?

Answer—With Latin, Greek, the ancient classics, and the writs.

EXCHANGES

Owing to the fact that many college magazines were discontinued last year, some of them seem to be a little late in making their appearance this fall. At this writing, only two have reached us, the *Acorn* from Meredith and the *Davidson College Magazine.* We hope to see many others before the next issue of the ARCHIVE goes to press.

The most noteworthy thing about the *Davidson College Magazine* is its confidence in its own ability; it radiates energy and determination, determination to be "the best magazine in the South." This is the spirit needed by all of our college magazines.

The poetry of the *Davidson College Magazine* needs special commendation, both for quanity and quality. "College Literary Societies" contains a message not for Davidson alone, but for literary societies in all colleges. "The Chance of a Lifetime" seems somewhat disconnected; it is hard for the reader to discover the author's purpose. "A Parody of Fate" sends home the thought of the many tragedies of life that are brought about thru ignorance and false impressions. In "'No Haid' Frank Commands" the negro dialect is true to life. Throughout the story the writer succeeds in giving a realistic representation of the workings of a negro's mind. One other feature of the *Davidson College Magazine* deserves praise: the pictures and drawings which add variety and color.

The *Acorn* arrived in a demure brown binding typical alike of its name and October. The quality of the contents makes us wish that the magazine would devote more than twenty-three pages to its literary department. We suggest that more space be given to poetry. "The Wide Influence of Popular Music and the Effect of the War Upon It" is the best article in the *Acorn.* Its attack upon the popular music of today and its evil influence upon humanity touches one

of the greatest dangers to our social life. "Modern Miracles" shows careful preparation and much research work. It is highly instructive to those who find it hard to keep up with current events. "Their Vacation" is the best of the short stories. Its human interest appeals directly to us. We fully appreciate the feelings of the wives and husbands at the beginning of the vacation; that these feelings should change so rapidly, however, was nothing more than we expected—it was according to nature.

At the last moment we have received a copy of *The Wake Forest Student*. We have not had time to read it carefully, but its literary department seems to be skillfully divided between poetry, essays, and short stories.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

AN APOLOGY FOR GRINDS—BY A CYNIC

JOHN CLINE, '17

There is nothing nowadays that is kicked so often and so hard and in so many ways as the student-grind. The great multitude of counsellors, who, of course, have not acquired the art of the grind and never can, are bitterly opposed to anything that savors of hard and continuous study. It is true none of them have ever ground any, but they can all show clearly and easily how ridiculous and unwise and dangerous it is to be a grind; every Tom, Dick, and Harry is dead sure about it, though he has never experienced any of the joys and horrors of the game. Even those who do most to manufacture the product called "grinds" apparently pity and abhor their own article, and they never fail to add their voice to his general condemnation.

Now, it must be confessed that these people have grounds for their censure of the unlucky grind; in fact, it may be granted that he fully deserves much of the medicine he gets. His critics and judges are very wise and discreet, and the weight of custom and precedent is certainly with them. But, apparently it never enters the minds of these self-appointed arbiters that perhaps the grind cares little for their opinions wise or otherwise. They don't seem to realize that as he "ploughs distressfully up the road" he sometimes has a feeling of pity bordering on contempt for the "cool persons in the meadows by the wayside," especially since those same cool persons have time after time "coolly" pleaded for his help in straightening out some miserably tangled theme or in solving some difficult problem in science. Yes, of course, the grind is the most unmitigated ass on the campus, because he allows the studies

to interfere with his education; he has it constantly dinned into his ears that his health is being ruined, his life sadly shortened, and his mind irreparably injured, because he does not enter into the various athletic endeavors of his college; certainly he cannot hope to compete in life with the strong, vigorous men sent forth by the baseball, basketball, and tennis route, but these things do not move him. He is stubborn and proud of his stubbornness. Too many times has the grind seen the pale, pinched track-runner doubled up from a strenuous and dangerous run, the basketball or baseball player nursing a sprained ankle or broken nose, and the college-society devotee wearing a look of dissipation and dissatisfaction, to be led astray by strange gods.

To be sure, the grind becomes "narrow-minded and dogmatic;" it is to his interest and enjoyment to be so. He may miss all the rare pleasures and valuable personal associations of college life, but he has always the inestimable privilege and joy of looking out from his shell on all the "bustle and glamour" about, and smiling with grim satisfaction at his own absolute indifference to it. He prides himself on being an observer of purely social affairs rather than a partaker in them and on the fact that he is not concerned with the petty foibles and bickerings of those who make it their business to take things easy, and who delight in directing their shafts at the foolish grind.

"But" they say, those who have not the ability to be grinds—"the grind does not attain success after he leaves college." Great Edison and Burbank and all other distinguished workmen attend! After all, has anyone ever achieved noteworthy success without being a grind in his own sphere? The revilers of the grind seem to overlook the fact that grinding is being done in other places than the college, though the college brand of the article may be the most glaring affront to his tribe, he certainly has to bear the brunt of criticism. One can't imagine the great mechanical wizard's being scolded and belittled and ridiculed as he works eighteen hours a day and sleeps six, taking a few mouthfuls of

food between eating and sleeping. Surely the college-grind, if he keeps on grinding away after leaving college, will grind out something worthy to endure in his chosen sphere of work, while the fellow who refuses to grind in college will, in all probability, refuse to grind anywhere else, and very probably will accomplish little for others and for himself. Not everybody can hope to be given a place among the very few who have greatness thrust upon them. Most greatness must be ground out; and the fellow who will work hard and make good in his college work surely has possibilities of working hard and accomplishing well in other places. The whole trouble, of course, is this: The great majority of college students have not energy and patience enough to be grinds; therefore, they unreservedly condemn the art. After all, why not let the grind go on his way unmolested to "scale the arduous hill-tops," since he does not bother other people, and since he would not be satisfied without "laboring along?" True, he may be "among the dogmatists"—it must be better to have decided opinions than to have no opinions,—and the "whole breathing world" may be a "blank" to him or he may even be "peering into a mirror with his back turned on the bustle and glamour of reality," but, that is his own business, and he enjoys it. "Consequently if a person cannot be happy without being a grind, a grind he ought to be."

SHEPHERD FURNITURE CO.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR

COLUMBIA, AEOLIAN and VOCALION
TALKING MACHINES and RECORDS

CORCORAN STREET

EAT AT
GOODY SHOP CAFE
FEEDS YOU BETTER

PERRY-HORTON CO.

We Specialize in Smart Shoes for College Men

Nettleton's and Hurley's for Men
Cousins' and Grover's for Ladies

117 West Main Street *Telephone No. 7*

RAWLS-KNIGHT COMPANY

Main and Parrish Streets Durham, N. C.

Fashionable Wearing Apparel for Women

Silks, Piece Goods, Notions, Centemeria Gloves, Crown and Lady Ruth Corsets

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN MAIL ORDERS

CONFIDENCE

THAT'S THE REASON WHY OUR BANK HAS GROWN

OUR BANK HAS GROWN BECAUSE THE PEOPLE OF THE COMMUNITY BELIEVE IN OUR BANK

We do not solicit your account just because ours is a National Bank, but also because the good names of responsible upright men of known financial responsibility are likewise behind our Bank. We shall welcome your bank account.

Capital	**400,000.00**
Surplus	**250,000.00**
Undivided Profits	**50,000.00**

JULIAN S. CARR
President

W. J. HOLLOWAY
Cashier

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF DURHAM

We know your wants and want your business

See--- DURHAM'S LEADING FURNITURE HOUSE

CHRISTIAN & HARWARD

FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS

Corcoran St. Opposite Postoffice — J. L. LOCKHART, Manager

Automobiles for Hire

W. E. Harris | J. H. Harris | M. D. Harris

CADILLACS

Phone 1390 | Phone 414 | Phone 1418

We Will Be Ready

DR. D. K. LOCKHART
DENTIST
405 Geer Building
Phone 771

DR. J. T. McCRACKEN
DENTIST
413 Trust Building
Phone 114

"THE TWO-TIMES-A-WEEK LAUNDRY"
(*TUESDAY and THURSDAY*)

Durham Laundry

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

The Trinity College Athletic Council, *Agent*

Trinity Pharmacy

WE WELCOME EVERY TRINITY STUDENT
WE DESIRE YOUR PATRONAGE

Cigars, Cigarettes, Candy
Toilet Articles, Stationery

FOUNTAIN DRINKS

THOMAS DRUG COMPANY

WEST DURHAM, N. C. PHONE No. 186

Full Line Cigars, Cigarettes and Candies. We have an up-to-date Soda Fountain. Fresh Complete Line of Prescription Drugs.

See Us Before Buying

AGENTS Kodaks, Vinol, Rexall Line, Nyall Remedies

MALBOURNE CIGAR STAND

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, MAGAZINES, PAPERS

We Appreciate Your Patronage

R. L. BALDWIN CO.

105 MAIN STREET

Correct dress for women. Specializing on ladies' and misses' Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists, Hosiery and Shoes. Curtains and Drapery.

GREEN AND POTEAT

INKS BOOKS STATIONERY

"WE APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE"

SNIDER-FLETCHER COMPANY

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY

Repairing a Specsalty

READ THE ARCHIVE ADVERTISEMENTS

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Owned and controlled by the State

Schools of Medicine and Pharmacy
Training School for Nurses

Rated in Class A by the Council on Medical Association of the American Medical Association. Member of the Association of the American Medical Colleges and the American Conference of Pharmaceutical Faculties.

New Building with well equipped Laboratories. A full corps of all-time teachers.

Located opposite Roper Hospital and very near the Charleston Museum, thus affording the students more extensive opportunities for research and training.

Women are admitted to all schools.

For catalogue, address

H. GRADY CALLISON, Registrar,
Calhoun and Lucas Sts. Charleston, S. C.

Get it from **DURHAM CIGAR STORE**

"It must be good"

Make this Your Home, Boys They all "Hang Out" Here

Cigars Cigarettes Tobaccos Pipes Candy Soda

"Trinity's Downtown Headquarters for Last Ten Years"

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA

State Institution

Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy

New Buildings. Well Equipped Laboratories. Under the Direction of Full-Time Competent Teachers.

The Memorial Hospital, Dooley Hospital, Colored Hospital are owned and controlled by the Medical College of Virginia, and offer every facility for thorough Clinical Teaching. Staffs composed of the Faculty of the College. Additional Clinical Facilities are offered through the Virginia Hospital, City Home, City Jail, etc.

For full information and catalogue address

J. R. McCAULEY, Secretary, Richmond, Va.

J. Southgate & Son

Insurance a Specialty - -

Durham, North Carolina

FALL CLOTHING

Our new Fall Suits are worth looking at.

If you want the latest style, you'll find it right here.

There will be just the correct number of buttons on your Coat — just the right length — just the proper roll to the lapels — just the correct curve to your Trousers and the right cut to the entire suit.

Then last, but not least, the price will be just right.

$30 - $35 - $40 to $55

Sneed, Markham, Taylor Co.

The Clothiers

Expressing Elegance

MEN of today demand a higher order of quality in their clothes than ever before — probably because genuine quality has become a rarer article than in pre-war times.

This very condition has created a greater popularity for this store because we have impressed the fact that only the highest quality and style attainments can meet our high standard ideals.

Pritchard-Bright Company

DURHAM, - - - NORTH CAROLINA

FIRST

Style is to a suit what paint is to a house. It is the first thing to be noticed. Wear a Fashion Park suit and you are as well dressed as it is possible for any man to be.

THE FASHION PARK AGENCY

W. M. NEWTON COMPANY
DE LUXE CLOTHIERS 213 W. MAIN

The Trinity Archive

January, 1920

Life

It is a long lane and has no turn--
It is rough, rocky, and full of hardships--
But if you are prepared for it the way is easy

When you are through College and get out into the world you will realize this truth. Begin saving now and make the road of life easy going.

Many of the nation's greatest financiers started their fortunes with a dollar. The world offers much to a college man with a little capital in his pocket. *Think it ouer.*

THE FIDELITY BANK

North Carolina's Greatest Banking Institution

B. N. DUKE, Pres. J. F. WILY, Vice-Pres. S. W. MINOR, Cashier

The

Electric Shoe Hospital

Desires Your Patronage

WE PLEASE OUR CUSTOMERS---
WE ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

Work Guaranteed

WE COLLECT AND RETURN WORK

O. J. HOBBY, Proprietor

"Brick" Starling, College Representative

324 W. Main Street **Phone 1272**

Trinity College Students

You will find Our Fountain the home of good drinks. We invite you to make our store your downtown headquarters.

BEN H. THOMAS, Telephone 33

MARKHAM-ROGERS CO.

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS, TAILORS AND HATTERS

104 W. MAIN ST. PHONE 590

WE WILL APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE

For Hardware, Pocket Knives, Shells and Leggins

POLLARD BROTHERS, Hardware

MAIN STREET DURHAM, N. C.

See Me and See Better

OPTICAL STORE
Opposite Postoffice

Lenses Ground While You Wait

Five Points Drug Co SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE Phone 150

BLACKNALL'S DRUG STORE

THE BEST CREAM IN TOWN. COME TO SEE US FOR YOUR SMOKES, DRINKS, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

GEER BUILDING, CORCORAN ST., PHONE 62

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LITERARY DEPARTMENT— PAGE

WE'LL GO NO MORE TO BEAUFORT TOWN (verse)—*N. I. White* 131

THE GREAT KLEPTIC ACHIEVEMENT OR THE REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF ADDISON CRABBE (story)—*Wesley Taylor* 133

THE TRYSTING-PLACE (story)—*James Douglass* 142

NAVAL OPERATIONS ALONG THE COAST OF NORTH CAROLINA DURING THE CIVIL WAR (historical essay)—*E. P. C. Craft* 148

HIS REVENGE AND REWARD (story)—*G. S. Mumford* 156

A SHIPWRECK (verse)—*Legionaire* 163

THE COUNTRY-TAC (story)—*Mary G. Pitts* 164

TIME HATH NO MEANING (verse)—*Jake Hazelwood* 173

EDITORIALS—

QUO VADIS? 174

"HEIGHO" 175

TAKING STOCK 176

WAYSIDE WARES—

OBSERVATIONS ON A DRY CHRISTMAS 178

COOTIE 179

THE FRESHMAN 180

TO MY MESS-HALL CARD 182

HERE AND THERE 183

EXCHANGES 184

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT—

THE FRAUSHACK (humorous satire)—*G. E. Powell* 186

The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., January, 1920

We'll Go No More to Beaufort Town

Newman I. White, '14

We'll go no more to Beaufort town,
Across the narrow channel,
With arms of brown and faces brown,
And working shirts of flannel.
No more against a rotten pile
Our knotted painter hitching,
We'll pace the boarded walk a while,
To plan a melon-snitching.

We'll go no more to Beaufort town,
Sans coat and tie and collar,
To make the moving picture round,
And spend perhaps a dollar;
No more when tides are running strong,
And breezes make rough weather,
We'll shove the good old skiff along,
And shout a song together.

We'll go no more to Beaufort town,
When rising tides are brimming,
And challenge Beaufort lasses down
To have a bout at swimming.
No more along the silent spread
Of docks we'll drink the wonder
Of stars a-twinkle overhead,
And waves a-washing under.

We'll go no more to Beaufort town,
When even-sky is yellow,
To notice with a savage frown,
She's got another fellow;
We'll go no more to watch the dance,
No more a-midnight sailing,
To watch, for rods behind, perchance,
The phosphorescence trailing.

For, though the Beaufort lads are gay,
And lassies merry hearted,
Yet Beaufort town is far away,
And all the bunch departed:
And never more, so berry-brown,
In working shirt of flannel,
We'll steer the skiff for Beaufort town,
Across the narrow channel.

A Great Kleptic Achievement
or the
Remarkable Statement of Addison Crabbe

Wesley Taylor

Winning Story in the Southgate Short Story Contest, 1918

(Concluded from the November number)

"And so, old man, you have my secret. I am telling it to you because I need your help: I need somebody to put the finishing touches, so as to speak, on my training; to criticise me from the other man's standpoint; and to serve me in other ways which I shall explain later. You are the man I want; I want you to travel with me in my itinerancy, and in return for your service I shall, of course, pay you a percentage of the receipts of our enterprise. I wish you to be, in short, the sole beneficiary, other than myself, of this wondrous source of bounteous revenue."

Nehmen ceased speaking and leaned back in his chair complacently. I felt that the burden of conversation had now shifted to me, but I hardly knew how to begin my reply. I could not at all comprise the full significance of his extraordinary disclosure; if I remember right, I did not at that moment believe there was any truth in his wild effusion. I felt that he was trying to make me the object of a huge hoax; yet I felt it necessary at least to make a dignified reply.

"In telling me all this," I said after a delay, "I guess you are following Aristotle's injunction, 'prefer an impossibility which seems probable to a probability which seems impossible.' Your narrative, however, is very interesting."

His expression became clouded with disappointment at this remark, and an argument followed. Only when he almost became angry at my doubt did I acquiesce and become for the first time really cognizant of the importance of the proposition. I then became genuinely interested in it, but

could not for a moment twist my conscience into being willing to take part in such a wholesale theft. My accepting the proposition would necessitate laying aside all my tenets of honesty and going out with Nehmen on a country-wide peregrination for systematized robbery. My taste rebelled at such a scheme.

"Do you know," I said apologetically, "that you cannot steal without sometime paying the price for your transgression of established law?"

"I have figured it all out, and I know," he said with his characteristic effectiveness of speech. "I cannot be caught. This thing I have invented is entirely new—a new way to steal! Nobody will ever suspect me of such a thing; it will always remain a mystery. The money will simply disappear from the man's hand, and he will regard himself as foolish to accuse the man next to him of taking the money when there are plenty of witnesses looking at both men. I am as safe as a church-altar. If you do your part, I promise you wealth inside of three years. I tell you, I have figured it all out and I know!"

Nehmen's offer was too enticing for me to refuse. I accepted it then and there. I knew I was making a dangerous mistake; why I accepted, I do not know. Just as Judas made his historical betrayal for thirty pieces of silver, and as Peter made his denial to save himself from inconvenience, so did I betray the sanctity of human honesty, and so have I denied my crime through all these fourteen years that have passed, all for the promise of vile gain!

Three months later we left the university to begin our itinerancy. We had fully prepared for our work; shrewd Nehmen had omitted nothing; he had taken care that we be trained and equipped for any possible emergency and for simpler cases as well. It was agreed between us that Nehmen was to take the money with one of the invisible motions of his arm and to place it in my hand with another; I was to stand immediately behind him in the crowd to receive the money and to put it into my pocket. We were to keep our money in various banks under assumed names

in many parts of the country. In case of the death of either of us, the other was to receive the entire fortune.

We began our journey from Chicago on September 8, 1898. In the railway station, Nehmen, in front of me, walked up to the ticket window. A small irascible, dyspeptic-looking old man, with a very sharp nose and a mouth full of gold teeth, was buying a ticket to Freeport, Illinois. He produced a ten-dollar bill and was just in the act of passing it through the ticket window; then it vanished *in fumo,* and in another instant it was concealed safely in the bottom of my trousers pocket. I looked at Nehmen; his facial expression revealed absolutely nothing; it was as meaningless as a plastered wall.

The dyspeptic-looking old man turned around first to one side and then the other.

"Holy sands," he shouted, enraged, "what's the matter?"

"Let's have your money, please," said the ticket agent, a little impatiently, not having seen what happened.

"You got it yourself," said the man hotly.

"No jokes here," said the agent, curtly. "Let's have your money."

"I would swear from now till the end of time," the man grumbled bitterly, "that I took out ten dollars and started to hand it to you."

"Well, I didn't get it, and you can't get any ticket without money," the agent retorted. "Give me your money, or get out of here!"

The man hesitated a moment, then drew out another bill, received his ticket (Nehmen did not think it safe to take more than one bill from the same person), and walked away highly exasperated and showing on his face the bitterest expression I have ever seen on a man.

Nehmen walked in behind the man and bought a ticket for Dubuque.

Not until we were seated on the train did the expression of Nehmen's face change. It then revealed the most glorious triumph.

"Well, it worked just as I said it would, old man," he said. "We are going to make a big success."

In the meantime, the effect on me had been just the reverse. I felt triumphant at first—so triumphant that I feared my manner would reveal my secret, but when I had become seated in the train, the joy of the novelty had passed away and once more my conscience hurt me. This matter of conscience, however, is usually hard to talk about to those who are not interested in it.

"Nehmen," I. finally gained courage to say, "you are going to pay the price for this some day. 'Be sure your sins will find you out,' says Numbers 32:23."

"Forget it," he said, smiling at my remark. "This is the biggest game anybody ever tried."

Scarcely had I stilled my conscience when we arrived in Dubuque, where we hoped to make another good "clean-up." Our complete success in Chicago had given both of us courage.

The victim in Dubuque was a pleasant-looking old lady, and the loot was a crisp new twenty-dollar bill. When the bill disappeared, the lady made very little complaint, only saying something like "I thought I took out my money, but I guess I didn't." This successful seizure of $20 in Dubuque added considerably to my courage, Nehmen and I now having made thirty dollars, with no trouble of any kind, in less than twenty-four hours.

We had decided upon a trip to the Pacific Coast. We reached Omaha in a couple of days, having stopped to make "business" efforts in Des Moines and Council Bluffs. At the former place we got nothing, although we tried the railway station and one or two theatres. At Council Bluffs we got fifty dollars with very little effort. Every success we achieved added to our faith in the permanent success of the undertaking. Nehmen's boldness in practicing his art soon became almost dauntless, and I accorded with him freely in this, for the bolder he was, the more money we made.

In the three days we remained in Omaha, we made $375.

One of our victims in that city was a little girl, apparently not over twelve years old. She was buying some stamps in a post office. As she presented the five-dollar bill in anticipation of getting back stamps and change, I looked at Nehmen, wondering whether he would actually take money from a little girl; but Richard Nehmen was no respecter of persons: the money disappeared and its innocent and unsuspecting owner, having no more money, left the post office.

We found upon counting up our money that we had made $450, minus traveling expenses, in the first week of our venture! Is there any wonder that my doubts changed into hopes and Nehmen's hopes into expected certainties?

From Omaha we went to Denver. At the latter place by good luck and extreme boldness we made $500 in two days. While we were having such good success here, however, we took a foolish notion to go down to Pueblo, where we stayed two days and a half without getting a cent. We returned to Denver, made $210 in two more days there, and left for Salt Lake City; but we stopped en route in Leadville, Colorado, again making no profit. We learned that small places were not profitable, and decided, therefore, that we should stop only in large cities. In Salt Lake City we made $450 in three days, and in Sacramento and San Francisco, respectively, $275 in two days and $900 in a week. In San Francisco we deposited $2,000 in a savings bank, although less than a month had passed since we began our venture.

In our return trip to the East we chose a southern route. We came through Los Angeles, Phoenix, El Paso, Dallas, and the intermediate cities, making profits usually large or small about in proportion to the size of the cities and the length of our visits. In Dallas a bell boy in a hotel stole $149 from us, but we cared little, for we deposited another $2,000 in a savings bank there.

In Vicksburg we had an experience which was of the greatest importance, since it tested the validity of Nehmen's statement that there was little danger of our being brought

to justice. At the railway station in that city there was, as usual, a crowd in line before the ticket window. In front of Nehmen was an old lady, not over five feet tall, who had a very wrinkled face and no teeth. She presented a five-dollar bill, calling for a ticket to Edwards, Louisiana, a little town a few miles away. Of course, the money disappeared from her hand and in less than a tenth of a second was tucked away safe in my trousers pocket.

The old lady opened her eyes wide with amazement. She stormed at the ticket agent, but got no response. Then she cut her eyes around to Nehmen.

"You cur!" she snorted. "You got my money. Give it back!"

I looked at Nehmen. He was absolutely composed, as inflexible in his expression of benign politeness and piety as a bronze statue of Pope Gregory.

"Madam," he said in his most pleasant accents (which for years he had practiced before the mirror in his room), "I am sure that you are quite mistaken. I am sorry indeed if you have sustained a loss, but I am sure the gentlemen present will testify that I am entirely innocent."

But she would not listen. The look that blazed from her eyes toward Nehmen was sufficient to terrify anybody *except* him. Unfortunately, a policeman was in the station at the time. Immediately he arrested Nehmen, then me, and then two other men in the line behind me. We were taken promptly to the magistrate and tried, but the old woman had no "eye" witnesses to the stealing, and her mere story that the money disappeared while in her hands was unbelievable. We were searched, but each man, except Nehman had five-dollar bills in his possession, and there was no proof that any of us had stolen the money from the lady. We were acquitted, therefore, and went our way.

For the next seven years we traveled over the country plying our business. We invaded every state and every large city, usually with much success but no trouble. Only lack of space prevents my narrating incidents without number that we experienced. The only drawback to our com-

plete enjoyment of our success was the fact that we could never tell anybody about it. I often got pleasure secretly, however, from meditating upon the phenomenal mental powers of Nehmen. If that great mind had been applied to useful channels, what prodigious results might have issued for the benefit of mankind!

But on February 14, 1906, there came a turning point in our career. While we were in the act of leaving the train in Fort Wayne, Indiana, at 5:30 p. m., Nehmen became ill; he complained of a severe pain in his right arm and shoulder. I ordered a carriage to take us to a hotel, but had to assist him in reaching our suite. At nine o'clock he was suffering such pain that I called a doctor.

When the latter arrived, he set to work with great care to administer wisely to the patient, for I think he perceived that we were wealthy. He asked numerous questions, but one of them, referring to the patient's occupation, embarrassed me exceedingly. Nehmen, who was still conscious, saw the importance of a judicious answer, and replied that he was a capitalist and that he had strained his arm in a runaway accident on the previous day.

This fabrication did not seem to satisfy the doctor, but he was obliged to accept it. "The patient," he said, "is suffering from acute myopathia of the triceps and biceps, caused by some violent and prolonged exercise of the muscles of his arms. I can scarcely imagine a mere accident that would produce such a condition." Then in a very low voice he said to me, "He will die."

I am tempted not to tell what followed, but I feel under obligations to tell the whole truth.

It will be remembered that Nehmen and I had agreed that in case of the death of one, the other should be the sole possessor of the fortune. By counting up, I found that we had made $494,600 in eight years. When the doctor said that Nehmen would die, there came to me the niggardly thought that I should be glad if he did, for I should then double my wealth. My conscience bothered me only at times now, and during the present crisis I believed I could

actually help Nehmen to pass away if he did not do so promptly! Whether this sudden caprice of mine would be enduring remained for the next day or two to prove.

Nehmen's arm was amputated, but four days later he died. I had been out for a short walk; when I returned to his room, it had been darkened and the nurses and physicians had left. Oh, the feeling that came over me! It will remain with me until I myself am beneath the sod. No, I had not caused Nehmen's death myself, but I had wished that he would die. Now all the demons of hell seemed to swarm out of that room and curse me with the vilest of their condemnations as I entered that death-room in silence. I looked at Nehmen in the semi-darkness. His eyeballs had rolled back and only the white was showing; his purple lips were curled like parched bread crusts; his face was as colorless as the spotless white wall of the bedroom; and his heart had forever ceased palpitating. I had wished all this; what happiness did it promise me now? Was it not the retribution brought from Nehmen's wrong? Now that he was dead, would I dare for a moment to touch the foul profit that he had paid all this price to get? My answer was inevitable.

I could not resist expressing my thoughts aloud "Richard Rhodes Nehmen," I said, "never again will that hand and arm of yours seize another piece of money. Never again will that once fertile brain of yours plan another clever scheme of robbery! You have sold out your life to evil-doing; you have gambled away your right to the rewards of honesty; you have implicated me in your shameless felony; you have lured me into helping you take away from the world without giving a return; and now you have left in my hands the vile lucre! But you have paid the price which from now on it is my purpose to escape. I will turn my life to an honest work and restore the money to the public, to whom it belongs: I will establish the Crabbe Foundation for the benefit of anybody and any institution in need of help. As for you, I say, you have paid the price

so far as this world is concerned; what you pay in the next is not for me to judge."

In a quiet corner of a lonely cemetery in the suburbs of Fort Wayne, there lies a little mound, the eternal resting place of the remains of my old comrade. A simple marble slab that I erected over the grave announces to an indifferent world the name of that man who by his own choice wandered in the world, unknown, unhonored, and unloved.

At the Trysting-Place

James Douglass

Robert Calvert was sitting by the table in his room at Yale with a book in hand, but it was evident that he was not studying. A newspaper telling of the declaration of war by Congress against Germany lay on the table. The speech that President Wilson had made a few days before, in which he had stated that it became the duty of the United States to enter the struggle on the side of freedom, had thrilled Robert. The newspaper now told of the necessity of raising a large army.

Calvert was twenty-one years old, and a fine specimen of manhood. He had played on at least one of the athletic teams each of the four years that he had been at Yale. His conscience told him that his country needed such men as he for the army, and he felt that he should go. His mother had died when Robert was a small boy, and there was now no one who was dependent on him, for his father too had recently passed away.

But stronger even than his consciousness of duty to his country were his inner feelings and wishes. He was within three months of graduation, and he stood high in his class. More than this, he was the sole heir to his father's estate in the valley of Virginia. Located in the most beautiful part of the upper valley, this estate had generations before been purchased by Lord Calvert. Calverts had owned it ever since, and the dying wish of Robert's father was that the estate might be kept in the Calvert family. Suppose that he should go to France and be killed—Robert, though a man, shuddered at the thought.

The greatest cause of his desire to remain in America, however, was the thought of a beautiful Southern girl. Robert's thoughts reverted to scenes of his childhood. Ten years ago, he and Elizabeth Talliaferro had walked together along the dusty road in Rockbridge County, Virginia, and

he had told her in childish language that he loved her. Several boyish fights had taken place on account of his jealous love for her.

Six years later, after the graduation exercises of the little high school, he and Elizabeth had strolled in the beautiful June moonlight, and, in more romantic words than on the dusty road, he again told her of his love for her. Memory painted this scene in glowing colors.

Robert had not seen Elizabeth for two years now. She was spending her time in Washington with her father, who was a United States Senator. But he remembered their last scene together, and how, just the night before he left for his junior year at Yale, she had sung with exquisite tenderness:

"The sweetest flower that grows
I give thee as we part;
You think it but a rose:
Ah, love, it is my heart!"

Ever since that night Robert and Elizabeth had been true lovers, and very rarely did a week pass that they did not receive letters from each other.

Robert pondered over the matter of enlistment until the wee sma' hours of the night. The battle in his soul was fierce: love and duty clashed strongly. The next morning, however, he sent in his application for admission to an Officers' Training Camp. His application was accepted, and within a few days Robert was undergoing intensive military training in a government camp. He was much consoled that Elizabeth approved of his decision.

* * * *

On a sultry afternoon about the middle of July, the door-bell at the old colonial residence of Senator Talliaferro rang, and the maid received a telegram for Miss Elizabeth. Opening the telegram, Elizabeth read as follows:

"Have received lieutenancy. Will reach Washington to-night on my way to port of embarkation.

Robert."

Elizabeth was seized with an indescribable thrill upon receiving this message. The hours until Robert's arrival passed swiftly. Was it love, or expectancy, or joy that made her hands slightly tremble as she fastened around her snow-white neck a tiny la valliere given her last Christmas by Robert?

The night was beautiful: stars and moon shed their tenderest light upon the lawn as Elizabeth strolled hand in hand with Robert.

"Yes," Robert was saying, "I must leave Washington at five o'clock in the morning for the port from which we sail. Elizabeth, dear, we shall not see each other for a long, long time: certainly not until the war is over, and possibly, never!"

"Oh, Robert, please don't talk like that. I can't bear it!"

"Do you remember the last time that we saw each other, Elizabeth? And do you remember the song that you sang to me? Did—did you really mean what you sang?"

They had walked to a stone seat underneath a large oak tree, and had sat down. Elizabeth cast her eyes down, and was silent for a moment, and then said, "Yes."

"Do you——love me now as much as you did then?"

"More," murmured Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth," said Robert, taking her hand in his, "will you marry me when I return from France?"

She bowed her head. Robert slipped on the third finger of her left hand a ring. Complete silence reigned for several minutes. Finally, still looking down, Elizabeth said, "I will be faithful unto death."

"This oak tree shall be our trysting-place, Elizabeth," said Robert. "I will meet you here and claim you as my own when I return."

* * * *

The next morning at the breakfast-table, Elizabeth turned to her father and said:

"Daddy, I want to talk with you after breakfast. It's about something that is very important."

"I hope it is nothing serious," said her father.

"Well, I think it is," she replied.

After breakfast, Mr. Talliaferro was sitting in his easy-chair in the library, opening his mail, and Elizabeth came, and sitting on the arm of the chair, she began to smooth her father's silver hair.

"Daddy, Robert left to go to France this morning at five o'clock," she said.

Mr. Talliaferro expressed surprise, but otherwise he kept silence, thinking that Elizabeth would continue to talk. But Elizabeth also was silent, for she found it hard to speak. Finally, she said falteringly:

"When he was here last night, he—gave me—this." She held out her hand, and showed the ring to her father. He looked first at the ring, and then at Elizabeth, and, throwing his arms about her, he said, "God bless you, my dear."

Elizabeth gave a little sigh of relief, and wept silently, her confession now having been made.

"Are you to be married when he comes back from France?" asked her father.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "and, daddy, I've hardly gotten a good look at him. He came when it was dark, and left when it was dark, and I couldn't see how handsome he looked in his uniform."

* * * *

A year later the great Chateau-Thierry drive was begun by the American troops in France. At the end of the drive, Elizabeth received word that Robert had been made a captain. Four months later, the armistice was signed, and Elizabeth was one of the happiest of the participators in the demonstrations celebrating that event.

About the middle of February, Elizabeth received word that Robert was returning from Europe on the ship *"Saxonia."* She immediately went to New York to meet him. While she was in New York, she stayed at the home of Dorothy Ashton, an old friend of hers and Robert's. Dorothy also was looking forward to the coming of the

"*Saxonia,*" for her brother William was returning on that ship.

Both girls went down to the pier to meet the boat, and they watched it as it slowly crept up to the dock. They stood as close as possible to the passage where the disembarking soldiers must pass. One by one the soldiers walked down the gangplank, and yet not a sight of Robert or William. Finally, Dorothy caught sight of William, and she rushed to greet him.

Elizabeth's heart was almost breaking as she saw the last soldier leave the ship, but she tried to look as cheerful as possible when she spoke to William. He then introduced to her a friend of his, Major John Turner.

"I am pleased to meet you," said Major Turner.

As Elizabeth walked out to enter the limousine, she said to herself, "Where have I ever seen that man before?" But not being able to answer that question, she gave it up.

William and Dorothy condoled with Elizabeth on Robert's failure to return, and they insisted that she spend a week at their home, and try to forget her disappointment. The major was to be there, and they could have a fine time. Elizabeth finally consented to stay for a week, although she was not in a very joyful mood.

The time passed swiftly during the next week, and Elizabeth agreed that rarely had she had so fine a time. William and Dorothy were extremely kind to her, and they seemed to have some kind of a plot against her. The major still remained a puzzle to her. She thought she had heard his voice before, but where, she could not remember. He was as tall as Robert, but was more heavily built than he. A short moustache adorned his lip, and his hair was very black.

He paid a great deal of attention to Elizabeth, and in some way William and Dorothy generally contrived to be absent when he was with her. On several occasions he sent her flowers and other little gifts. Towards the end of the week his attentions to her grew more assiduous. Elizabeth found herself really falling in love with him. She

realized this fact with a shock. She had never thought of truly loving anyone except Robert, and to find his place in her heart being usurped by a handsome major whom she had known only a week—!

She was glad when the week was done and she was on her way back to Washington. What would Robert say if he knew that she had been receiving attentions from another person? And yet her inner self told her that she loved the major more than Robert.

Two days later, Elizabeth received a telegram from Robert in New York, telling her that he had arrived safely, and that he would meet her in Washington late that afternoon. She could not decide whether she was happy or slightly sorry to hear the news.

Late in the afternoon of that warm day of early spring, Elizabeth heard the car drive up, as she was attiring herself in her best clothes. She heard her father greet Robert, and looking out of the window, she could see them standing under the old oak tree.

"How thoughtful dear old Robert is," said Elizabeth, as she looked at herself in the mirror for the last time before leaving the room. "He remembers the old trysting-place."

She went downstairs, and out into the lawn. The setting sun made Elizabeth look twice as beautiful as usual. She walked slowly to the oak tree. Robert's back was turned when she came up, and she called softly, "Robert."

He turned, and she found herself in the arms of—the major!

Naval Operations Along the Coast of North Carolina During the Civil War*

E. P. C. Craft

(This Essay was Awarded the Southern History Prize in 1919*)

I.

Early Preparations for the Defense of the Coast.

North Carolina, long famed for its well-known boast of "First at Bethel: last at Appomattox" has also claim for distinction in the fact that her coast was the scene of the first and one of the last great naval victories of the Civil War. As anyone familiar with the geography of the state will recall, the coast of North Carolina is penetrated by three large sounds: Currituck, Albemarle, and Pamlico. Into these sounds empty the rivers of the northeastern section of the state, the majority of which are navigable for quite a distance inland. Separating these sounds from the ocean is a long chain of sandbanks extending over two-thirds of the entire coast line of the state. At frequent intervals these banks are pierced by narrow inlets, a few of which afford safe passage from the ocean to the sounds.

These sounds and rivers were among the main avenues of trade on which the Confederacy was largely dependent trade and on them the Confederacy was largely dependent for supplies. The importance of retaining these channels of commerce was fully realized, and immediately after the ordinance of secession was passed, steps were taken by the state authorities for the defense of these waterways. At the first extra session of the legislature held in 1861 a resolution was passed and ratified on May 11 authorizing the governor "to erect batteries or other fortifications, and to purchase, or charter and equip such steamers or other vessels as may be necessary for the defense of the coast of this state." Therefore, in accordance with this resolution and several subsequent acts passed by the legislature, several small river steamers were

purchased by the state representative, William T. Muse, and, armed with one gun each, this formidable fleet of five little vessels began to annoy the commerce of the United States outside of Hatteras. The entrances to the sounds were protected by the erection of batteries at Hatteras, at Ocracoke Inlet, and at Beaufort. Similar batteries or forts were erected on Roanoke Island, and on the Neuse River for the protection of New Berne. The United States forts, Fort Johnston and Fort Caswell, on the Cape Fear River, and Fort Macon, situated just opposite Morehead City, had already been seized shortly after the hostilities commenced. When North Carolina threw in her lot with that of her neighbors, all of these works, woefully incomplete, along with her navy, consisting of the *Winslow,* the *Ellis,* the *Raleigh,* the *Curlew,* and the *Beaufort,* were turned over to the Confederate Government by order of the State Convention.

II.

The Capture of Hatteras Inlet

The Federal Government was also cognizant of the great importance of the North Carolina sounds. It realized that "the command of the broad waters of these sounds, with their navigable rivers extending far into the interior, would control more than one-third of the state and threaten the main line of railroad between Richmond and the seacoast portion of the Confederate states." Furthermore, the depredations upon the commerce of the United States by the *Winslow,* under the command of Thomas M. Crossan, which raised a fierce outcry from the commercial circles of the North, caused an added incentive to gain possession of these waters. The New York *Times* was especially vehement in its protests and declared that the real danger to the country lay in these privateers. The *Winslow* alone had captured nine vessels and with her sister vessels was seriously hampering commerce. "Will the government take immediate steps to avert the threatened peril and restore public confidence?" was the question of the entire North as it was voiced

in the *Times.* "It is absolutely essential," continues the editor, "that we wield that great arm, our navy, in a manner to secure respect abroad and protection at home, and destroy the rebels by destroying their means of existence."

The Navy Department, therefore, in the summer of 1861 directed the concentration of such naval force as was available, and with the aid of the army a joint attack on Hatteras Inlet was planned. This inlet was protected by two forts, Fort Clark and Fort Hatteras, which had been constructed by Colonel Elwood Morris of the Confederate Engineer Corps. Hatteras, which was the larger of the two forts, was a redoubt built of sand banks and was considered capable of resisting the bombardment of any fleet. The fort had been constructed with the greatest difficulty, for all of the material had to be hauled over seventy miles. The vessels detailed by the Navy Department for the attack on these forts were the *Minnesota,* the *Wabash,* the *Monticello,* the *Harriet Lane,* the *Pawnee,* the transport steamers *Adelaide,* and *George Peabody,* and the tug *Fanny,* all under the command of Flag-Officer S. H. Stringham. The land forces, numbering between 860 and 880 men, were under the leadership of General Benjamin F. Butler.

The expedition set sail from its place of rendezvous at Fortress Monroe in the forenoon of August 26, 1861, and arrived off Hatteras Inlet late in the afternoon of the same day. On the way down the coast the fleet was joined by the sailing frigate *Cumberland* and the steam frigate *Susquehanna.*

The attack began on the morning of the twenty-eighth, when at ten o'clock the *Wabash* and the *Cumberland* opened fire on Fort Clark, situated at the entrance of the inlet, a half-mile east of Fort Hatteras. Fort Clark was the smaller of the two defenses and was commanded by Colonel W. F. Martin, who was in charge of the North Carolina troops, of which there were ten small companies. The *Minnesota* then passed inside the bar and began a terrific bombardment. The *Susquehanna* followed and engaged the batteries at eleven. Fort Hatteras then opened up and

received the fire from the *Minnesota,* the *Susquehanna,* and the *Pawnee.* Fort Clark, which received the brunt of the battle, was unable to stand under this bombardment and about 12:25 p. m. the works were abandoned, and the men marched over to Fort Hatteras. This addition increased the number of men in Hatteras to about 850.

While the bombardment was going on, an attempt was made to land troops. Owing to the heavy seas the effort met with only partial success, and by nightfall only three hundred and fifteen men and two howitzers had been landed. The firing continued until sunset, when the fleet withdrew, leaving the troops on shore. During the engagement Flag-Officer Samuel Barron, of the Confederate States Navy, arrived from Portsmouth with a small number of re-enforcements and was given command of the defense.

The next morning the fight was renewed, and by eleven o'clock Fort Hatteras was forced to surrender. The Union troops had already taken possession of Fort Clark, and when the white flag appeared on Fort Hatteras, they marched in and took possession. Commodore Barron refused to surrender to General Butler on the ground that the army had had no part in the taking of the fort. His demands were respected, and he was allowed to surrender his sword to Flag-Officer Stringham. The articles of capitulation were signed by Major W. S. G. Andrews, the commander of both forts; Colonel Martin, commander of the North Carolina troops; Flag-Officer Barron, Confederate States Navy, commanding the coast defenses; Flag-Officer Stringham, of the U. S. N.; and General Butler. By the terms of the surrender it was agreed that all men, munitions of war, and arms should be unconditionally surrendered and that the men should receive the treatment due to prisoners of war. Upon the completion of the surrender Stringham and Butler sailed away, leaving the *Pawnee,* the *Monticello,* and the *Fanny* to guard the inlet and General R. C. Hawkins, in charge of a small detachment, to garrison the forts.

The significance of this victory is not to be overestimated. The immediate results were the capture of over 600 men,

1,000 stands of arms, 35 cannon, and two forts. Besides, it was the first victory of the federal navy, and it did much to reduce the ignominy of the disgraceful defeat of the army at Bull Run. The achievement was received in the North with great rejoicing and was the subject of many laudatory editorials in all of the great dailies. Commodore Stringham, in his report of September 2, 1861, says: "I wish in this official manner to renew the opinion which I have heretofore given as to the very great importance to the government of retaining in our possession the forts at Hatteras. This inlet I consider the key to all the ports south of Hatteras and only second in importance to Fortress Monroe and Hampton Roads." The economic results of this victory were more far-reaching, however, and it was the beginning of the federal control of all the great grain-producing section of the state. Just what this control meant to the Confederacy we shall see a little later on.

The next several weeks after the departure of the fleet were quite uneventful for the troops on Hatteras. On September 17, however, a mixed expedition of land and sea forces, under the command of Lieutenant J. G. Maxwell, United States Navy, was sent to destroy the forts on Beacon Island and at Portsmouth, near Ocracoke Inlet. Both places were found deserted, but twenty-two guns which had been left intact were destroyed by the Union forces.

The evacuation of these strongholds was severely censured by a large number of the Confederate military authorities. When the firing began at Hatteras, Fort Oregon, which had been similarly abandoned, had thirteen guns mounted and one sea battery of five long 32 pounders. The fort was commanded by Chief Engineer Morris, who, after getting everything in readiness, was determined on a resolute defense. There were in all about 300 men in the fort. Just at this juncture a number of naval officers of high rank, acting under orders from Flag-Officer Forest, C. S. N., stationed at Norfolk, arrived and advised the evacuation of the fort. This advice aroused a spirit of discontent, and in spite of his efforts to avoid such action,

Engineer Morris was forced to abandon the fort. This action, it was later claimed, was not justified by any military necessity.

During these weeks of comparative inactivity on the part of the Federals, however, the Confederates had been busily engaged in fortifying Roanoke Island. Learning of these preparations, the Federals sent the Twentieth Indiana Regiment to establish a post at Chicamacomico, forty miles from Fort Hatteras. This was done on September 29. On October 1 the tug *Fanny,* while attempting to land provisions for this new post, was attacked by three vessels of the Confederate "mosquito fleet," commanded by Flag-Officer Lynch. The *Fanny* attempted to escape, but after getting aground she was finally captured. This capture was "the first Confederate naval success in North Carolina, and the first capture made by our arms of an armed war vessel of the enemy." On October 4 an attempt was made by the Confederates to take the post at Chicamacomico. The Federals were driven out, but on the appearance of the Union fleet the attackers were forced to withdraw. This skirmish marked the end of any important fighting during the year.

III.

The Fall of Roanoke Island

Immediately after the fall of Hatteras, plans had been made to follow up this victory by a joint expedition of naval and land forces against Roanoke Island and the adjoining territory. After several months of preparation, a fleet of over twenty vessels, under the command of Rear Admiral L. M. Goldsborough, and forty-six transports bearing 12,000 troops, under the command of Brigadier-General A. E. Burnside, arrived off Hatteras on January 13, 1862. Here the fleet met with the greatest difficulty in getting over the bar on account of the shallowness of the water. By January 19 only seventeen vessels, carrying a total of forty-eight guns, had passed over Hatteras bar. At length, after much painful labor, the last vessel passed into Pamlico

Sound on February 4. On the morning of the fifth the signal for advance was made, and headed by the naval vessels the fleet began moving up the sound in three columns. At sunset the vessels anchored off Stumpy Point, about ten miles south of Roanoke Island. The next day further advance was retarded by a heavy gale. On the morning of the seventh, however, the leading naval vessels entered the narrow passage connecting Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds and came in sight of a Confederate squadron just behind Pork and Wier Points.

The defense of the island consisted of three forts constructed so as to protect the channel. The upper one, at Wier Point, was a battery of twelve guns and was known as Fort Huger. About two miles below, on Pork Point, was Fort Bartow, of whose guns only nine guns were engaged in the defense. Between these two forts was a small battery of four guns, while on the mainland opposite, at Redstone Point, was a battery of seven guns known as Fort Forest. The channel was obstructed by piles, behind which the little Confederate fleet of seven vessels, under the command of Flag-Officer W. F. Lynch, was drawn up in battle array on the morning of the seventh.

Upon the appearance of the Union fleet the alarm was given, and at eleven-thirty the action commenced. The heaviest fire was concentrated on the forts at Pork and Redstone Points, which had opened on the vessels. By noon the action became general, and the barracks behind Pork Point were set on fire. At three p. m. the landing of troops under the cover of the naval fire began at Ashby's Harbor. By four o'clock 4,000 troops were landed, and by midnight all but one regiment had disembarked. In the meanwhile the Confederate fleet had been compelled to retire, and by nightfall only Fort Bartow remained active.

The action was continued on the following day. The troops began to advance through the swamps and thickets of the island and succeeded in taking the land batteries of the Confederates. The Confederate fleet had already withdrawn after having its largest vessel, the *Curlew,* destroyed

and the others somewhat damaged. Colonel Shaw, the commander of the island, was forced to surrender with all of his forces, numbering somewhere in the neighborhood of 2,500 men. The Union arms had again triumphed, and by the taking of Roanoke Island had gained a situation commanding the whole sound district. No other outlet was left on the coast except Wilmington.

(To be continued)

His Revenge and Reward

Down a shady portion of Fifth Avenue a young girl and a man were strolling, apparently occupied with the subject of their conversation, for they paid no attention to the throngs of people passing them.

"I feel that I must go, Jack," the girl was saying. "It has been nearly nine months now since Germany declared war upon us, and what have I done during all that time to help my country, or our soldiers? Nothing at all. I have about completed my studies here at Aunt Mary's school now, and to remain longer would be only to waste my time. Brother has already enlisted, and father and mother are left by themselves. It is clearly my duty to return home."

"But, Estelle, what will you do?" he inquired. "Your parents have no special need for you, and you cannot enlist as a soldier. It is true you might become a nurse and——"

"That is just what I mean to do," she interrupted him, quietly. "I have thought it all over, and my intention is to enlist as a Red Cross nurse. It is the least I can do."

"By Jove, but this is sudden, dear." he replied. "I don't like to see you do it, but since you are fixed in your purpose, I don't suppose there is any help for it. But your going home does not mean that we must break our engagement, does it?" His voice had become low, and he spoke somewhat eagerly.

"No, I think not," she answered. "That is, if you are willing to wait for me."

"Certainly I will," was his rejoinder. "How can you think that I could give you up so easily?"

"Very well, Jack. But here we are at my school. I must leave you."

Estelle Matthews was a young girl of nineteen, who had come to America from England to spend two or three years in an American school. Her parents lived in England, but Estelle had an aunt in New York who was mistress of a

private boarding school, and with whom she was now staying. Jack Sanderford was a young engineer, who was employed by his uncle, the president of the Eastern Construction Company. Jack and Estelle had been engaged for a month, but owing to the unsettled conditions in England at that time, she had declined setting any specific time for their marriage.

When they parted on the occasion previously mentioned, Jack continued along the avenue until he came to Forty-fifth Street. There he turned and walked briskly up towards Broadway for about two blocks, and with a preoccupied air entered the offices of the Eastern Construction Company. He made his way to a little office on the second story, and sat down before a desk on which were piled in disorder slide rules, drawing instruments, maps, blueprints, and other articles belonging to the engineering profession. As he seated himself and began examining a large blueprint that lay before him, the telephone bell rang. He lifted the receiver off the hook, and with his eyes still on the blueprint, gave his name to the other party.

"It is only I, Jack," he heard in a voice which he recognized at once as Estelle's. "I have decided to sail Saturday, on the *Lusitania.*"

"But why such haste?" he asked. "I thought it would be at least three weeks before you went."

"I hardly know, except that I am anxious to go. I have cabled my father to meet me in Liverpool."

"Then I must see you tomorrow. I'll call at your school early in the morning." He hung up the receiver, picked up a newspaper that was a day old, and leaned back in his chair. The article he began to read was one in which Germany proclaimed the war zone to extend around the British Isles. When he had finished the article, he threw down the paper and muttered something about Germany's getting too bold. When, however, a half-hour later the office boy brought in the afternoon paper, the following headline caused him fairly to jump from his chair:

"GERMAN EMBASSY WARNS AMERICANS NOT TO EMBARK ON BRITISH SHIPS."

"By thunder," he exclaimed, "this is getting unbearable. I wonder what they'll do next?"

That night, as he made his way to his apartments on Dey Street, a new thought came to him. Suppose the Lusitania should be torpedoed? But, no, he told himself, they will not dare to sink a ship carrying American passengers. But, then, why was Germany issuing those warnings? As he mounted the steps that led to his room, he wondered what he should do if the Germans, with their characteristic cruelty and atrocity, *should* attack the *Lusitania.* The phrenologist could have detected in the set lips and the resolute mien of this young man the fury of the lion, once he had been aroused.

Early the next morning Estelle was busy packing her trunks and preparing for her voyage. There were many little details to be looked after, and only one day in which to attend to them all. Tomorrow at 12.20 o'clock she would leave New York. Jack came as he had promised, and although he still had an apprehension in regard to Estelle's sailing on the *Lusitania,* he never breathed a word of his fears to her, for he saw that she was determined to go and that to tell her would only cause her anxiety, perhaps needlessly. After remaining about an hour, he went away, promising to come again the next morning to accompany her to the pier.

Saturday dawned fair and propitious. At about eleven o'clock Estelle, accompanied by her aunt and Jack, made her way to the pier from which the *Lusitania* would soon sail. She was in tears as she bade her aunt good-bye; then she turned to Jack. "Jack, dearest," she said, "remember that I'm still yours, whenever this inhuman conflict is over. I'll be waiting for you on the other side of the Atlantic."

"And I'll have you if it takes ten years," he replied, almost as much moved as she.

They walked arm in arm to the gangplank. There they shook hands, and with a wistful look that was mutual, they

parted. A few minutes later Jack saw a tiny something that looked like a handkerchief, waving from the deck of the *Lusitania.* He waved his hat in return, and after watching the handkerchief disappear from sight, he started slowly back to the offices of the Eastern Construction Company.

A week later he was again sitting in his office. It was in the afternoon, and his uncle was with him. He had been noticing a cloud on his nephew's brow for several days, and attributing it to his parting from Estelle, had come in to cheer him up. But this illusion was dispelled before Jack had spoken a dozen words.

"Uncle," he began, "you think I am worrying about Estelle. Well, I am in a way. But that is not all that worries me. It is our relations with Germany. Why does she keep encroaching upon our rights in regard to the high seas? Why does she keep warning our citizens not to sail on Allied ships? Why is she becoming each day more and more indifferent to our protests? It is time for our government to take steps to protect our honor and dignity."

"Why, Jack," exclaimed the elder man, "where did you get all those ideas? Germany has no bad intentions towards us, and we ought to thank Heaven that our dear old country is staying out of the conflict. Cheer up, my boy, and don't worry any more over Germany's attitude towards us."

The president went out, and Jack applied himself to his work. Ten minutes later the mail came in. The young engineer pushed aside the map on which he was working, and casually picked up the afternoon paper. Something in the headlines made him jump from his chair, knocking over an encyclopedia in the process. What! It could not be true! He read again:

"LUSITANIA SUNK BY GERMAN SUBMARINE! DETAILS UNKNOWN!"

Without reading farther, he snatched the telephone receiver off the hook and gave the number of the Cunard shipping offices.

"Is it true about the *Lusitania?*" he almost shouted in the mouthpiece.

"The report is correct, as far as we know," was the reply which came back over the wire. "We have no detailed information."

Jack hung up the receiver, and fell back in his chair like one stunned. Could it be possible that the very thing he had feared had happened after all? If so, what was Estelle's fate? Had she been saved? With these questions uppermost in his mind, he grabbed his hat and went out into the street. There everyone was excited. Newsboys were crying out the news at the top of their voices. Jack bought an extra edition of the *Afternoon Sun* that had just come from the press, and eagerly scanned the front page. It confirmed the first report, and in addition contained a list of the Americans reported missing. He glanced down the list. Yes, there was her name, "Estelle Matthews!" He saved himself from falling only by catching a lamp-post. In despair he groped his way back to his office. "God, why didn't I tell her?" he kept repeating to himself. And then the look of despair gave way to one of anger and hatred and determination. An hour later another paper came, confirming the news in regard to the missing Americans. By the next morning it was generally known that the *Lusitania,* a ship owned by the Cunard Company, and having 114 Americans on board, had been torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine ten miles off Old Head of Kinsale.

When Jack came to his office on Monday morning, he inquired at once for his uncle. He found him in the latter's office. The elder man had seen Estelle's name in the list of the missing, but as yet he had refrained from making any comment on it to his nephew.

"Uncle," began Jack, "you know what has happened."

"Yes, my boy, and I sympathize with you."

"Thank you, but I have another matter to talk to you about this morning." He looked at his uncle in a manner that made the latter start.

"What is it?" he inquired.

"Uncle," said the nephew, "what do you think of this outrage?"

"I'll admit it looks pretty serious," he replied. "Our government will probably demand reparation."

"Reparation!" repeated the nephew, with a surprised look. "What reparation is there for human beings murdered? I tell you it is time for us to take active measures to put a stop to these villainous practices. But I shall not wait that long. I'm going to enlist now."

"What!" ejaculated the president. It was his turn now to be surprised. Of what avail will that be unless we go to war?"

"I shall enlist in the Canadian Army."

"Great Jehoshaphat! Do you really mean it?"

"I do. You do not need me here, and I shall have a chance to avenge Estelle."

"Jack," began his uncle quietly, "you are simply being led by your patriotic fervor into doing something which your better judgment must tell is rash. You had better think twice before you take such a step as you contemplate."

But to all of his uncle's advice Jack turned a deaf ear. A week later he had joined the Engineering Corps of the Canadian Army, and was far away from New York. In October of the same year he was sent across with the 57th Engineers. During all these months of training he had but one object in view, namely, to do his bit in bringing the Hun to justice and retribution. On the battle front this one purpose spurred him on, making him forget all thought of self, and serving to keep alive in him an enthusiasm which, in a less ardent soul, must have been materially lessened during the darker hours of the war. Twice he was wounded physically, but never in spirit, and each time he thanked God that he would be able to return to his duty. For three years he endured the hardships and privations which kill weak men and strengthen strong ones. Only once did he accept a period of rest and recuperation, and on that occasion for only a short time. Then came the autumn

of 1918, with its Allied victories. Jack saw his cause in the ascendancy, and worked only the harder.

But it seemed that fortune was against him. One afternoon, as his company was advancing under a heavy fire, he felt a sharp pain in his right shoulder. For a moment he reeled, and the world began to revolve about him; then he fell forward and lay insensible, while his companions kept up the charge.

* * * *

When Jack recovered consciousness, he was lying on a cot in a hospital. He looked about him in a dazed manner. It was night and his room was lighted only by one small electric lamp. As his eyes wandered over the room, they fell upon the form of a nurse. She was preparing his medicine. Seeing that her patient was awake, she crossed softly over to the cot, and said in a low voice, "Swallow this." The young man turned his face to hers, and the light fell upon his features. With a start the nurse dropped the spoon containing the medicine, while her face became blanched.

"Jack!" was the only word she could utter.

"Estelle!" came in a weakened voice from the sick man. "No," he added, "I must be dreaming. It cannot be you."

"But it is me, Jack," she cried.

"Then you were not drowned, after all?"

"Drowned? No, I was picked up, along with the others, and I have carried out my purpose. But tell me how you——"

"Estelle," interrupted the man, in a low voice, "let's wait until I am better. I have many things to tell you then."

A Shipwreck

LEGIONAIRE

Now grow more dense the clouds from whence
The cold flakes fly.
The spray is cast about the mast,
The waves beat high.
Mad roars the blast, the snow falls fast,
It stings like hail.
The mate is tense, he orders thence
The leeward sail.

The captain swore and paced the floor,
And more he drank.
He laughed at fate, he cursed the mate,
Then o'er he sank.
Night could not wait, the ship was late,
Through foam it sped.
From out the roar, came through the door
Ghosts of the dead.

The one was bent; the other lent
On starboard staff.
Up spoke the one, a widow's son:
"Send us abaft!
Your course is run, your life unspun;
Haul down your Jack!"
The ship now spent, with sails all rent,
Took a leeward tack.

At break of day, amid the gray
Of ocean wave
A bit of spar besmear'd with tar
Still mark'd the grave.
And from afar, beyond the bar
Where porpoise dance
The ocean lay since its wild play
As in a trance.

The Country-Tac

Mary G. Pitts

"Frank, come here. I'll show you how your future wife is going to look."

There was a rustle behind the counter, followed by the sneering whisper:

"Umph, a country-tac!"

Nancy Cameron, at whom these remarks were directed, stood still for a moment with her back toward the speakers; then she wheeled, flashed an angry, contemptuous glance at them, and swept from the store.

"My, she'd be a stunner, Joe, if she was just dressed up."

Meanwhile Nancy was rapidly leaving the town behind her. She kept up a reckless pace for several miles; then the spurs were relaxed, the lithe figure drooped in the saddle, the bright head went down on the pony's neck, and Nancy burst into passionate weeping. "Oh, how dared he? How dared he?" The pony answered only by a gentler motion of his body, and turned from the road into a bridle path which wound into the heart of the woods. Giving a delighted neigh, the little horse broke into a sharp trot and Nancy looked up.

"Ah, I may be a 'country-tac,' but I have the beautifulest home in the world, and I made it so. I suppose I thought so much about making it beautiful for father that I forgot to make Nancy beautiful."

Leaping to the ground, Nancy removed the saddle from the pony and left him to wander at will. Going directly to her room, she studied long and carefully the image of herself in the mirror. Afterwards she seized a pad and wrote:

"I. Defects.

1. Father's old coat and cap.
2. Riding trousers worn by Mr. Methuselah.

3. Square-toed shoes.
4. Careless arrangement of hair.
5. A super-abundance of sunburn.

II. Effects.

1. Smooth, though sunburned complexion.
2. An eccentric dimple that might be used to advantage.
3. Hair, sufficient as to quantity; brown, as to color.
4. Teeth, white.
5. Eyes, brown.
6. Education, miscellaneous."

Nancy wrinkled her brow thoughtfully.

"Not so bad. We'll see what can be done for the little country-tac—and also for the gentleman who said it," and Nancy cast a roguish look at her reflection in the mirror.

Six weeks later, by the generous use of her father's bank account, and the assistance of her dead mother's sister, Nancy Cameron, the country-tac, had been transformed into a paragon of beauty.

* * * *

On a certain afternoon in June, Nancy dressed herself with particular care, and, taking a book, went to a corner of the wide rose-draped verandah. A few minutes later the crunching of footsteps on the gravel walk caused her to look up. Her heart made an extra beat, for coming toward the house was—Frank. He came up the steps, hat in hand, and said:

"Beg your pardon, but I am looking for the home of a Mr. Cameron. Can you tell me where to find it?"

Nancy saw at once that he did not recognize her, and mischief entered her soul. Placing her hand behind her ear, she leaned forward as though she had not heard a word. Frank repeated in a louder key:

"Can you tell me where *Mr. Cameron lives?*"

Nancy shook her head, put the other hand behind her ear, and waited. Frank took a deep breath, ran his finger around the top of his collar, and yelled:

"Can you tell me where Mr. C—a—m—e—r—o—n lives?"

Nancy smiled sorrowfully; then breaking a rose, she signed to him to write what he wanted to say. Frank searched through pocket after pocket but could not find a single piece of paper. Desperate, he went down the steps and began to write in the sand with his riding-crop. Nancy followed. On the bottom step she dropped her book and obliterated the writing.

"Darn!" said Frank.

"Who?" said Nancy.

Frank turned from red to purple, from purple to pink, from pink to a sickly green.

"Madam, I wish you good-afternoon," he said stiffly with all the dignity he could muster.

"What! you are not going away without getting what you came for, and after going to so much trouble about it, are you?"

"Really, it is hard to get much information from *deaf* ladies, and my business with Mr. Cameron is urgent. I thank you, however, for your *kind attention.*"

"I am glad to have been of service to you, and, since your business with Mr. Cameron is urgent, perhaps it would be best for you to stay until he comes; this is his home."

Needless to say, in the end Frank stayed, and a few weeks later Nancy again looked up and found him before her. This time the moon was flooding the world with light and turning Nancy's rose garden into fairyland.

"Why do you suppose I came, Nancy?"

"Because the night is too lovely to stay indoors."

"I could have ridden in any other direction and still have been out-of-doors."

"Oh, then I suppose you are looking for a Mr. Cameron out this way," said Nancy wickedly.

"No, it's for *Miss* Cameron this time, as you very well know. Nancy, may I call you that? It's such a lovely name. What do you reckon is the matter with me? I just

can't stay away from you. I have dropped all my girl-friends since I met you."

"That is a very unwise thing to do. It may be somewhat embarrassing to have to pick them all up again. You have known me only a few weeks. I may develop into a veritable 'country-tac' for all you know."

"Nonsense. I have been with enough girls to know what I am talking about; and now Nancy I want to tell you something. It may be a little inopportune, because I have known you for such a short time, but—"

"Stop, don't say any more! Don't say anything you would not say to a 'country-tac,' for I am the girl you called by that name in a store some time ago. I vowed to make you take it back, and I have succeeded, but I would not humiliate you by letting you say useless things to me now. Good-night and—good-bye," and Nancy vanished in the moonlit garden.

Two days later Nancy left for her aunt's summer home at Lakewood. After she had been there for about a week, Nancy slipped away from the gay crowds and went down on the border of the lake. Wandering dreamily along the wooded banks, she discovered a secluded inlet, on the surface of which lay a perfect little boat. It was moored to a tree on the bank by means of a chain, but the key was in the lock. Nancy was seized by an unconquerable desire to take a ride. She sat for a moment in thought, her beautiful brow wrinkled, while her eyes sparkled mischievously.

"'Twill be no harm to borrow a boat for a while, 'specially if the owner doesn't know. I wonder what he looks like?" Nancy looked around inquiringly. On the top of a stump lay some fresh white ashes. "Umph, evidently smokes a pipe! Must have been out on the lake this morning," she mused.

She walked over to the stump and gave an exclamation as she picked up the torn corner of a letter. "Ah! to look at the evidence of a pipe and the spic-and-span condition of your boat I would have judged you to be an old-maidenly-bachelor; but how deceiving appearances are," she

remarked to the woods in general. "Now, I find you to be quite sentimental. 'My own dearest M—'. Pity to have torn the name off. I wonder what it is. There is Minnie, but I don't believe you'd like a girl as commonplace as *Minnie* sounds. You found too lovely a spot for your boat. If it were Minnie, you would beach it on the sand somewhere. It couldn't be Mattie for the same reason. Mary? Somehow I don't believe it was Mary either. Perhaps it was Molly. That just goes with the pipe. But," Nancy sprang lightly on the stump and addressed the surrounding forest, "Sir Knight of the Pipe, I am going to borrow your boat in defiance of Minnie, Mattie, Mary and Molly. You should not have been so careless as to leave it unlocked, and thus tempt roaming ladies."

The decision made, Nancy stepped in the boat and pushed out into the center of the pool. Then rowing out on the lake, she skirted along the bank for more than an hour. The sun went down behind the tree tops, and Nancy bethought herself of returning her stolen property. But where was the entrance to the inlet? Nancy rowed swiftly until she came to the place where she thought it was, but the bank was smooth and unbroken.

"What if he had only gone ashore there, and lives on the other side of the lake? My, won't he be mad, and won't I be in a fix?" This thought was rather perturbing even to one of Nancy's disposition. On the other side, Nancy thought she saw an opening in the shrubbery, but when she reached the spot it was only a big gray rock. What should she do? The sunlight had disappeared. Twilight would soon mingle with darkness and bring about a search for her. Cautiously, she began to row close up by the bank. "At last," she cried exultantly, when the narrow opening appeared. "'Twill be the better part of valor to go softly now. Our host might be waiting for us."

Only the quiet splash of the oars could be heard as Nancy guided the boat stealthily toward the mooring. Off in the woods an old owl cried "W-h-o, w-h-o, w-h-o." Nancy shuddered slightly and jumped ashore with the

chain in hand. Passing her arms around the tree to fasten the chain, she was horrified to find them grasped and held firmly.

"Oh!" she cried.

"Oh!" came from the other side of the tree in exact mimicry of her tone. Nancy bit her lip and was silent.

"Gentlemen do not detain ladies against their will," she said vehemently.

"Neither do ladies steal boats."

Nancy was silenced. She tried to withdraw her hands, but they were held tightly on the other side.

"Oh! don't be in such a hurry. You should not mind letting a nice old-maidenly-bachelor hold your hands for a while. They are very pretty hands. I wonder if the face matches?"

Nancy again tried to withdraw her hands. But the voice went on teasingly from the other side of the tree.

"And her name—I wonder what it can be? 'I don't believe it's Minnie, for that's most too commonplace.' A girl named Minnie would never steal a boat," he added slyly. "Nor do I think it is Mattie, for the same reason. Mary? Somehow I don't believe it is Mary. Perhaps it is Molly. If Molly belongs to the pipe, it would seem quite natural for her to belong to the Knight of the Pipe."

Nancy's cheeks were burning with indignation and shame. It was now quite evident that he had been within hearing, perhaps watching her, when she was there earlier in the afternoon. What must he think of her?

"'Tisn't very encouraging to have to do all the talking," the voice went on mournfully. "You might at least suggest a subject." He paused, but Nancy maintained rigid silence, and he again went on. The voice was slow and drawling now, and it contained an enchanting sweetness.

"Since you seem to have no preference, suppose we talk about ideals. I should like to tell you about my ideal of a young woman." Nancy flushed. "First, she must be good-looking. You wouldn't object if I just peeped around

the tree, would you?'' he said pleadingly. Nancy again made a violent effort to get away.

''Oh, well, I won't if you object. I appreciate your maidenly modesty,—and I can wait. Second, she must possess a normal amount of intelligence. (He thinks I am an idiot, thought Nancy.) Third, she must be a good sport, know how to handle other people's boats, for instance. Fourth, she must like music and be able to play. Do you play—Molly? You won't speak? Well, I believe you do; these fingers look like they were made to play for some tired man. Fifth, she must be able to manage her companion without his knowledge. I have no idea what it is that keeps me so near this old tree, do you? Sixth, she must be sincere, but not too conscientious. You are not troubled that way are you?'' Nancy writhed but said nothing. ''Seventh, she must be dependable. If she borrows a boat, she must return it on time. Eighth, she must be democratic, but at the same time possess dignity and believe in the social welfare of people at the expense of individual liberty. And now there is just one other requirement for my ideal. She must have the ability herself and confidence enough in the man to 'play hands' and get away with it.''

For an instant he relaxed his hold on her wrists, and Nancy leaped backward into the shrubbery. ''Brute!'' she hurled at him through the deepening twilight. He sprang after her, his foot caught in a creeper, and he measured his length on the earth. A mocking laugh floated through the woods at the sound of his fall.

''I fear Sir Knight of the Pipe has lost his spurs,'' Nancy trilled, and then the wood was still. With swift and silent feet, Nancy fled and pursuit was impossible.

That night Nancy curled up in her window and reviewed the events of the afternoon.

''Oh, I wonder who he was? How silly of me to run away. Now, I would not even know him if I met him. Never mind, I hope I won't ever see him again.'' But she knew while she said it that she did not wish it, and it was many hours before she slept that night.

Two weeks later the people of Lakewood were to give an old English Pageant. The maskers were to meet up at one end of the lake to witness some plays and old English feats, and later were to scatter and amuse themselves. Nancy had pondered long over her costume and the character she should represent, when like a flash of light it came to her—the Lady of the Lake.

"Perhaps he will be there, but I sha'n't know him," she thought sadly.

When the day of the pageant came, Nancy appeared on the lake in a little skiff dressed in the costume of a highland chieftain's daughter.

"Ah, the Lady of the Lake," one of the spectators remarked. He was a knight arrayed in black armor and on his shield was emblazoned a pipe. Nancy did not see him, and after the pageant she stole away to a remote part of the lake. She floated idly for some time until she found that she had drifted near the secluded inlet.

"I wonder if he is staying down on the lake—if he keeps his boat there. Why not see? If he should be there, he could not recognize me with this mask on."

"Deftly she guided her light boat through the narrow entrance into the little bay. No sign of life was there. The boat was gone. Nancy rested dreamily on her oars. Then through the woods wound the clear, mellow sound of a huntsman's horn. Nancy started and unconsciously acted her part in pushing off from the shore. Then she paused, smiled whimsically, and called, "Father!" No answer came from the silent woods. "Malcom, was thine the blast?"

Then from the dense shrubbery stepped the Black Knight. "A stranger I," he said, carrying out the little drama.

Nancy looked him over critically.

"Your emblem, Sir Knight, is of quaint design."

"Yes, I was dubbed the Knight of the Pipe. Would that it were the pipe of peace."

"Why, have you quarrelled with your lady fair?"

"Worse than that. I have mortally offended her and do not even know her name."

"Would you like to apologize?"

"If you'll come ashore, I'll try, Molly."

Standing on the bank Nancy said: "Remove your helmet, Sir Knight."

"Frank!"

"Yes, you would not give me a chance at home. I followed you here. When I saw you take my boat I could not resist the temptation of getting even with you for your pretended deafness. Today I saw you at the pageant and recognized your impersonation of the Lady of the Lake. I thought your fancy would lead you here, and I have been waiting hours for the Lady of the Lake, for Molly, for—

"The Country-Tac?"

"Yes, for it was she that Joe prophesied would be my future wife," he whispered, holding out his hands.

"But—the letter, Frank?"

"My own dearest M—o-t-h-e-r, was the rest of it, Nancy."

"Why," she said softly, "I never thought of that."

Time Hath No Meaning

JAKE HAZELWOOD

Time hath no meaning, so life to the world,
Tho' short for each of us they're sure to be.
There're those who've seen and those who
still shall see
The sun and seasons,—nature's gifts unfurled
To rich and poor alike, tho' none possess.
Why for tomorrow pine I then today?
Why live in dreams of what I may assay
Some other time? I shall not win unless
I live today; so, I would smile and work,
And never present duty would I shirk.
I wish to love a friend and merit love
Of those in common walks, who're not above
The little homely joys fate doth allow.
I want to live my future in my Now.

EDITORIAL

QUO VADIS?

There was a time when the curriculum of a school or of a university consisted of three studies: Latin, Greek and mathematics. These three studies were called the classics, and it was the natural and normal thing for every person who wished to be recognized as an educated person to take courses in these three subjects. We often read of schoolboys writing their Latin poems and Greek exercises, and we feel that a boy of ten years of age who lived two hundred years ago could outdo us along such lines.

Gradually there has been a falling away from these old ideas that the classics were necessary to the education of a gentleman. Each year we note with regret that the number of students in the Latin and Greek departments of our colleges is becoming smaller; mathematics still attracts as many students as ever. We are making our plea at the present for a reawakened interest in Greek and Latin.

When we try to learn about some problem or some question, we go back to the source and find out all we can about how it originated. We master thoroughly the details concerning the origin and the development of the question. The English language, with a few exceptions, is based on the Greek and the Latin languages; in fact, the languages of all the western nations of Europe are founded upon these two. It would be difficult to frame an English sentence in which a word is used that cannot be traced back to one of the two classic languages. Is it not natural that we should master the source of our own tongue?

Aside from this argument, we should study Latin and Greek for the beauty of the languages and the wonderfulness of their literature. Homer's works are still considered the masterpieces of epic poetry; no nations have produced such a galaxy of writers as Sophocles, Plato, Euripides, Thucy-

dides, Vergil, Cicero, Pliny, Seneca, Xenophon, and a score of others. Is it not the language with which the great Demosthenes swayed thousands of people worth learning? Would it not be worth our while to learn the language that the Cæsars used—the language used by the first nation that spread its civilization to western Europe? Rarely does the world find a man with a more wonderful mind than that of Socrates; he uttered his wisdom in the Greek language; our New Testament is also written in Greek.

We do not advocate giving up the other branches of learning; far from it! We do urge, however, that we turn from our mad search after money and fame and return to the study of those languages which, from their mere study, lend culture and refinement to the student. The wayfaring man, though a fool, might learn some of the stuff that is pawned off in colleges, but the man who is able to read Latin and Greek is accounted an educated person. There are, as we see it, two roads in education open before students nowadays: one road leads to wealth and worldly possessions; the other leads to culture, spiritual ennoblement, and happiness. *Quo vadis?*

J. G. L.

"HEIGHO"

One of the best means of distinguishing a freshman from the rest of the student body is to observe his salutation. Among the many forms of greeting used by the newcomers are the following: "Howdy," the more extended, "How do you do?" and "Good-morning." These are all very good in their place, but before he has been at Trinity College very long, the student omits these words from his vocabulary, never to use them again while he is in college. The word of greeting that has for a long time been prevalent at Trinity is the short "Heigho." There is something in the ring of the word that carries with it an expression of good-fellowship. Dryden used it to voice a feeling of exultation, and it is in a sense somewhat akin to this that it is used here. "Heigho" has a distinctive and important

meaning; its use is a tradition worth perpetuating. We make our appeal for a more extended employment of the good word "Heigho."

TAKING STOCK

This is the season of the year when men in the business world take an inventory and ascertain the results of their work during the past year. By thus investigating, the managers are in a position to eliminate inefficient methods and to introduce in the place of them new and improved features.

College students may emulate with profit this practice of business. It happens far too often that students come to college with high ideals but soon become so much obsessed with the petty, transient things of college life that they lose sight of the ideals, the eventual realization of which was the motive for their entering college. Such students refuse to take an occasional inventory of their accomplishments. Their time is so much occupied with the present that they do not have time to consider the past. But the day of accounting does come. At the end of four years these individuals do take stock only to find that four good years and much money have been more than wasted. On the other hand, the efficient student, the one who makes his college career an asset in the business of life, takes frequent reckonings. If he finds that he is making of his stay at college a losing business, he bestirs himself to the discarding of harmful habits and to the formation of better ones.

What should be the character of a satisfactory inventory? Each student must answer that question for himself. If he is the happy-go-lucky kind of character who holds in high esteem the acquiring of all the fads, smart sayings, and other things that appeal to those of narrow-gaged wits; if he enjoys the reputation of being a sport, he will be easy to please with the results of his inventory. Such accomplishments are easy to effect. But if he is in college to develop himself, to grow, he will wish to find that he is gaining

knowledge that will function in later life, that he is developing breadth of vision, and that he is weaving a moral fiber that will stand every test.

Many students are deluded by the belief that a creditable average in class-room work is all that should be desired. It is true that everyone should see to it that he not only passes every course, but that he also makes the best grades of which he is capable. It is quite possible, however, for one to make an excellent record in his regular texts and then leave college a narrow, inefficient person, out of harmony with his fellow man—a misfit. If, as some hold, college life is an epitome of the real life for which we are supposed to be preparing, it behooves every one to take advantage of the excellent opportunity which college life affords to deal with men as men, and develop as far as possible every capacity that can be used to advantage later.

Let us take an inventory, fellow students, and resolve to make the business of attending college a success.

WAYSIDE WARES

OBSERVATIONS ON A DRY CHRISTMAS DAY

MAL ROE, B. E.

"Say, how was Christmas with you?"

"O, fair, not much doing. How was it with you?"

"Pretty bum. Dullest Christmas I have ever known."

Such were the questions and answers heard on the park immediately after the holidays. The general trend of the opinions expressed on this subject seems to be that it was the quietest, dullest, dryest Christmas ever experienced. Dryest? Yes, in more ways than one. True that the weather was lovely, and that in that respect it was the dryest Christmas on record. But it must not be forgotten that July 4, 1919, the day when liberty was once proclaimed, saw the death of the liberty of the imbiber of the elixir of life, and despite all efforts to shake the old man's determination, Uncle Sam stood by his mid-year resolution.

It was, then, a Christmas marked by the absence of the cup that cheers and by the lack of the jovial fellowship that enlivened the "good old corn liquor days." But there were some who report a good time, a dandy good time, one of the best they ever had. Most prominent among these were the mountaineers, who live where the moon never sets nor ceases to shine in all the glory of its sparkling splendor. Students coming from the "Land of the Sky" seem not to have been bothered by laws against monkey rum in the enjoyment of their Christmas. Whether this is the true cause of their greater enjoyment of the holiday cannot be learned with truth as yet.

Some others seem to have had a share in this happy and gay time. It is not fully known whether any of these secured any wood alcohol or what was the cause of their joyful celebration. There is even a bad report going the rounds about Red Parham. What was the trouble with him has not been fully ascertained up to the present writing,

but it is a fact that he crawled into the hammock hanging over his berth in the Pullman with all his clothes on. He could not find the clothes closet and decided to sleep without pulling off his. He learned what the berth was for only when the hammock broke and spilled him on it. No one has ever been able to find out what was the matter when he crawled into his berth to cause him to make such a mistake; the porter swears that he had made it up properly.

The faculty also report a dull, dry time. The latest information obtainable was to the effect that all were present at the opening of school. Their hundred per cent perfect attendance may have been due to the extra long holiday this year. It is possible in view of the extra days added to the catalogued holidays that the faculty had an ulterior motive behind their generosity. It is also possible that they made a discovery this year which Professor Spence says he made when he was in college, namely, that it is always wise to begin sobering up at least forty-eight hours ahead of time. Taking all accounts into consideration, then, there obviously is some remote connection between a quiet Christmas, or a dull one according to the student, and the fact that Uncle Sam is now on a ration of Adam's Ale.

COOTIE

(With apologies to Blake's Tiger)

BY A LEGIONAIRE

Cootie, cootie, sitting tight
In the tempest of the fight,
Splendid morale do you show,
For you never quit, you know.

Cootie, cootie, day and night,
I was helpless in my plight,
Long and weary was my search
Till I found your secret perch.

Cootie, cootie, what delight
You took in the savage bite.
With an ugly savage grin
In you lit, up to your chin.

Cootie, cootie, in your eyes
Glowing red, fierce hatred lies.
Now they sparkle, now they gleam
With each bite, a joyful beam.

Cootie, cootie, lift your feet
If you would patrol your beat,
Well may you the harvest reap,
So just don't disturb my sleep.

Cootie, cootie, sitting tight
In the tempest of the fight,
Splendid morale do you show,
For you never quit, you know.

THE FRESHMAN

S. M. H., JR.

Darwin wrote and must necessarily have thought much concerning evolution. In all his thoughts, I dare venture to assert, he never connected the freshman with his theory. Now, I hold the same opinion concerning the freshman that Farmer Corntossel said he held concerning the mule: "The freshman is the most evolutin' thin' thar be."

Witness the verdant seeker after knowledge when he steps from the train into the station of the college town he is to make his home. In truth as I watch him, I feel that I am beholding a tank of reserve energy. What may the object of my gaze be within the next nine months? Will he have already absorbed college lore, and upon his own volition—and the advice of the dean—returned to

Hicksville to diffuse his great store of knowledge among the simple folk he once thought his equals? Or, will he have taught the professors all he knew, thereby increasing, in his own estimation, their meagre store of knowledge? Or, will the grassy color that I now behold have faded, and its owner been demoted to the rank of second-year freshman, commonly known as sophomore?

As I stand meditating upon the change that will come over him, I yearn to tell him not to worry; I wonder how long he will continue to write to that blushing farm lassie he only last night kissed at the gate. Will inconstancy be defeated in this specimen of the college tribe, or will the bewitching charmers of the college ensnare his pledged heart?

The freshman might well be the theme of a Homeric or Miltonic epic. He might well furnish the theme for a poem entitled *Hicksville's Ploughman,* for, despite his fresh and verdant appearance, his seediness loudly proclaims his birthplace. More might be suggested along this same strain, but . . . I leave the freshman to his thoughts and to the Y. M. C. A. representatives.

* * * *

I presume that several months have elapsed since my freshman entered college, paid ten dollars to the treasurer, received his September-Morn bath administered by willing sophomores, and paid his radiator fee of three dollars to the sophomore representative. Many wonderful things have happened to him since the memorable day in September, but to him the greatest was the passing of the fall examinations. His appearance has not so pronounced a color as it had when he entered college. He has already learned college ways and knows enough to tell the Professor of Latin that a certain form is the Ablative of Manners. Truly, it is hard to believe that he is the same person that I only recently beheld at the railway station. He has exchanged his worthy homespun for the pocketbook-breaker such as the upper classmen wear. His shoes have assumed a lustre they never before knew, and his ties are . . . beyond description.

He has long ago quit studying and is now worrying over the final examinations. What in the world will he do? O, his Latin is safe enough, for down comes the trusty interlinear from the shelf, and he compares the Latin with the English version. How he studies for his other examinations, I leave it to the imagination to discover. It suffices to say that, despite all handicaps, he has at last taken the examinations and has a chance of becoming a sophomore.

He has truly changed. If his appearance when he arrived on the scene was heroic, it is now truly god-like. He would not be recognized as the verdant specimen of a few months ago. The metamorphosis has been wonderful. Verily the rhymester spoke the truth when he remarked:

"The freshman with coat tailored pinch-back,
Spends most of his time at the Frau-Shack.
He's forgot how to plow,
Or work on the cow,
And doesn't know a mule from a hay-stack."

TO MY MESS-HALL CARD

H. B.

In other times, 'mid other scenes,
I've drunk with kings and dined with queens;
Then ten-course dinners were my style,
Topped off by waiter's obsequious smile;
You see it was my business luck,
To play reporter on the sheet,
The nabobs must be written up,
And so I had their friends to meet.
But now! dear, ugly mess-hall card,
Thou art my hungry lease on life;
To me, thy tattered countenance means—
Cold coffee, wieners, prunes, and beans;
For which I now do honor thee,
My dear old ugly mess-hall card.

HERE AND THERE

Sophomore (enamoured)—"Good night, Miss Emma; may I see you to-morrow night—if you have nothing on?"

Miss Emma—"Sir, how dare you!"

The following definition is offered for the respectful consideration of the publishers of Webster's Dictionary:

"Hot air" or "Bull"—A learned scientific term which connotes a perfervid superexuberence of asseverative volubility accompanied by a concomitant irresponsibility of deductive ratiocination.

The willing readiness of Dr. Wannamaker to make any and all announcements possible in chapel is one of the most noteworthy characteristics of the good Dean. In fact, he is very averse to omitting any of these time consumers and almost never forgets one. But his memory was just a little faulty one morning immediately after the Christmas holidays, and he neglected to make one very important announcement. Imagine the surprise of the entire student body a few moments later when they heard him say, while offering prayer: "And, O Lord, bless Professor Webb, whose French II class will be held this morning at nine-thirty instead of half past ten, as usual."

EXCHANGES

The November number of the *Magazine* of the University of North Carolina gave first place to a tribute to Mrs. Laura Caroline Battle Phillips. The article is not only a tribute to Mrs. Phillips, but it also gives an interesting glimpse into the history of our state. North Carolina, as well as the University, has a right to be proud of such a woman. "The Call of the Carolina Hills" arouses our curiosity, and we would fain ask the author's name, but promises should not be broken. "Are We Becoming Automatons?" shows that the writer has been thinking seriously. As a whole, the work of the *Magazine* is good, but we wonder if it is not relying on the work of a few men too much. We know that it is hard to keep from doing this, but the college magazine which represents the largest number of students will be the most influential. If the *Magazine* will establish an Exchange Department, it will help not only itself, but also the publications of other colleges.

The best article in the November issue of the *Tattler* is "The Plays of John Synge." It shows thought and careful research work. "They All Do It" is a clever little story entirely true to human nature.

We congratulate the *Georgian* on its plan for the year's work. We think it has made an excellent beginning in "Richard Malcolm Johnston." "The Confession" is a well constructed short story which holds the reader's interest to the end. "A Day With the Doctors" is a humorous sketch of one phase of college life. It also adds variety to the contents of the magazine. Why not establish an Exchange Department?

The contents of the *University of Tennessee Magazine* are particularly good; however, the appearance of the magazine would be improved if the literary and advertising

matter were separated. "A Russian's Tale," "West is West," and "The Girl in Search of Love" deserve special commendation.

We suggest that the *Corraddé* contain more short stories.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Saint Mary's Muse*, the *Acorn*, the *Davidson College Magazine*, and the *Wake Forest Student*.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

THE FRAUSHACK

G. E. Powell, '19

There is one building situated upon the campus green which I think is most woefully misnamed. We call it the Fraushack, and why, pray? Surely it does not resemble a shack in any particular whatever. It is rather a serene, dignified structure—at least from the outside—as most of us know and equipped with all the modern nuisances—radiators, a telephone, electric lights, girls, etc. The name has a historical significance I know, but why let history lead us astray? I haven't much confidence in history anyway—not because Dr. Laprade teaches it, but for other reasons. According to the sworn record of the past, woman was constructed from a bone taken from the breast of man, but who can believe that one bone can rattle like this one? And certainly the inhabitants of this building do not warrant the attachment of so degrading a name to their dwelling place. Here we have assembled the very best that the park affords in loveliness, in learning, in cleverness, in culture, in fact in all the higher arts and attainments, and then to call this place of all places the shack! Shame on us! Let us turn deaf ear to the siren voice of Tradition, of a day that is dead, an age that is gone, and christen this house with a more suitable cognomen like "The Freshman's Delight," "The Senior's Diversion," or better still—"The House of Many Noises!"

It is an interesting old building—this thing we call the "Shack." First and foremost it is a place of mystery; what place is not that houses the females of today? Concealed in the rooms of the second and third stories are the secrets of the co-ed's beauty—her freshness—her daintiness—her charm. How oft have I seen them come in from a hard quiz, wearing an expression

on their faces that resembled the frazzled hem of a beggar's garment, run up to their rooms and come down again with their faces agleam like that of a child's on Christmas morn, looking as bright, as sweet, as enticing as the first breath of spring! Is it not mysterious? Yes, and to think that once in the golden, old barbaric age before the country went dry, when Trinity was primarily a he-man's college, those very same rooms whose walls now smile upon the intricate arts of femininity were the scenes of high-feasting and masculine revelry! I repeat, is it not mysterious?

Not only is this house shrouded in veils of mystery, but it is also covered with the soft robes of romance—romance of all grades. Love stalks abroad, touching this one lightly upon the shoulder, ignoring that one, and dealing others a fatal blow. Have you not seen it?—the Freshman who comes tripping apologetically into the hall with his timid smile and high-school medal, greets the object of his call with an embarrassed grin like a little boy who has just torn his Sunday pants when he meets his mother, and suggests that they go to the movies. And then hear his love exclaim excitedly: "O you extravagant boy! Yes, let's go."

Have you not witnessed the coming of the Soph, who slams the door, bursts into the room like the villain on the stage, and demands knowledge of the whereabouts of the one whom he honors with his attention. And somehow or other you think of brickbats, cobblestones, and other suitable articles which you fancy you could use very effectively upon the intruder's anatomy. Then she comes and your mind is taken away from the brickbats, and you think of gentle breezes upon a heavenly sea—of delicious perfumes from fairy rose-gardens. You wonder why so fair a creature could entertain affection for so rough a brute, until she begins to speak. "Sam, there's a good show on at the Academy, and I'm so tired of this old place." And he responds, "Sure, Dot, we'll go." Then you understand and are reminded of that little proverb: "Wheresoever the hen scratches, there shall the worm be also!"

Next our gaze shifts to the corner, and there we behold the Junior holding down both the settee and his girl's hopes who sits by his side listening to his abstract philosophy that his love is something which can not be measured by mere dollars and cents. In reality he is saving them for the midnight poker-game! We pity them both and turn our attention to that Seniorical pair who have long ago laid away the frivolity of fickle youth, who admit that they were made for each other and care not who knows it. It does us good. In this age when everything is sinking and rising, coming and going, shifting and changing, we like to see something that is stationary like writing paper—something that alters not—something that is as constant as a professor's grudge!

The "Shack" is a wonderful place and serves the College well. If you are blue, my boy, there is where you will find a ready cure. If you are tired of noise and strife, go there and you will find peace and comfort—that is, provided everyone is out. If you are gay and happy, there will be plenty present to share it with you. In short, whatever be your mood, the "Shack" is the one supreme place to go, and when you have gone you will be glad! Go early and seize your opportunity to say good-bye—that will come when the lights begin to blink for bed-time!

Now abideth three places which one must frequent before his college course is perfected—the Dean's office, the Dope Shop, and the Fraushack, but the greatest of these is the Fraushack!

SHEPHERD FURNITURE CO.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR

COLUMBIA, AEOLIAN and VOCALION
TALKING MACHINES and RECORDS

CORCORAN STREET

EAT AT
GOODY SHOP CAFE
FEEDS YOU BETTER

PERRY-HORTON CO.

We Specialize in Smart Shoes for College Men

Nettleton's and Hurley's for Men
Cousins' and Grover's for Ladies

117 West Main Street *Telephone No. 7*

RAWLS-KNIGHT COMPANY

Main and Parrish Streets Durham, N. C.

Fashionable Wearing Apparel for Women

Silks, Piece Goods, Notions, Centemeria Gloves, Crown and Lady Ruth Corsets

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN MAIL ORDERS

Shoes, That's All

But We Have Them for ALL you Boys and the Young Ladies, also.

Glad to have you come to see us at any time.

PRIDGEN & JONES COMPANY

Victrolas and Victor Records

Headquarters

Sheet Music **Small Instruments**

The Corley Company

Durham, - - - - North Carolina

Keep Your Feet Off the Ground

Have your sole mended by the Goodyear Repair System and make life's walk easy. A good sole keeps a good disposition, and a good disposition creates a good soul; so live for the future by looking out for the present.

ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

Trinity Athletic Council, Representative **209 E. Main Street**

SPECIAL CLASSES

Turn your spare time into the knowledge of

SHORTHAND - TYPEWRITING - PENMANSHIP

Special Class arrangement for Trinity Students.

Tuition Rates Reasonable

Our school is accredited by the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools

DURHAM BUSINESS SCHOOL

MRS. WALTER LEE LEDNUM, President

Automobiles for Hire

W. E. Harris | J. H. Harris | M. D. Harris

CADILLACS

Phone 1390 | Phone 414 | Phone 1418

We Will Be Ready

DR. D. K. LOCKHART
DENTIST
405 Geer Building
Phone 771

DR. J. T. McCRACKEN
DENTIST
413 Trust Building
Phone 114

"THE TWO-TIMES-A-WEEK LAUNDRY"

(*TUESDAY and THURSDAY*)

Durham Laundry

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

The Trinity College Athletic Council, *Agent*

Trinity Pharmacy

WE WELCOME EVERY TRINITY STUDENT
WE DESIRE YOUR PATRONAGE

Cigars, Cigarettes, Candy
Toilet Articles, Stationery

FOUNTAIN DRINKS

THOMAS DRUG COMPANY

WEST DURHAM, N. C. PHONE No. 186

Full Line Cigars, Cigarettes and Candies. We have an up-to-date Soda Fountain. Fresh Complete Line of Prescription Drugs.

See Us Before Buying

AGENTS Kodaks, Vinol, Rexall Line, Nyall Remedies

MALBOURNE CIGAR STAND

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, MAGAZINES, PAPERS

We Appreciate Your Patronage

R. L. BALDWIN CO.

105 MAIN STREET

Correct dress for women. Specializing on ladies' and misses' Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists, Hosiery and Shoes. Curtains and Drapery.

GREEN AND POTEAT

INKS BOOKS STATIONERY

"WE APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE"

SNIDER-FLETCHER COMPANY

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY

Repairing a Specialty

READ THE ARCHIVE ADVERTISEMENTS

Model Steam Laundry

Laundry and Pressing

Good Service Guaranteed at

GOOD RATES

Represented by - - - - J. O. LONG

25 STORES SELL FOR LESS 25

BELK-HUDSON COMPANY

"Everything up-to-date"

MEN'S FURNISHINGS AND SHOES

BELK-HUDSON COMPANY

W. MAIN STREET

KRONHEIMERS 313-15-17 W. Main St.

DURHAM'S BIG DRY GOODS STORE

Dress Goods, Suits, Millinery, Etc.

"College Trade Solicited"

DURHAM TRACTION CO.

1899 1919

"Nothing too Large---Nothing too Small"

Everything Electrical

FOR

POCKET KNIVES, RAZORS AND RAZOR STRAPS

SEE

TAYLOR-PHIPPS CO.

J. W. POLLARD, Proprietor

HOTEL MALBOURNE

Durham's Fireproof Hotel

We very much appreciate the patronage from Trinity

E. I. BUGG, Manager E. B. BUGG, Ass't Manager

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

Make "Real Ice Cream" and Serve all Drug Stores, Colleges, Schools, Wedding Parties and Receptions of any importance.

PHONE 1199

WE ASK YOU TO LET

LIBERTY TAILORS

DO YOUR TAILORING

Because we feel positive that you'll be eminently satisfied
Your satisfaction means our success and we certainly want to be successful

LIBERTY TAILORS, 306 W. Main St.

THE YARBOROUGH

Raleigh's Leading and Largest Hotel
RALEIGH, N. C.

European Plan

Our large lobby and balcony make it especially attractive for the ladies. Our Cafe equals the best, North or South. Music every evening.

B. H. GRIFFIN HOTEL COMPANY, Proprietors

MEDCIAL COLLEGE OF THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Owned and controlled by the State

Schools of Medicine and Pharmacy
Training School for Nurses

Rated in Class A by the Council on Medical Association of the American Medical Association. Member of the Association of the American Medical Colleges and the American Conference of Pharmaceutical Faculties.

New Building with well equipped Laboratories. A full corps of all-time teachers.

Located opposite Roper Hospital and very near the Charleston Museum, thus affording the students more extensive opportunities for research and training.

Women are admitted to all schools.

For catalogue, address

H. GRADY CALLISON, Registrar,
Calhoun and Lucas Sts. Charleston, S. C.

Get it from **DURHAM CIGAR STORE**

"It must be good"

Make this Your Home, Boys They all "Hang Out" Here

Cigars Cigarettes Tobaccos Pipes Candy Soda

"Trinity's Downtown Headquarters for Last Ten Years"

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA

State Institution

Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy

New Buildings. Well Equipped Laboratories. Under the Direction of Full-Time Competent Teachers.

The Memorial Hospital, Dooley Hospital, Colored Hospital are owned and controlled by the Medical College of Virginia, and offer every facility for thorough Clinical Teaching. Staffs composed of the Faculty of the College. Additional Clinical Facilities are offered through the Virginia Hospital, City Home, City Jail, etc.

For full information and catalogue address

J. R. McCAULEY, Secretary, Richmond, Va.

J. Southgate & Son

Insurance a Specialty - -

Durham, North Carolina

FALL CLOTHING

Our new Fall Suits are worth looking at.

If you want the latest style, you'll find it right here.

There will be just the correct number of buttons on your Coat — just the right length — just the proper roll to the lapels — just the correct curve to your Trousers and the right cut to the entire suit.

Then last, but not least, the price will be just right.

$30 - $35 - $40 to $55

Sneed, Markham, Taylor Co.

The Clothiers

Expressing Elegance

MEN of today demand a higher order of quality in their clothes than ever before — probably because genuine quality has become a rarer article than in pre-war times.

This very condition has created a greater popularity for this store because we have impressed the fact that only the highest quality and style attainments can meet our high standard ideals.

Pritchard-Bright Company

DURHAM, - - - NORTH CAROLINA

FIRST

Style is to a suit what paint is to a house. It is the first thing to be noticed. Wear a Fashion Park suit and you are as well dressed as it is possible for any man to be.

THE FASHION PARK AGENCY

W. M. NEWTON COMPANY
DE LUXE CLOTHIERS 213 W. MAIN

The Trinity Archive

February, 1920

Life

It is a long lane and has no turn--
It is rough, rocky, and full of hardships--
But if you are prepared for it the way is easy

When you are through College and get out into the world you will realize this truth. Begin saving now and make the road of life easy going.

Many of the nation's greatest financiers started their fortunes with a dollar. The world offers much to a college man with a little capital in his pocket. *Think it over.*

THE FIDELITY BANK

North Carolina's Greatest Banking Institution

B. N. DUKE, Pres. J. F. WILY, Vice-Pres. S. W. MINOR, Cashier

The

Electric Shoe Hospital

Desires Your Patronage

WE PLEASE OUR CUSTOMERS---
WE ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

Work Guaranteed

WE COLLECT AND RETURN WORK

O. J. HOBBY, Proprietor

"Brick" Starling, College Representative

324 W. Main Street **Phone 1272**

Trinity College Students

You will find Our Fountain the home of good drinks. We invite you to make our store your downtown headquarters.

BEN H. THOMAS, Telephone 33

MARKHAM-ROGERS CO.

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS, TAILORS AND HATTERS

104 W. MAIN ST. PHONE 590

WE WILL APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE

For Hardware, Pocket Knives, Shells and Leggins

POLLARD BROTHERS, Hardware

MAIN STREET DURHAM, N. C.

DR. N. ROSENSTEIN, OPTOMETRIST, DURHAM, N. C.

See Me and See Better

OPTICAL STORE
Opposite Postoffice

Lenses Ground While You Wait

Five Points Drug Co. SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE Phone 150

BLACKNALL'S DRUG STORE

THE BEST CREAM IN TOWN. COME TO SEE US FOR YOUR SMOKES, DRINKS, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

GEER BUILDING, CORCORAN ST., PHONE 62

CARR-BRYANT

THE BEST LINE OF SHOES *for* COLLEGE MEN

Anything you want in high-grade shoes with

Snap and Style

Carr-Bryant Boot and Shoe Co.

106 WEST MAIN STREET

The Royall & Borden Company

We furnished all the buildings at Trinity and nearly all the faculty homes. No order too large for us to handle promptly, intelligently and correctly, and no order too small for our appreciative best attention.

WEST MAIN STREET DURHAM, N. C.

We Lead the Leaders in College Jewelry

See our line of Trinity Chains, Pins, Rings.
They're for *you*. Repair work a specialty.

JONES & FRASIER

W. C. MERRITT, College Representative

MAIN STREET PHARMACY

One block up from station. The greatest hangout for Trinity boys off the College Park

Let Us Serve You

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXII FEBRUARY, 1920 No. 4

MANAGER'S NOTICE

The TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater. If you do not wish to become a subscriber please notify us at once,* or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Entered at postoffice at Durham, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION: One year, $2.00; single copies, 25 cents.

Address all business correspondence to J. H. Harrison, Jr., Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF

N. M. WEST ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
J. G. LEYBURN ..... *Associate Editor*
GLADYS PRICE, J. E. GILBREATH ..... *Literary Editors*
WESLEY TAYLOR ..... *Wayside Wares*
MARY PITTS ..... *Exchanges*
J. W. R. NORTON ..... *Alumni Department*
J. H. HARRISON, JR. ..... *Business Manager*
R. S. WHITE, L. M. DRAPER ..... *Assistant Business Managers*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Literary Department—

My Birthright (verse)—*D. W. Newsom* 191

Naval Operations Along the Coast of North Carolina During the Civil War (historical essay)—*E. P. C. Craft* 193

Foolish Time (verse)—*Newman I. White* 211

Shark's Teeth (story)—*Claude Cooper* 212

The End of the Rainbow (verse)—By a Legionaire 218

Editorials—

The Co-Ed Number of the Archive 219

College Spirit 219

Have a Purpose 221

Wayside Wares—

How Co-Eds Dress the Hair in the Approved "Dog-Ear" Style 223

The Ever-Present Quartet 224

Here and There 225

Exchanges 227

Alumni Department—

The Psychology of Poetry (essay)—*James Cannon* 229

The Gleam (story)—*John Cline* 244

The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., February, 1920

My Birthright

D. W. Newsom, '99

O give me the music and song of the world,
The glorious sky-picture at sunset unfurled;
Give me the breath of the fresh April morn
Sweetened with dew from the deep shadows born.
Set price on the showers that hasten the grain
But leave me the rainbow and sweet scent of rain;
Harvest the grain which the warm rains have made
But give me the whiff of its sun-sweetened blade;
Garner the rich wheat and hoard it away
When I've seen it wave on a bright summer day;
Ravage the red rose and sell it for gain
When I've seen the sunset which glows in its vein;
Pluck the red apple and carefully store it,
But give me the breath of the blossom that bore it;
Take your broad acres and barns which they fill
While I watch the rise of the vale to the hill.
I've no heart to reckon your shillings and pence
With the breath of the honeysuckle over the fence;
Then fell the proud oak and the pine on the hill
When under their boughs I have felt their wild thrill.
Pull down the lightnings and harness their might
When I've seen them play through the storm of the night;
Bridle the rivers and cause them to hush
When I've heard the song of their oceanward rush;
Take thou the house, with its draperies gay,
But give me the sound of the children at play;

Seize all the bric-a-brac, jewels so rare,
But give me the smile of the babe over there;
Claim all the chattels and it will suffice
If you leave me the words of a father's advice;
Cling for the wealth for which forefathers strove
But leave me the pride of a strong brother's love;
Filch what you may if you but leave to me
A sweet sister's words and her fine sympathy,
The glorious wealth of a blue summer sky
That floats in the smile of a sweetheart's eye;
Take the soft furnishings, carpeted stairs,
But give me the worth of a dear mother's prayers.
Take it all, use it, and then pass it on,
But leave me the mem'ry of friends who are gone.
Thine be the world, with its rich jeweled sod,
But grant me the great saving spirit of God.

Naval Operations Along the Coast of North Carolina During the Civil War

E. P. C. Craft

(This essay was awarded the Southern History Prize in 1919)

(Concluded from the January number)

IV.

The Destruction of the Confederate Squadron

After the capture of Roanoke Island, Flag-Officer Lynch, instead of escaping to Norfolk, withdrew with his fleet to Elizabeth City. On February 10, Flag-Officer Stringham ordered Commander Rowan to take thirteen vessels and destroy the Confederate fleet and as much of the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canals as possible. Rowan entered the Pasquotank River about eight o'clock on the morning of the tenth and discovered Lynch's vessels drawn up near Fort Cobb at Elizabeth City. At 8:30 the signal for advance was made, and the fleet began moving on the enemy at top speed. Both sides were greatly lacking in ammunition, Rowan having only twenty rounds for each gun, while Lynch was even in a worse plight, having enough for only two steamers. This he had divided between all of his vessels. He had found Fort Cobb in the hands of a civilian and seven militiamen, and after manning the fort with the crew of the *Beaufort,* Lynch was compelled to assume command himself. In the face of a heavy fire the Union fleet kept to its course, withholding its discharge until within three-quarters of a mile from the enemy's position. In a few minutes the whole Confederate squadron was either captured or destroyed, with the exception of one vessel, which managed to escape through the canal. The *Ellis,* however, was, as a matter of fact, the only vessel captured. When surrounded by two of the enemy vessels,

Lieutenant Cooke, C. S. N., her commander, gave an order to blow up the ship. The execution of this order was prevented by a negro coal heaver, who betrayed Cooke's order to the Federals and thus lead to the capture of the *Ellis*.

The defeat was sudden and overwhelming. Elizabeth City was taken without resistance, thus bringing to a successful conclusion "one of the most brilliant naval dashes during the entire Civil War." The total value of the Confederate vessels destroyed was estimated by a board of appraisement as being over $171,300.

From Elizabeth City several minor expeditions were sent out. Four vessels went to Edenton and took possession of the town, destroying a vessel which was in process of construction there. The occupation of Plymouth followed, and Winton was taken on February 20. Leaving the *Commodore Perry* and the *Whitehead* to watch at Elizabeth City, the flotilla patrolled the sound until the army made preparations for further activities.

V.

The Capture of New Bern and Surrounding Territory

The way was now open for an attack upon New Bern On the morning of March 12, 1862, everything was in readiness, and Rowan left Hatteras with his fleet, accompanied by the army transports, carrying 12,000 men. The expedition anchored late on the same day at Slocum's Neck, fifteen miles below New Bern. On the morning of the thirteenth, troops were landed, and after a thorough shelling of the woods ahead of them the army and navy moved up the river in parallel lines. The defenses of the city, consisting of Fort Dixie, eight guns; Fort Ellis, eight guns; Fort Thompson, Fort Lane, and a number of minor batteries, were in charge of Brigadier-General L. O'B. Branch, who had in his command a little over 4,000 men. All of the works at the entrance of the river had been abandoned and Fort Thompson, situated on the left bank of the Neuse

River, mounting thirteen guns, was the first battery to offer resistance to the Federal fleet. The Union forces steadily advanced all during the day of the thirteenth until night brought an end to all further operations. The attack was renewed early the next morning. The navy succeeded in passing Fort Thompson and the obstructions in the river, and sailed up to the city and took possession. The army arrived during the afternoon, and General Branch's army was compelled to withdraw. A large amount of supplies and prisoners were taken, the loss proving to be a severe blow to the state.

After the evacuation of New Bern the Confederates burned the bridge between Kinston and Goldsboro and the long Bridge at New Bern on the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad. All of the rolling stock except some flat and hand cars were removed. The bridge over the river at Newport was also destroyed by a detachment from Fort Macon, but it was later rebuilt by the Yankees and used as a means of transporting supplies to be used in the subsequent reduction of Fort Macon.

In an account of the fighting around New Bern the *Wilmington Journal* of March 27, 1862, tells of the rather amusing "close shave" of one of the Confederate officers. "Of the many striking incidents and hair-breadth 'scapes connected with the affair at New Bern, as with almost all combats, is one which might be called a 'close shave.' Captain Latham, the gallant commander of the field battery which went by his name, got shot through his hat, more than once through his coat and pants, and once through his *whiskers*, which it appears were long and flowing. Happening to turn his head at some peculiar angle, a minnie ball went whiz! through his beard, close to his chin, cutting out the center and leaving two forks."

One other task now remained for the Burnside expedition to perform. This was the reduction of Fort Macon on Bogue Island. The fort was situated on the eastern extremity of the island, about forty miles from New Bern,

and directly opposite the town of Beaufort. The fort mounted about fifty guns and was under the command of Colonel M. J. White with five companies of the North Carolina artillery. Soon after the fall of New Bern plans were made for the capture of this stronghold and of the neighboring places. Carolina City was taken on March 21, Morehead City on the twenty-second, and Newport on the twenty-third; and on the night of the twenty-fifth Beaufort was occupied by a regiment of General Parke's troops with the aid of the navy boats *Ellis, Granite,* and another small steamer. General Burke, having set up his headquarters at Carolina City, summoned Colonel White to surrender at Fort Macon. The Colonel refused, and the Federals immediately set about to lay siege to the fort. Batteries were set up on the island without much interference from the Confederates, and by April 23 the fort was entirely cut off from outside communication. On the morning of the twenty-fifth the batteries opened fire, aided by a flotilla consisting of the *Ellis,* the *Daylight,* the *State of Georgia,* the gunboat *Chippewa,* and the bark *Gembok,* under the command of Commander Samuel Lockwood. Owing to the rough seas and the poor range, the firing of the vessels was not very effective, and they were forced to stand off most of the time. The fort, however, was able to do but little damage, and at 6:30 P.M. Colonel White made a proposition to General Parke for the surrender of his post. On the twenty-sixth the fort, with its armament and garrison, was turned over to the United States. The officers and men were immediately paroled on their word of honor not to take up arms again.

VI.

Minor Engagements of 1862-1863 *and Economic Results*

With the exception of a few skirmishes and desultory raiding, the remainder of the year 1862 and the greater part of the next year were spent in comparative inactivity

by the blockading fleet. On May 7, 1862, Captain O. W. Parise, of the *Shawsheen,* sailed to Catherine Creek, on the Chowan River, and captured $50,000 worth of commissary supplies. On May 18 there was an exchange of shots between the *Penobscot* and the shore batteries at New Inlet near Wilmington. July 9, Lieutenant Flusser, on the *Commodore Perry,* with the *Shawsheen* and *Ceres,* carrying a small number of infantry, made an expedition to Hamilton. The Confederates were frightened away, and the steamer *Wilson* was captured. In November Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, commander of the *Ellis,* sailed up New River, capturing the village of Jacksonville, destroying some salt works, and taking possession of two schooners and twenty-five stands of arms. On December 10 the town of Plymouth was recaptured and held for a short time by Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Lamb, of the Confederate States Army. In the latter part of the month a reconnaissance was made up the Neuse River by a flotilla of light gunboats under the command of Commander A. Murray, to co-operate with General Foster, who was trying to capture Kinston and cut the railroad to Richmond. The expedition was not very successful.

The Federal occupation of Washington, which had taken place in the earlier part of the year, was more or less theatrical in its nature. On March 21 three gunboats, under the command of Lieutenant Murray, appeared in the river below the town, and after blowing up the obstructions of piling which had been driven across the stream by the Confederates, proceeded on up to the town itself, which had already been evacuated. The commander landed and in a brief speech told the people that he was glad to find so many to meet him and that he hoped they were all good Union men. The troops, consisting of eight companies of the Twenty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, were then landed, and with a splendid band under the leadership of a very portly pompous, gold-braided drum major at their head, they marched into the

center of the town, keeping step to *Dixie* and *Auld Lang Syne*. The town authorities were sent for, and with them the commander of the troops proceeded to the court-house, where the United States flag was hoisted. The band played incessantly, reeling off *Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, The Star-Spangled Banner,* and *Dixie,* in rapid succession, while the soldiers cheered vociferously. During all this display the citizens of the town preserved a most stolid silence. In the words of one of the inhabitants: "Our people preserved the utmost silence, manifesting much humiliation at the proceedings, but under the circumstances there was no help for it. They (the Federals) said particularly that they didn't want the negroes, and if one came on board they would hang him. . . . The negroes were very much disappointed with the reception by the Federal troops, who are heartily sick of them."

By the end of the year the majority of the counties of eastern North Carolina had been wholly or partially invested by the enemy. The loss of these counties was a severe blow to the state and to the Confederacy, and a cry of indignation went up from all of the Southern press. Investigating committees were appointed by the Confederate Congress to place the blame for the Roanoke Island disaster, but no amount of investigating could remedy the state of affairs which found the richest section of the state in the hands of the enemy. It was called by some the "granary of the south." The product of surplus corn was immense, and Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah were largely dependent on these counties for this commodity. This was in addition to large shipments formerly made to Baltimore, New York, and Providence. According to the census of 1850 there were in the counties of Currituck, Camden, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Chowan, Gates, Washington, Hyde, Tyrell, Beaufort, Craven, and Carteret, which were now in the hands of the enemy, 37,902 slaves, 3,417,399 bushels of corn, and pork and beef to the value of $587,231. In 1860, according to estimate, there

were 45,482 slaves, 4,556,532 bushels of corn, with a total value of $4,556,532, while pork in 1860 would have had the value of $782,974 and 1862 the value of $2,348,922. Add to this the entire loss of the whole fishing interests of these waters, amounting to several millions of dollars, to say nothing of the destruction of all other industries, it can be readily seen that the loss of these eastern counties had much to do with the final collapse of the Confederacy.

Federal control of all these resources was destined to continue, however, and the next year, 1863, was noted mainly for the demonstrations by the Confederate forces against New Bern by General D. H. Hill and the seige of Washington by General Garnet from March 30 to April 20. Neither of these efforts amounted to much, except to harass the Union forces.

The state of affairs in Washington from the Confederate viewpoint, after the failure of General Garnet to take the place, is pretty well illustrated by a letter from a lady in the town to the *Fayetteville Observer* and copied in the Richmond *Daily Examiner* of May 8, 1863. It seems that Brigadier General Potter, the commander of the Union forces, in his effort to annihilate all secession spirit in the town, had issued an order stating that all persons should take the oath of allegiance to the United States or leave the place within five days. This order compelled the people to take the oath, for it was practically impossible for them to leave. They had no place to go except to the woods, and nothing to live upon, as they were allowed to take only their clothing with them. To make matters worse, life in the town itself was almost unendurable because of the depredations of the "Buffaloes" and negroes. "Everybody is perfect crazy," concludes the letter; "they do not know what to do. God help us!—Pray for us—tell all the people to pray for us, and for Heaven's sake don't call us traitors, for we are driven to it. Our whole hearts are with the South and the thought of taking that oath is killing to

me, but we have such a large family and no money that it is impossible for us to go."

In addition to these demonstrations there were several minor skirmishes. On July 23 there was an artillery duel between the Confederates on Bald Head Beach and the blockading squadron near Cape Fear. Again, on August 23 the frigate *Minnesota* bombarded Fort Fisher and destroyed a stranded blockade runner on the bar. This vessel was the British steamship *Hebe,* which had been driven ashore by the blockading fleet. A detachment from Captain Munn's company was sent from the fort to aid the distressed vessel. Munn rescued the captain and crew of the boat, and at the same time captured fourteen Yankees who were on board of her. The Confederates lingered in the neighborhood to guard the wreck, but they were driven from their improvised shelter by the fire of the *Minnesota.*

VII.

Two Daring Exploits

At the beginning of 1864 an attempt was made to put an end to the Federal devastations of the eastern part of the state by sending an expedition against New Bern, under Major-General George E. Pickett, with 13,308 men. Owing to the lack of co-operation, the expedition was a failure. Brigadier-General Barton had been ordered by General Pickett to cross the Trent River and assault the city while he attacked from the rear. For some reason or other General Barton failed to comply with this order, and the whole campaign was unsuccessful.

The Confederate naval force with the expedition, however, acquitted itself much more satisfactorily. On the night of February 2, Commander J. T. Wood, in charge of the naval division, dropped down the Neuse River with a small number of men in fifteen small boats and surprised and captured the Federal steamer *Underwriter.* This vessel was an ocean tugboat which had been converted into a

gunboat. It was armed with two eight-inch guns, one three-inch rifle, one twelve-pounder, and carried a crew of about eighty-five. It was this vessel that had fired the first gun in the attack upon Roanoke Island. The boat was anchored just beneath the guns of Fort Stevenson, which immediately began firing when the alarm was given. Undaunted by the heavy fire, Commander Wood and his men calmly continued their work. He was unable to get his prize under way, however; so setting fire to her, he escaped with the whole crew as prisoners. Eighteen or twenty men, though, managed to escape by overpowering their guards in one of the little boats. The Confederate casualties were six killed, twenty-two wounded, and two prisoners.

A feat daring as the destruction of the *Underwriter* was performed on the night of February 29 by a Union officer, Lieutenant W. B. Cushing. At this time Cushing was in command of the *Monticello,* stationed off the mouth of Cape Fear River. Taking twenty men and two small boats, he seized advantage of a dark night by sailing past Fort Caswell into the town of Smithville (now Southport) to capture the commanding officer and any vessel that might be in the port. He landed just in front of the hotel and with three other men went to General Herbert's headquarters. The General, fortunately, had gone to Wilmington, but Cushing, not to be deprived of all the big game, came away with the chief engineer as captive. The boat passed within fifty yards of the fort and of a sentinel, but the Yankees had passed safely outside before the alarm was given.

VIII.

The Albemarle and Operations Around Plymouth

The unfortunate failure of General Pickett's attempt to regain New Bern soon found full compensation in the brilliant capture of Plymouth by General Hoke and Captain Cooke in the month of April. Plymouth was under the command of Brigadier-General H. W. Wessells, with

over 1,550 men in the garrison. Aiding him in the defense of the town were the gunboats *Miami* and *Southfield,* and two smaller boats, the *Whitehead* and the *Ceres,* under the command of Lieutenant-Commander C. W. Flusser. General Hoke, when planning his attack, had desired some naval assistance and had appealed to Captain Cooke. The latter then had in process of construction an iron-clad ram known as the *Albemarle,* at Edward's Ferry, on the Roanoke. Though the boat was not completed, it at least could be navigated, and Cooke agreed to lend his aid in the expedition.

The attack began on Sunday afternoon, April 17, by artillery fire on Fort Gray. On the eighteenth an attempt was made to carry the fort, but this was repulsed with the aid of the gunboats. The *Bombshell,* a small Federal steamer, was sunk on the same day. At midnight it was reported that the ram was coming down the river, and the *Southfield* and *Miami* lay lashed together, waiting to meet her. At 3:00 A.M. Tuesday, the nineteenth, the *Albemarle* accompanied by the floating battery, *Cotton Plant,* dropped down with the current on the left bank of the river. After passing the town safely, she ran obliquely into the starboard side of the *Southfield,* causing the latter to sink rapidly. The *Miami* began firing, but to no avail. Flusser, standing on the deck of the *Miami,* was killed by one of the rebounding shots, The *Miami* broke loose and retired to the mouth of the river, followed a short distance by the ram. The survivors of the *Southfield* were picked up by the other vessels. The *Albemarle* then returned up the river.

On the twentieth the town surrendered, with the whole Federal command as prisoners. Hoke obtained by the surrender 1,600 prisoners and twenty-five pieces of artillery. Immediately after the surrender the Federals evacuated Washington, not before they had completely devastated the town, however.

On May 5, 1864, the *Albemarle*, with the remodeled steamer *Bombshell* and the *Cotton Plant*, again sailed down the Roanoke. At the mouth of the river a fleet of eight gunboats, under the command of Captain Melancton Smith, was found waiting. The largest vessel of the fleet was the *Sassacus*, armed with six of the most powefrul guns then made. The Union plan of attack was for the large vessels to pass as close as possible to the ram, deliver their fire, and then pass round the boat for a second discharge. During the course of the action, which lasted fifteen minutes, the *Sassacus* rammed the *Albemarle* head on and stuck fast. Both boats began firing at close range until the boiler of the *Sassacus* was blown up. The fighting then became hand to hand, and the other ships were unable to fire. At length it was signaled that one of the other ships was sinking, and the Federal fleet withdrew, taking with them the recaptured steamer *Bombshell*.

In the course of the engagement the smokestack of the *Albemarle* had been partly shot away, and it was found that there was not sufficient draft to cause the fuel in the engines to burn readily. There happened to be a large amount of lard and bacon on board, and Captain Cooke ordered this to be thrown in the fires. With this costly fuel, then, the ram crept back to Plymouth.

The effect of this victory upon the supporters of the Confederacy was most enheartening, and new hope was awakened in the hearts of the already discouraged leaders. President Davis had decided to move the capitol from Richmond to Alabama or South Carolina, but upon the receipt of General Hoke's message announcing the capture of Plymouth, he resolved to allow the War and Navy Departments to remain in Richmond. "The news is said to have had a wonderful effect on the President's mind; and he hopes we may derive considerable supplies from eastern North Carolina." His hopes were not without foundations, for on May 3 a dispatch was sent to General Cooper, Commissary-General, recommending the re-establish-

ment of fisheries at Plymouth and Washington, and also the securing of large supplies of pork in Hyde County and vicinity. The recommendation, however, had been anticipated by General Cooper, and the details had already been carried out.

After the capture of Plymouth and the sinking of the *Southfield* and *Sassacus* by the *Albemarle,* the Federals determined to put an end to the ravages of this destructive craft by blowing her up. Accordingly, Lieutenant Cushing, hero of the exploit at Smithville, taking seven men in a launch equipped with a howitzer and a torpedo, started up the Roanoke River on the night of October 27. He had one of the cutters of the *Shamrock* in tow containing a few men who were to board the wreck of the *Southfield* if they were hailed. They were not discovered, however, until they were right upon the ram. Then, going at full speed, Cushing managed to pass partly over the cordage of piles surrounding the Confederate ship and launched his torpedo. The launch was destroyed by the fire of the ram, and Cushing and one other man were the only members of the crew to escape. The torpedo did its work, and the ram's adventurous career of nine months was brought to a close.

Upon Cushing's return it was decided to make an attack on the batteries of Plymouth. On the twenty-ninth a naval force of eight vessels, under the command of Commander Macomb, got under way. Finding the Roanoke blocked by obstructions, the fleet was taken around through Middle River, and thence into the Roanoke, and the attack was made from above. On November 1 the town was taken. Thirty-seven prisoners, twenty-two cannon, a large quantity of ordnance stores, the sunken ram *Albemarle,* the colors of the batteries, and an iron-clad steamer passed into the hands of the Federals.

After the capture of Plymouth the Confederates evacuated Washington, on the Tar River, and moved all their guns (twenty in number) to Rainbow Bluff, on the Roanoke.

This was done to prevent the passage of the gunboats up the river when the season of high water set in. Admiral Porter, then in command of the North Atlantic blockade, was aware of this and realized that the capture of this place would mean the possession of the whole Roanoke valley and its grain supply. So on December 1 he ordered W. H. Macomb, Commander of the District of the Sounds, to take eight vessels and co-operate with General Palmer in an effort to take the bluff and to destroy a ram which was being built in the vicinity. Macomb started on December 9 and proceeded slowly up the river. The river was filled with a network of torpedoes, and two of the vessels were lost the first day. After two weeks of much labor and hardship the vessels were forced to return without accomplishing their purpose.

IX.

Fort Fisher and the Fall of Wilmington

During the same month the first attack was made upon Fort Fisher. The capture of this fort, situated on the peninsula between the Cape Fear River and the ocean, about a mile and a half from Federal Point, had long been regarded as necessary to make the conquest of the Union arms complete. Plans had been made for an expedition against the fort as early as October 1. The execution of the plans had to be postponed, but the naval force had been held in readiness since the fifteenth of October. The command of the fleet had been offered to Rear-Admiral Farragut, fresh from his victories on the Mississippi, and upon his refusal it was tendered to Rear-Admiral David D. Porter. This force, the largest ever assembled by the American navy, was being held in abeyance partly at Hampton Roads and partly at Beaufort.

The attack was to be made by the combined forces of the army and navy, and General B. F. Butler, commanding the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, reported to Admiral Porter that he would be ready on December 9

with 6,500 men. Porter put into Beaufort, ordering that the expedition should sail on the thirteenth. Butler arrived with his transports off New Inlet, the place of rendezvous, on the evening of the fifteenth. The sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth were spent in waiting for the navy, which for some reason or other had not put in its appearance. On the evening of the eighteenth Porter arrived with his fleet of fifty-one vessels. On the nineteenth a heavy gale sprang up, which continued until the twenty-third. The navy vessels were able to outride the storm, but the transports put into Beaufort, where they remained until the bad weather ceased.

As soon as the weather had cleared somewhat, Porter, not waiting for the return of the army, began the bombardment of the fort on the morning of the twenty-fourth. On the previous night the *Louisiana* had been filled with powder, and after running in close to the fort it was exploded in an effort to level parapets of the work. This perilous deed had been performed by Commander A. C. Rhind with a selected crew. The results of the explosion were sadly disappointing and apparently it did no harm to the fort.

At daylight the fleet moved in in line of battle. At 11:30 A.M. the signal was made to engage the forts. The *Ironside,* one of the most powerful vessels of the fleet, led the way, the other ships taking their positions according to order, and the battle became general. The firing from the fleet was terrific, while that of the fort was slow and deliberate, at times being silenced altogether. Towards night the fleet withdrew. Just at sunset part of the army transports arrived.

The next day, Christmas, the attack was renewed. All of the transports had arrived by now and it was decided to land the troops and attempt a land attack, too. The fleet started up a slow fire to engage the enemy while the army landed. Under the cover of the fire of seventeen gunboats three thousand troops were landed. After re-

connoitering General Wietzel, in charge of the land forces, decided that it would be unwise to assault, and the troops were re-embarked. Sixty-five men at Flag-pond battery were taken prisoners by Commander Glisson, of the *Santiago de Cuba,* and two hundred and eighteen more gave themselves up to a reconnoitering party. The fleet withdrew after having kept up a bombardment of seven hours.

The failure of the army to assault proved a great disappointment to Admiral Porter, who criticised General Butler very severely in his report to the Secretary of the Navy. The fort could have been taken with ease, for Major-General W. H. C. Whitting said in his report that on January 18 there were only 667 men in the garrison. Only 800 men were held in reserve at Sugar Loaf. Colonel Lamb, the commander of the fort, in his report likewise censured General Bragg for not bringing more troops to his aid.

On account of his miserable failure at Fort Fisher, General Butler was subsequently removed from command of the troops in North Carolina, but not before he had become the subject of much scathing and abusive comments in both the North and the South. In a speech made in New Bern shortly before the attack on the fort, Butler announced the fact that he would eat Christmas dinner in Wilmington. Like the famous Christmas dinner in Paris of the former German Kaiser, Butler's dinner in Wilmington was never eaten, and he was forced to content himself with the grape and canister served by the batteries of Fort Fisher. In his summary of the whole affair the editor of the *Richmond Daily Examiner* has this to say of Butler: "None but B. F. B. could possibly have manufactured such a failure—so complete, so large, so humiliating. He tried his prentice hand at Big Bethel, but at Wilmington he has proved his claim to the master touch. Butler is the Napoleon of Fizzles."

For quite a time after the first attack, the fort was left in comparative peace, but in January, 1865, Major-General

A. H. Terry, with 8,000 troops, was sent to aid Porter in another attack. Terry arrived at Beaufort on January 8, and the fleet, accompanied by the transports, sailed for Fort Fisher on the twelfth. This fleet, comprised of forty-eight vessels, sailed in three columns and this same formation was kept in the attack.

On the thirteenth the bombardment began. The fort "replied vigorously until late in the afternoon when the heavier ships coming into line soon drove them into their bomb proofs." During the day 8,000 troops were landed with twelve days' provisions. General Terry threw up defenses about two miles from the fort.

The next day the bombardment was renewed, and on the fifteenth it was decided to assault. A detail of 1,600 sailors and 400 marines had been made to assault the sea face of the fort while the troops charged the land face. Upon signal, the place of bombardment was changed and the charge was made. The fire from the fort was terrible, and over 300 sailors were killed. Before the awful slaughter the troops fell back. The ships then commenced firing again, and by nightfall the bastion and some of the sea travers were carried after 50,000 shells had been expended by the fleet. At ten o'clock all resistance ceased, and the Confederates began retreating without ammunition. They were pursued by the Federals and forced to surrender. Both Colonel Lamb and General Whiting lay wounded in the fort and were taken prisoners along with 1,900 others.

"Thus ended one of the most remarkable battles on record, and one which will do more damage to the rebel cause than any that has taken place this war," was the comment of Admiral Porter. The death blow of the Confederacy had been struck, for the last avenue of obtaining supplies had been closed. General Lee had said if Fort Fisher fell he should lose Richmond, and now the fort had fallen. The news of the capture was received in the North with the wildest joy. Congratulations and telegrams were sent post haste from the War and Navy Departments to

General Terry and Admiral Porter. A salute of one hundred guns was ordered by both Secretary Welles of the Navy and General Grant, commander-in-chief of the army, while the civilian populace held celebrations all through the North.

As soon as the fort was taken the fleet was pushed across the bar into the river. Fort Lamb was taken on the nineteenth, and Fort Caswell and Smith Island were burned at the same time. Dragging the river for torpedoes, the fleet proceeded up toward the city. On February 17, General Schofield advanced on Wilmington from Smithville. At the same time Porter attacked Fort Anderson, which was evacuated that night. Fort Strong was taken, and on the twenty-second Wilmington was evacuated. This expedition marked the supreme triumph of the gigantic and highly efficient United States Fleet.

The capture of Wilmington was indeed a triumph. Owing to the peculiar configuration of the coast at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, the Federal fleet was never able to blockade the port effectively. There were two separate approaches to the river, one by means of "New Inlet (now closed) to the north of Smith's Island, and the other by the western bar. Frying-Pan Shoals, extending southward from the island, greatly increased the difficulty of guarding the coast, and it was comparatively an easy matter for the blockade runners to slip through the fleet under the cover of darkness. Hundreds of these swift little vessels slipped back and forth through the blockading vessels, and it was the supplies they brought in that kept the Confederacy alive. There was little fear of capture, and the trade with Nassau and Bermuda was plied with great regularity. Washington was filled with speculators and merchants from all parts of the South, who came to attend the weekly auctions of imported cargoes, and the old town fairly hummed with commercial activity.

An official statement of the result of blockade-running at the port of Wilmington for the two years of 1863 and

1864, copied from the Manchester (England) *Guardian,* appears in the *New York Times* of March 19, 1865. "The total ventures made by English capitalists and speculators, counting the values of ships and cargoes, amounted to more than $36,000,000 (£13,241,000). The returns are made in six different tables, covering various periods, the shortest being ten months. The general results are as follows: the quantity of cotton exported from Wilmington in twenty-two months (January 1, 1863 to October 31, 1864) was 137,937 (bales) or 62,860,463 pounds, of which the larger part was Sea Island. The value of the export and import trade of Wilmington in one year (July 1, 1863 to June 30, 1864) was $65,185,000; the rebel government rating exchange at five for one. The number of vessels which ran the blockade in fifteen months (October 1, 1863 to December 31, 1864) was 397."

This statement shows how absolutely essential it was for the Confederacy to keep the port of Wilmington open, and on the other hand, how requisite it was for the United States to keep it closed. The Confederates were plucky and daring, but their bravery was finally forced to succumb to the overwhelming strength of the Federal fleet. With the fall of Wilmington the long struggle for naval control of the coast of North Carolina was ended.

Foolish Time

N. I. White, '14

Father Time, the sullen sot,
    Yearly waxes dafter,
Plodding onward, mutters, "Rot!"
    At our careless laughter.

Never dallies by the way
    With the lassies trim;
Lassies, they are common clay—
    Common clay!—to him.

Never sees a primrose nod
    At the summer's call;
Never sees a golden-rod
    Flashing in the fall;

Never drops into a chair
    By a ruddy blaze—
He must move; he doesn't care
    For our pleasant ways.

Wondrous comrade for a trip
    Sixty summers long!
We are nimble; let us slip
    Past him with a song.

Shark's Teeth

Claude Cooper

The last strains of "Home, Sweet Home" had just been caught by the summer breeze, and the dancers were making their way in pairs towards the crowded exits. The flags and streamers that hung from the ceiling seemed to give the appearance of crape on the door of a house of the dead, and the flowers that had a few hours before formed clusters and secluded little arbors now bowed their wilted heads. For a few moments I had stood in the center of the ballroom, watching those who a short time before had been the jolly throng of dancers, and that spirit of gloom which pervades a man who is left alone in a deserted banquet hall crept over me. Suddenly I was awakened from my stupor by the fact that in actuality I was alone, for all of the dancers had vanished as if into space. I walked across the shining floor sprinkled here and there with confetti, and dotted by an occasional withered flower from some reveler's banquet, until I came to the green carpeted stairs that led down toward the ocean. I descended the stairs as silently as a cat and passed out through the high doors opening on the terrace over the sea. At first my eyes could see nothing except what seemed to be one giant ray of light sweeping back and forth over the waves, but as my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I discovered where all the once gay dancers had vanished.

The terrace extended out about thirty feet over the sea, and from below could be heard the steady pounding of the waves as they rolled far up on the sandy beach. On top of the dancing pavilion behind me, and from which I had just come, was situated a tower or cupola, and from this point a huge searchlight pierced into the darkness like an evil eye, and its shaft of light swept back and forth over the green swells as they came in towards the beach. The dancers stood about on the terrace in little groups

huddled close to each other like chickens that are being attacked by a hawk. What was it that seemed to hover in the air and bring horror to hearts that a few minutes before had been gay? The eye of the searchlight seemed to flicker for a moment; then its shaft ceased to move and a faint murmur passed over the excited groups. I turned to a man close by me, who stood staring seaward, and asked him what had happened. The only answer he gave me was, "They have found it." My temper became almost as tense as my curiosity. However, after many questions, I succeeded in getting the story out of him. Still gazing seaward, he told me what had happened. Four days before, the son of a rich manufacturer had been drowned in the surf. The father had offered a five-thousand-dollar reward for the recovery of the body, and had placed the searchlight on the tower in order that if it were brought in by the current it would be seen as well by night as during the day. The rising tide and an off-shore wind had swept it in close to the beach, but no one would dare swim out to it on account of the offset in the reef, and now it was drifting again toward the open sea. The engine of the clumsy motor boat that had been held in readiness for just such a moment could not be gotten to run, and the surf was too rough for a canoe; consequently, unless someone volunteered to swim out for it, the body would never be recovered.

Since my boyhood I had been brought up where I could smell salt water. The sea to me had been a vast playground, and its waves my unruly toys. Why, I do not know, for I am sure that five thousand dollars could not tempt me to risk my life at night in the open sea, but the feeling to go into the surf came over me. In a few seconds I was down on the sandy beach and rid of most of my clothing. As I was on the point of making a dash for the breaker line, a strong hand caught me by the shoulder, and as I looked around I saw a husky, gray-bearded sailor standing in front of me, unbuckling

his canvas knife belt. He strapped the belt, which held a large fishing knife, around my waist, and warned me not to use all of my strength on the first two reefs, but to put all I had into crossing the third. I saw his face only for a moment; he was ugly and his clothes were ragged, but to him and his thoughtfulness I owe my life.

With the belt strapped loosely about my waist I waded out until I was in water up to my shoulders, and as a white-cap hit me I dived and started swimming slowly away from the beach. It took only a short time to cross the first reef; from the first to the second was harder, and by the time I had reached the third I was almost exhausted. The waves rose in front of me like small moving mountains, and for a few seconds I would be hurled upward by the rushing swells; then I would drop into what seemed a bottomless trough. The searchlight held steady on the body, and I could get occasional glimpses of it over the crests and keep my direction toward it. A heavy current swept me seaward as I passed over the third reef, drawing me rapidly towards the body that was being pitched about by the breakers. Before I was fully aware of its being in reaching distance, the corpse rose on a wave only a few feet in front of me. In the brilliant light the thing stood out clear against the green background of water, and for the first time in my life, not fear, but absolute horror crept into my very being. It lay on its back, and the stomach had been ripped open by a fish, leaving the entrails hanging loose on either side. The arms and legs were uninjured, but the face was marred by the loss of one eye that still hung on the cheek, and the mouth was drawn into a broad grin that revealed two rows of yellowish teeth. My heart seemed to stop beating, and my flesh turned cold at the very thought of touching the thing. The tide was still sweeping toward the open sea, making my chance to return to the beach diminish each time I rose and fell on a wave. Knowing that my chance would last only a moment, I closed my eyes as my hands grasped one of the decayed

feet, and as I opened them again a flash of silver passed beneath me in the phosphorescent water. Terror rose in my throat, for I knew I was not alone in my quest. The flash of silver told its own story, and warned me that before I could return to land, I must first fight and conquer the teeth of a shark.

My first thought was to swim as rapidly as possible towards the shore a half-mile away; this, however, I soon realized would be useless, for before I had gone fifty feet I would be attacked from below and pulled beneath the surface. My only chance was to lie close to the body, and perhaps by some freak of fate the fish might be so eager for the corpse that I should be undiscovered, and as it passed near me I could use my knife. I released my hold on the body and clenched my knife with cold shriveled fingers waiting for the attack. The searchlight was still on me, and it illuminated the water; close beside me I could see the drowned man lying with his face turned toward me, and the broad grin on the distorted face looked as if it might be one of rejoicing that perhaps I should soon be its companion in a world below the waves.

The flash of silver passed beneath me the second time, and almost before I could tighten my exhausted muscles I saw the spear-fin rise out of the water only a few feet in front of me. The moment had come; its white belly was upturned and the mouth was open to close the teeth on the corpse. With all the force left in me, I buried the blade of my knife in its belly and held to the handle as I was dragged beneath the surface. For a few seconds I was under the water before my knife tore loose; then I rose to the surface like a water-sogged log. There seemed to be little life left in me, but I realized that the fish, when he returned, would not come after the body, but that I should be the victim of a very different kind of an attack. For what seemed hours to me I lay in the flaring light and waited for the return that I knew would come. The flash of silver did not occur again; this time it was only a bloody

streak moving more slowly than before and close to the surface. The spear-fin rose in front of me for the second time and the upturned belly, covered with blood, and the two rows of white teeth shot toward me. Again I buried my knife into the fish, and this time I was carried far below the surface. It seemed to me as if I went down to the very floor of the sea, and that all the waters of the universe were hammering on my chest and pouring into my lungs. I released my hold on the knife and I began to move slowly upward, fighting with all my strength to reach the surface. A bright light burst into my face and warm air passed into my lungs. A feeling of absolute contentment came over me and I ceased to struggle; the waves seemed to have a spinning motion; slowly my eyes darkened, and I drifted away into space.

I must have fainted from exhaustion, for when I opened my eyes again the bright light was gone, but in its place a dull half-moon shown down upon me. I lay on my back and the long green rollers passed lazily beneath me; far away I could hear the breakers on the beach, but from the position in which I was lying I could see only green water and the dull half-moon in the heavens. I asked myself why I had not sunk, and I coughed to see if my lungs were clear. Something held me tightly about the throat and kept my head above water. I reached my hands upward and tried to free myself or at least turn over and see upon what my head rested; a sharp pain under my arms, however, soon convinced me that this was useless.

I do not know how long I drifted about in this manner; I must have fainted again, because the moon seemed to have dropped from its high place in the heavens and now lay close to the horizon. I must have drifted miles, for the pavilion was nowhere in sight; in its place I could now see a low sandy beach palely illuminated by the gibboused moon. The pounding of the waves had grown more distinct, and from the roughness of the water I could tell that it was very shallow. I tried again to free myself, but the weight

still hung to my neck and I was slowly being carried toward the beach by some unseen force.

For perhaps an hour I drifted in this manner until on account of the intense roughness of the sea, I was sure that the water was only a few feet deep. After many fruitless efforts my foot touched the sandy bottom, and a wave bigger by far than the others hurled me toward the beach, and as it swept back I found myself in water about up to my waist with scarcely strength enough left in me to drag my body toward the dry beach. Like a drunk man I staggered out of the water and up on the beach, carrying the heavy burden that still hung to my neck until things grew dark before me and I fell on the white sand from exhaustion.

The moon had touched the horizon before I again regained my senses. The breeze of the early night was dead, and the air was hot and still. A stench filled my nostrils, and my throat that was dry and parched was still held as if by a heavy twisted cord. In a fit of frenzy I struggled to get free, rising to my feet in the attempt. I wanted to scream, but I could not open my mouth. I did scream, and as I did the pressure loosened from my throat and the weight dropped from my back. I turned to look; then I swayed and fell, for there on the white sand in front of me I could see by the last rays of the dying moon, the corpse with its distorted face still wearing the broad grin that showed his yellowish teeth.

The End of the Rainbow

By a Legionaire

I was but a child when I once was told
A rainbow holds for each a pot of gold.
In each sky I search'd in all the years past
And no gold I found, till, despair'd at last,
I cared not to look no more, content with fate.

Past swung the years! and swinging on they left
Dry on the plain, a wanderer, myself.
As in a flash, again the rainbow stood
And circled at its end was womanhood,
There, blooming fair, a gem so rare—my mate!

EDITORIAL

THE CO-ED NUMBER OF THE ARCHIVE

It gives us pleasure to announce that the March number of this magazine will be the Co-Ed issue. Yes, the announcement is made with a sense of pleasure for more than one reason. Perhaps the chief source of our satisfaction—though we are reluctant to admit this—is the knowledge that we shall be spared the laborious days and sleepless nights that usually accompany the editing of the ARCHIVE. Another and more worthy cause of our cheerful attitude toward this matter is the fact that we are glad to see the girls of the college given some of the recognition which they heartily deserve. The collecting and editing of the material will be in charge of Misses Price and Pitts, members of the staff. They have been efficient co-workers, and we predict for them an excellent issue of the ARCHIVE.

COLLEGE SPIRIT

If we were in search of the oldest, most threadbare subject for an editorial in a college magazine, we should probably choose the present theme. The college spirit is something that engages the attention of every generation of students. The editor of the college publication or the speaker who takes a part in the "pep" meetings feels that he must not let a year go by without taking advantage of the opportunity to give vent to his feelings concerning the college spirit of his fellow students. Year after year the students have to face the accusation that their spirit is at a very low ebb. If the speaker is an alumnus of the college, he uses as authority for his statement a comparison between the present deplorable conditions and those that obtained in the good old days of yore, when enthusiasm ran so high that the athletes were inspired to accomplish almost miraculous

feats, such as driving a ball through the knot-hole in the back fence. If, on the other hand, a modern has the floor, he compares ours with the sentiment that exists in other colleges and shows how miserable our own supineness appears.

What is the point to all this college spirit propaganda? May we not logically infer that there is a measure of significance attached to a subject which insists on forcing itself before the attention of each succeeding class of students? If we have a correct comprehension of the subject, the explanation is this: The spirit of the students—we do not mean by the word *spirit* mere enthusiasm for athletics—determines to a great extent what the college is. In order to succeed in the affairs of the world, a man must be in love with his job. It is equally true that the achievement of a college student bears a close relation to his enthusiasm for his work and for that of the college. We have yet to find a pessimistic drone who carried off the honors and brought fame to himself or to his *alma mater*. The man who brings things to pass must of necessity be a man of enthusiasm. If he is a college student worth while, some of his enthusiasm will be released by way of glorifying his college and fostering her undertakings.

One of the most precious assets of any institution is a manly college spirit—a spirit which wins when victory is possible by honest and honorable means, whether the contest be in athletics, debating, or anything else. The college should foster a spirit which frowns with indignation on any act or habit of the students which tends to impede progress or undermine character. If Dr. Chappell emphasized any one thing more than another during his series of splendid sermons here recently, it was his repugnance for the irresponsible, slovenly individual who has no enthusiasm for anything but to criticise others. The thing that kills college spirit is the lack of enthusiasm. Let your enthusiasm be wholesome, to be sure, but have enthusiasm. When every student has this thing, college spirit takes care of itself.

May this intangible something, college spirit, be not only maintained but intensified and ennobled at Trinity College. Let us hope that the students who succeed us here will continue to talk and write about it and make it count in the life of the institution.

HAVE A PURPOSE

One of the biggest tasks in any person's life is the choosing of his life work. It has recently come to our attention that there are many students in college who have given practically no thought to this question. Looked at from the point of view of choosing one's life work, the word "commencement" comes to have a peculiar and fiting meaning. It means a beginning—of what? To those who graduate this year, it means the beginning of real life—the life that one is to live with a certain degree of routine until his death—the life for which he is to be held accountable in the reckoning of the world. This thought should make some stop and think for a while. Out of the thousands of different vocations, which shall I choose? The final answer must necessarily be left to the person who is making the decision. There are, however, certain facts that should help mould one's thought. First of all, one's life should be in the calling in which he can be of most service. True happiness can come ultimately from nothing else than service. One should furthermore choose the vocation that he is most fitted for and most talented in. One of the saddest tragedies of today is to see a man who is a misfit in a puzzle of life. There are many other considerations that bear upon the question, but they must be thought out individually. We wish to impress upon all college students the necessity of thinking about this matter, and of beginning immediately to think, not waiting until one is a senior. Have a purpose! How many men are there who come

Into this universe, and *why* not knowing,
Nor *whence,* like water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as wind along the waste,
I know not *whither,* willy-nilly blowing.

One's goal having been chosen, let the individual's whole college life be a preparation for achieving that goal. Let nothing hold him back: *"per aspera ad astra."*

J. G. L.

WAYSIDE WARES

HOW CO-EDS DRESS THE HAIR IN THE APPROVED "DOG-EAR" STYLE

Margie White

In attempting to dress your hair in the approved "dog-ear" style, first, you should have a quantity of hair pens, no less than a hundred, which should include "bones," "invisibles," and "spikes." Then you should have a strong brush and comb which you can count on to come through the most ancient tangle without any serious loss of bristles and teeth. If you wish your coiffure to be unusually attractive, you should roll your hair up the night before. Anything from kid curlers to tissue paper will serve the purpose.

Now you are ready to begin. Take the brush, brush the hair just enough to give it a semblance of smoothness; then take the comb and try to extract some of the most antique tangles. After this painful operation separate the hair into four parts, one on the top, one on each side, and one in the back. It seems very inconsistent to say that, after getting tangles by main force, new ones must be put in, but that is exactly what you must do.

Take the top part first; with the aid of the comb give it a thorough dose of the process known as "ratting," then pile it up on your head at a dangerous angle; fasten it with a hair pin of the railroad-spike variety and then proceed to the sides of the hair. This is the breath-holding moment of the whole procedure, for, out of the three or four pitiful locks of hair which dangle from the temples, you must achieve the stupendous miracles of "dog ears." Take up your faithful comb, grasp your scanty locks tenderly, tangle them carefully, give them a dexterous twist, scatter a few hair pins here and there, and, lo—you have

dog ears! (I forgot to mention that your own personal ears must, by no means, be left exposed.)

You can fix the back of your hair in either a "figure eight" or "biscuit." The effect is very much the same, whether the culinary or the mathematical method be employed. The next thing on the program is the making of the "spit curl." The most effective place for this is in the middle of the forehead. Take a strand of hair about three inches long, twist it into a semi-interrogation point and plaster it down with bandoline. If bandoline is not obtainable, chewing gum or glue will do.

The last thing to do is to put on a hair net. If your hat is of a raven hue, you should use black hair nets, but in an emergency you can use golden ones. The hair nets are for protection against automobile rides, cyclones, and other destructive forces.

At last, the trying process is over, and no doubt you will be astounded at the result. At least, it will be as freakish as you could possibly wish.

This method of hair dressing is advisable only when you have at least half a day at your disposal, a quantity of hair pins, an eye for the fantastic, and an over abundance of patience. It is especially undesirable when you have only ten minutes to get to your class, when some one has "snitched" your treasured hair pins, and when your hair net has taken wings and flown away.

THE EVER-PRESENT QUARTET

S. M. H., JR.

There was a green freshman named Fuss
Who, though green, was as sloppy as mush
  Thru' English with bull
  He thought he would pull,
But his grade was just sixty-nine plus.

There was a hard soph they called Tuff
Who thought it was smart to be rough.
He cut up a rampus all over the campus,
And the dean sent him home with his stuff.

There was a was a gay junior named Scoff,
Who was really a second-year soph.
On Chem. one exam
He burst with a blam,
Which proved that he hadn't fooled Prof.

There was a stiff senior named Slyes
Whose average through school caused him sighs.
To earn his dear dip
He took crip after crip,
Which proves at last he was wise.

HERE AND THERE

Every time Kenneth Brimm goes to the Dope Shop, Jimmie Ashe reaches for the Doris Biscuit can and says, "How many?" Wonder why?

Although he did not know it, the sophomore was not far wrong who when asked to tell all he knew of the "Betrothel of Isaac," discussed at length the "Sacrifice of Isaac."

Sentence from freshman theme on "How to Write a Theme:" "All ways try to arrange the paragraphs so that they will be arranged in order that is the part first, and then get a little better each time."

Dr. Cranford (in Psychology class)—Mr. Long, if Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Sharp were to come into the room together, how could you tell which was which?

Mr. Long—Tell them to pull off their shoes, sir.

One freshman at Trinity College should be able to make quite a contribution to the world's knowledge about Biblical history. In a recent examination this freshman discussed at length how Abraham loved Saul's daughter, how Saul was bitterly opposed to the match, how finally Abraham married Saul's daughter and carried her to Egypt, and how Pharoah stole her away from Abraham.

EXCHANGES

The January *Georgian* is the best number of the magazine that has come to us, probably the best magazine on our exchange desk this month. The editorials and poems are commendable, but it is upon the short stories that we would bestow greatest praise. In "Immortality" Mr. Trotti has found the secret, not only of getting but of holding the attention of the reader. Mr. Trotti also has a splendid mastery of words. He makes us feel that for the time being we are inhabitants of Cheshire. The story is full of local color. Note the effectiveness of the beginning: "It was noon in Cheshire; noon of a late spring day." At once the reader is prepared for some dramatic happening, and he is not disappointed. From the opening sentence to the close, the story moves rapidly, tensely forward. "A Winter Thunderbolt" is another good story. It is so realistic that the reader never suspects it of being a dream, and, unlike most dreams, it does not let us down with a thud at the close.

We repeat—the *Georgian* is to be congratulated on its short stories.

The January *Wake Forest Student* is up to its usual standard. In value, however, the essays and articles somewhat overbalance the short stories. "A Short Story of Wake Forest: Town and College," is a peculiarly fitting and timely article, since 1920 marks the one hundredth anniversary of the town. "Mother" is a poem vibrant with the love which mankind gives to mothers at all times, but particularly in times of stress. That the *Wake Forest Student* is alive to the burning questions of the hour is shown by the "Searchlight on Socialism" and "The Signs of the New Times," which appear in the February issue.

The Pine and Thistle contains a good essay entitled "England in Ireland." It deserves credit both from the standpoint of its historical value and for its unified or-

ganization of material. It seems, however, rather long,—occupying about nineteen pages of the magazine—especially as compared with the length of the short stories. "The Wedding Hat" must be regarded more as an incident than a story. "Wanted: A Stenographer" and "Billie's Experience" both show us that the individual is often the last person to know what he really wants and what is best for him. In "The Light" the author has created in a new and interesting way the old subject of the heathen's struggle to become a Christian.

We find the material of the *University of Tennessee Magazine* good of its kind. This magazine shows a decided tendency to employ "heavy" material to the exclusion of fiction. Where are your short stories?

This month we welcome several new visitors to our exchange desk. One of these is the *Bashaba,* from Coker College. "The True Artist" gives a glimpse of the pathos so often found in human experience. "Egyptian, Phoenecian, and Early Ionian Mathematics" is an interesting and instructive essay. "Currents of Conversation" is typical of the conversation so frequently heard when groups of college girls gather. "The Fool That Thought by Force of Skill" is a delightful little story chiefly because the man in the case is so entirely "just like a man."

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the *College Message,* the *Roanoke Collegian,* and the *Hampton Chronicle.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF POETRY

JAMES CANNON, '14

You don't need to laugh at this title. I've already done it. And members of the class of '14 do not need to inquire if Saul is among the prophets. He is not. What do I know about psychology? Nothing. What do I know about poetry? Again, nothing. The reason should be apparent even without reading this article. I took psychology under Dr. Cranford and poetry under Professor Spence. For the same reason you don't need to ask what I know about Mathematics or History VI. The reasons are still on the faculty.

But the Psychology of Poetry sounds highbrow. Besides, two poets (they admit it) told me the thing I am to write about ought to be called by that name. The poets are Dr. White and Mr. Newsom. They ought to know. For testimony to the poetic quality of these gentlemen I refer you to any issue of the ARCHIVE, *Chanticleer, Chronicle* or *Alumni Register* of recent decades. But, hold! I have done myself an injustice. I do know something about poetry. I am a poet myself. See ARCHIVE for about April 1911 and compare with that famous quotation from Locksley Hall on what happens in springtime.

This production has an additional defect besides my complete ignorance of the caption. It is about the war. Always suspect immediately anybody who writes about the war. There is either a propaganda underfoot or an investigation overhead. Somebody comes up about every day or two and says:

"O, were you in the army, and overseas? Now do tell us all about it." These people are very estimable but they

forget that an instructor in Bibical Literature must be careful of his language—when in print or in public.

It fell on a day that I was working in a Y. M. C. A. building at Fort McPherson, Georgia. The men in the fort were rookies—green from the country. They were both homesick and miserable; also lovesick and idle, scared, repentant for all their past sins, literally feeling German steel between their ribs. Also, underneath they were mighty good stuff, when you got to it. Just the same kind of stuff that went overseas and over the top and over the Rhine and then came back again—except the best of them, and those we buried in little clumps of graves all over the north of the east of France.

This has to do with one of the elements that went to make up that stuff, and goes to make it up in the inmost qualities of men at large. It is a testimony to the unuttered and unexpressed, the unsung and the unrhymed, but the nevertheless beautiful and fine, the religious and the worshipful, the loving and the noble in the hearts of men everywhere—the poetic instincts, feelings, emotions and aspirations that form one of the underlying strata of man's being. Soul, if you want to call it that; or heart, or nature, or being, or make-up, or anything to stand for what is deepest inside of us all.

Going back to Fort McPherson we find ourselves in a large plain board room with a counter, a few benches, some writing paper and pens, a squeaky phonograph, and a score of embryo soldiers, half-uniformed or whole uniformed or no uniformed, and in any case intensely conscious that they had left home and sweetheart quite recently, that they were in a strange place, that they were pretty scared but not going to let on, and that if something like a gun were to go off suddenly there would be one more soldier "gone from here." In a situation like this the elemental feelings are very close to the surface. And so we find ourselves in an atmosphere which, as I read history and literature, is very productive of several forms of literary composition

What I am going to set before you will, I think, show several things about literature in general but about poetic literature in particular. The first is that it is natural and normal in man, not in unusual men, but in man as he commonly infests the earth, to express his emotions and to express them in poetic form. Second, that the emotions so expressed correspond in general with emotions that have always been regarded as the most prevalent in men's minds. Thirdly, that the results of this first hand collection of poetic productions of the ordinary soldier, private, doughboy, buck, or however else you choose to demonstrate him, show a similarity in theme, in recurrence of theme, and in underlying sentiment that corresponds to the results of a similar induction based on the work of recognized, applauded, rewarded and lamented poets everywhere.

For what I am presenting here is a collection of war poetry, not of Brooke or Service or Kipling or anybody you ever heard of, but of common soldiers like some of us and our brothers and cousins were in the great war. The means by which I arrived at this collection were not only honest but intensely interesting. I have already sketched the state of mind of the men from whom these verses came. Out of this state of mind evolved the expression of sentiments entertained by all men everywhere, but which are not ordinarily presented to the public, partly because those who entertain them give no expression to what they feel. The only uniqueness claimed, therefore, is in putting before you some of the things other men have thought.

A bright looking boy drifted up one day as I was putting a notice of some religious meeting on the bulletin board. He stood around while I wrote, offering a suggestion now and then, and after the thing was done continued to hang around. Finally he felt bold enough to come around to what was on his mind and said, offering me a soiled sheet of large brown paper:

"How's that for a piece of poetry?" The "piece" is the first printed below. It did not dawn on me immediately

that this was an original production, so I merely glanced at it, handed it back, and, making some remark, was going away, when the boy hesitatingly inquired if he could put it on the bulletin board. Then I began to catch on, and looking again over the piece, offered to copy and post it. In the pressure of other things this was postponed for several days, until the boy came again and asked to have his piece, so I hastily copied and posted it.

During the evening several men idly reading the board would stop at this piece, read it, read it again, and one, growing bolder than the rest, openly copied it. This was just a beginning. By closing time a dozen men had copied and mailed to fair maidens afar a verse which ran:

A SOLDIER'S GOOD-BYE

Come, my dear, and sit beside me,
And let me talk to you,
For my honored country's calling me
To join the boys in blue.
Our troops will soon be going
To the battlefields of France,
And we will whip the Germans,
For we wouldn't miss the chance.

I know it's hard to part with you
And all your loving smiles;
I miss the touch of your little hands
As I travel many miles;
But cheer up, lass; it's not for long
I'll be away from you,
For we will whip the Germans
'Neath the Red, White and Blue.

There, little one, dry your tears,
For your heart will yearn
'Till again I clasp you in my arms,
Upon my safe return;
So good-bye, my little sweetheart,
Our boys must now advance,
And you bet we'll whip the Germans,
For we couldn't miss the chance.

This, you might say, was when the fun began. Every love-sick rookie in camp seemed bent on writing verse or copying someone else's verse. In a short time we had a wall full of it, a space about ten feet square on which patriotism, defiance of Germany, homesickness, puppy love and every variety of human emotion was as thick to the square inch as flies on a popular piece of tanglefoot. Some of it—a lot of it—was slush of the purest and most unadulterated vanity. It was sickly—but it was in those days terribly real. A magazine writer who passed by seemed greatly interested and borrowed the choicest bits with a promise of publicity and returned copies. Nothing came of it. On moving to Fort Oglethorpe, with many of these same rookies assigned to the new regiment, the major portions of the collection—the old favorites—went along and a new wall was sanctified to the poetic instincts of young America. Again fat letters and heavy postage swelled the mails. More poetry was produced. What few items are still preserved and printed herein are but samples of the mass which happened to remain in my papers and were still available when the war ended. I have roughly classified them according to the proportion in which each seems to reflect some dominant note of human feeling as brought out by the war. It is quite possible that much of what I give here was not original with the men who sponsored it. That is not the point. The point is, what emotions are reflected in the poetry that appealed to soldiers in the mass. Quite casually I have read and put into groups the more presentable of what I still have. There are, in the main, three, Love, Patriotism, and Religion. Are these not the deepest chords, struck in your experience of the war? They were in mine and I believe in the hearts of most. Service—either in a military or civilian capacity—is manifestation of any of these devotions. And because all the world loves a lover I give first the doughboy's poem to his sweethearts—for they were legion. And mostly they were songs of farewell.

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Darling, I must leave you,
Although it breaks my heart.
To Europe I must go
To fight and do my part.

And fight I surely will
With all my might and main,
From the time we sail away
'Till we sail back again.

For Uncle Sam is calling
For men brave and true,
So I will answer the call;
You don't blame me, do you?

Tho' darling I am leaving you,
Don't think that I'm not true,
For when the war is over
I will sure return for you.

Sometimes a fellow had it pretty bad and relieved himself of all the terms of endearment at one fell swoop—like this:

While sitting lonely within my tent,
'Neath the stars which have been unfurled,
I take the greatest of pleasures spent,
In writing my dear little girl.

My dearest darling sweetheart:
I know you have been longing to see,
Ever since the day we had to part,
This loving message from me.

For well do you remember, dear,
Down in our little town,
A message came for your volunteer,
And a new home I have found.

My dearest little intended wife,
No words of mine can tell

How fond I am of army life,
Though many have daily fell.

Yes, dearie, I like the U. S. arms,
Together with the red, white, and blue,
And some sweet day through Georgia farms
I'll come marching back to you.

For the God above us promised me,
On the day I made the start,
That again each other's face we'd see
And nevermore should part.

So be of good cheer, my little lass,
Till time can tell the tale,
And if I'm lucky to get a pass,
I'll go to you straight without fail.

Sometimes he combined his affection with a patriotic strain. The result would be:

LONGING

I am sitting, lonely, darling,
Far away from you,
Thinking how you promised to love
And be true.

I left you Sunday night,
I never shall forget the time.
The last words you told me were,
You truly would be mine.

But I am with you, Mr. President;
We're one hundred million strong,
And when we get across to France
There'll be no Germans long.

When we leave the old U. S.
We must tell our friends goodbye,
For the time is here, dear soldiers,
When we must fight or die.

The Red—White are the stripes I love,
And the stars in Old Glory,
With their snow white story,
Make me think of my home above.

or, again, he had only one term of affection, and it rings this change of every verse.

HOPES AND WISHES

I can't forget you, little darling,
When from you I am far away;
But remember, little darling,
We will meet again some day.

When we first met, my little darling,
We were sitting side by side,
When you whispered, little darling,
You have gained my heart, sweet bride.

At my window, sad and lonely,
Often do I think of thee,
As I wonder, little darling,
Do you ever think of me?

Who will kiss you,
Who will hold thee to their breast,
Who will hold the future ever,
As I roam this desert rest?

There are many who'll say they love you.
Some say that I am not true,
But remember, little darling,
No one loves you as I do.

If you should change, my little darling,
What would this old world be to me?
Nothing but a stream of sorrow
Would this poor boy ever see.

But not all of the poets were love-born. Some were both defiant of Germany and enthusiastic in the glories of Uncle Sam. Yet there was more potent plagiarism in

this class than in any others, due no doubt to the abundance of patriotic verse published in every daily, weekly or monthly in the country. A man's love and religion are personal matters. His patriotism is a civic virtue and so he now readily prints this type of verse. And the papers are more inclined to give space to it than to eulogies of Beatrice or of the tresses of Matilda. For examples of this class are culled from a much larger number of patriotic effusions.

They all stand on the corners,
Hearing the gospel talk;
Some talking of nothing
But how their forefathers fought,

While we are out a'drilling,
Trying to hold our own,
Preparing to fight for our country,
So Germany can't get the throne.

And then when we shall leave here,
We'll start out for France,
And be across the waters,
Watching every chance.

THE TRUE AMERICAN

I am a soldier ready to go to war,
With all its battles, across the water afar.
I have heard the news of slaughter
As we heard from the Mexican border.
For our flag, country true,
It is nothing but our duty to do.
We stand for peace and humanity
Without a thought of calamity.
May God above see our aim:
As on the battlefield we seek fame,
May God above see our aim:
May we fight as the forefathers did for us.
It takes real fighting to keep the nation up.
We fight for our sisters, mothers, and sweethearts.
As we go to the front our love will never part.

We stand by our President, first and all,
And the battle's not lost 'till the last man falls;
May we learn to love our country true,
Which means so much to me and to you;
May we learn to love God, and serve him right,
And, boys, that's all it takes to win the fight.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

I left my home for the colors,
I joined the army too;
I went and joined others,
To fight for the red, white, and blue.

Young men, come to the colors,
And join the red, white, and blue;
Young men, leave home and others,
And be a soldier true.

Young men, your country needs you,
So join the army today;
Come on and fight for the colors,
The colors that fly far away.

Young men, come to the colors
And fight for the country today;
Young men, join the army,
And fight for the colors that fly far away.

TO AMERICA

America, thou land of the free,
Thou ruler of the sea;
I shall forever love thee,
Because thou did so much for me.

I shall forever love thy all,
Be it great or be it small;
Thou canst whip them all
With thy strong and steady mall.

LOYALTY

We are with you, Mr. President,
One hundred million strong;
Though a tent may be our residence,
We'll be resolute and calm.

We're only awaiting the final call,
Then with the commander's consent,
So rapidly we'll use the cannon-ball,
We'll shake the continent.

As this war, you know, was forced on us,
Not much longer can we wait
To show those Germans how to make a fuss
And the kaiser his own sad fate.

Oh, how sad! but nevertheless 'tis true,
That many American men may fall,
Before the news may reach you
That we have conquered all.

Now rest with content, Mr. President,
And you need not breathe a sigh,
For we will lick those Germans,
Or our whole army die.

The ballad "War Blues" is but an example of a large class. I have heard fireside company singers by the dozen, marching songs by the score, many of them unprintable, but all following this same line of thought and expression—the slangy, confident, profane, bouyant, if at times tired, spirit of young America at war.

WAR BLUES

Germany insulted our flag five different times
Now you know we allowed Germany a show,
All we want is that boiler's heart.

CHORUS

Tell us how long we will have to wait.
Don't you see them killing us now—
Why should we have to hesitate?

Old kaiser thinks that he is wise,
To meet Roosevelt at his surprise;
He will raise his hands up in the air,
Saying, "I don't want to fight no teddy bear."

Put on your pants and let's go to France
And put all the Germans in a deep blue trance;
We'll get in the trenches and stretch miles around,
And then we will take all those German towns.

So all of us boys want to do what is right,
Go with Roosevelt if we have to fight.
The National Guard's just like the rest,
They want Germany to stand a battle test.

Similar in poetic elements are a number of ballads dealing not at all with the war, but wtih public events of the day that had attacked the soldier's interest. Chief among these, because of its recency and nearness of locality, was the story of Mary Phagan. Ballads of this trial, of hatred against Frank, sympathy for "little Mary," come in abundance, most of them copied from country papers in Georgia. These closely bordered at times on another group, which I call the religious selection. Naturally several of them refer to our Y. M. C. A. as the most immediate representative of organized religion.

"Here I sit in the Y. M. C. A.
Writing letters every day,
And for it I don't have to pay,
For it is a U. S. A.—Y. M. C. A.

Come in, my friends;
Do not ask the odds and ends,
For here is ink and here are pens
A letter home for you to send."

BE A BOOSTER

I want a name, Y. M. C. A.,
With all the joy that I can say

To do away with drink and wine:
My name to it I ne'er will sign.

It is a habit full of sin,
Though it be done by lots of men
Knowing not today, or morrow,
In what trouble or what sorrow.

There is ache and hurt in pain,
Their bodies are full of pain,
They care not for the Y. M.'s joys,
And wander heartless, drunken, boys.

They stray away all through this life,
Doing nothing in the strife,
Nor think for future or for past
Where their souls are going to rest.

From their example take advice,
Give not your soul a sacrifice
Like those who made the great mistake:
Of this stuff we'll not partake.

I want a name, Y. M. C. A.,
With all the joy that I can say,
To shout aloud, just like I "use'ter,"
Forever a Y. M. C. A. booster.

TO THE Y. M. C. A. AT FORT McPHERSON

Where boys come to write every day,
Here at the army Y. M. C. A.,
Which has spent so much for a soldier's play:
It's appreciated here, and far away,
By the soldiers in khaki.

When the soldiers go to the battlefield,
With their glistening arms of steel,
They will all be able to feel and say
They've a friend in the army Y. M. C. A.
The soldiers of today
Give thanks for their army Y. M. C. A.,
And should we fight another day
We pray to God for a Y. M. C. A.

An interesting exhibit is a lengthy ballad, "Night on Shilo," which goes back to Civil War scenes and poets, but shows the emergence in this war of the same deeply religious strain in soldier psychology. It deals with a dying hymn of a soldier who raises his voice in song which spreads over the fields of dying and wounded and inspires faith and hope in young men's hearts:

IF I WERE A SOLDIER IN FRANCE

If I were a soldier in France,
(Ah me, but I lust not for war)
I would think of the name that I love,
Of the flag that I love floating on high,
Of the uniform proud that I wore:
No fear would I have on the score
That perhaps it were I who would die!
Like a man I would hazard the chance,
If I were a soldier in France!

If I were a soldier in France,
(Ah me, I search not for strife)
I would fight on, forgetful that life
Was the gift of God that was kind,
Forgetful of kindred, of children, and wife:
Forgetful of all that was cherished behind.
Like a soldier I'd hazard the chance
Of the day and the hour in France,
If I were a soldier in France.

If I were a soldier in France,
(Ah me, but I lust not for war)
I'd cheer with the living and smile on the dead,
I'd bare my strong breast to bayonet and gun,
I'd walk as a freeman with undaunted tread,
My soul would rejoice with victory won,
Our nation's brave story enhanced
If I were a soldier in France.

If I were a soldier in France,
(Ah me, but my soul hates no man)
I would even be found in the van
Where butchery's riot ran high,
Where reared was eternity's span,
Where millions foregathered to die,

Should I fall—ah, to fall in the fight
For God and for country and right!
Oh pray let me hazard the chance
Of dying—a soldier in France.

Finally, I present these selections which seem to possess some real poetic merit. They may or may not have been original with the men who brought them in. That isn't so much the point. By whoever written, they appealed to many soldiers' hearts, and that is what I am trying to show—the universally prevalent emotions of the poetic instinct. They are in every one of us uttered or unexpressed. And the stress of a great issue draws them to the surface. Few of us can put them in living form. Some great soul does that in every age for all of us. The reason why we respond is because there is the same heart and stuff in us that there is in him. All glory to him who can most feelingly and accurately picture and record them. And all glory turn to those who cannot express, but can only live theirs and die for theirs.

SKEPTICISM

God and the soldiers
Alike we adore
In time of danger,
And not before.

The danger is over,
And the people requited;
God is forgotten,
And the soldiers are slighted.

WAR

We used to fight in the open field,
Free of the wind and sun;
And wrestled our vengeance man for man,
With bayonet and gun.

But now we crouch in a darkened trench,
Dirty and dull and chill;

Touching a button, turning a crank,
Hid from the man we kill.

We used to rest round the camp-fires' cheer,
Sharing each daily tale;
And laughed and sang in the face of death,
Mocking the bullet's hail.

But now we lie in a silent row,
Shut from the shell-torn night;
Touching a button, turning a crank,
God, what a way to fight!

THE GLEAM

JOHN CLINE, '17

The Nine-fifty Limited, southbound, was due to leave Winnburg in just two minutes. Down the aisle of the rear pullman, preceded by a porter struggling with his cases, strode a tall, athletic-built man. Looking neither to the right nor left, he followed till he reached the luxurious reservation indicated by the impassive porter; then throwing himself back into the yielding cushions, he turned to look through the window. Though apparently he was deeply interested in the crowds and the city, a close observer would have noted in his eyes a far-away expression, while a strange, grim smile crept into his face—but such a face—dark, strong, handsome, distinguished—a face about which women would rave and men exchange envious jests. Out before him spread the city in one vast, seemingly endless panorama. The train was moving now. Presently the dreamy look disappeared, and one of business-like intentness took its place. One after another there began to come into his view in the very heart of the city mighty piles of masonry topped by tall smoke-belching chimneys—the tobacco factories. In almost unending succession they rose, heavy and forbidding, against the skyline, the thick, black smoke from their nostrils mingling in a great dark pall high above the city. The traveller looked long and thoughtfully; but when the scene had almost

faded, the far-away look came into his eyes again. Just as travellers and other people so often do, he was thinking of the past, for Richard Pembroke Warner was going home.

Twelve years ago he had left the growing town of Lewiston, N. C., a thriving little city in business, but corrupt, dirty, and sadly unprogressive in most ways—in fact, about all that a town ought not to be. The son of a widow of moderate means, he had felt the weight, in his soul at least, of the slack, selfish hand of the ward politician, and he had grown to manhood with one all-consuming ambition in his breast—to reform his home town. He had been born with the soul of a reformer, and his whole nature rebelled bitterly against the muddy, crooked streets; the dirty, uneven, wooden buildings; the ambeer-covered "Loafer's Glory" depot, the smoky, crowded school building, but most of all against the court-house ring and the sleek, dignified, self-satisfied town officials. As he grew to young manhood he came to see more and more that his one big purpose in life should be to clean up Lewiston and develop it, government and all, into a model city. This enchanting dream, this tremendous task, became the mighty dominating passion of his days and hours. Everything else must be subordinated.

Love? O yes, there had been an affair, but he had resolutely put it from him. Rose Lewis, a daughter of the old regime, an aristocratess of the aristocrats, yet sweet, gentle, clinging—ah! that had been hard! A look of regret clouded his face now as he remembered, but only for a moment, for the habitual stern, proud, satisfied expression quickly banished it away. Of course a great life purpose, a great goal of achievement must be held above mere human sentiment or passion in one's life, and he had made it so in his. He had realized that in order to make his dream come true he must have a controlling or at least a guiding influence in the city's affairs, and to obtain this influence he must have money—millions of dollars of

it—for the only language understood and responded to by Lewiston was the clink of coin and the rustle of greenbacks.

So when his mother died, leaving him free at the age of twenty, he had turned his back on Lewiston and his acquaintances there and sought a place where, unhampered by any influences of his past or any inquisitive meddling of his friends, he could struggle with and enter the gates of success—financial power. He had never forgotten how beautiful Rose Lewis was that last night nor the tenderness of her tones and the evident favor in which she held him, but he had refused to allow himself to recall it. He had felt that it would be a mistake to bind her or himself before he gained his first objective. He forced himself to leave without telling her good-bye and without speaking to her of love—she was only sixteen. More than that he had refused to allow himself to correspond with her or any other of his friends or relatives. "Strange," you say? But then he was a strange youth with a strange purpose—always and over all, the purpose!

Winnburg is only a hundred miles from Lewiston, but there in the very heart of the mighty manufacturing center he had literally buried himself from his former life and his home town. True he had taken the home *Journal* for the first six or seven years of his absence, but so far as Lewiston was concerned Richard Pembroke Warner was dead. Single handed and without concessions he had battled with the masters of finance at their own game and had won—first their respect and admiration and then almost their fear. It had been a great fight! He turned and looked again toward the smoke-haze in the distance; several of the largest of those teeming mills were entirely his, and he owned a controlling interest in others. For the past five years he had been in China developing markets there; and now, with his financial power secure, he was going home—he had won. He began to wonder if the place had changed very greatly; it had grown larger, of course. He

wondered if Boss Clayton's crowd was still at the helm; he wondered what kind of pavement they had; he wondered if the school building had ever been enlarged—he had heard no news from home in five years,—and then he began to wonder if Rose had changed much and if she would recognize him.

"Pshaw, of course she has forgotten me and married," he reflected; but still the expression on his face softened and grew strangely eager as he wondered.

* * * * * *

The first impression that Richard Pembroke Warner was able to identify when he alighted from the steps of the Southbound Limited at exactly one-twenty p. m. was that of being suddenly aroused from sleep. He blinked his eyes in unbelief and stared hard. Instead of the ramshackle, weather-stained wooden station that he remembered, surrounded by groups of yelling hack-drivers and dirty, spitting loafers, and clogged with varied assortments of trash and litter, there rose straight before him an impressive structure of white brick with red tile roof and platform sheds, and with its approaches and yards of glistening cement. He noticed also that at the edge of a smoothly-mown grass plot, around which extended a row of slatted-iron seats, there was planted a sign encircled by electric bulbs—and the words of the sign he thought strange in Lewiston, "No Loafing."

"Pass through!" commanded the austere keeper of the iron gates; and Richard Pembroke Warner passed through. He followed the hurrying, uncommunicative, autumn throng till he passed through the big steam-heated waiting-room with its checker-board floor and business-like attendants—so different from the lazy, crowded, poorly-heated waiting-room of a dozen years ago; and then he stopped and caught his breath with a gasp.

"Somebody must have waked up," he murmured in astonishment. As far as he could see was one vast expanse of shining white skyscrapers and smoothly-paved streets.

The streets seemed broader; the buildings were more evenly aligned. Without waiting for his grips, and ignoring the proffered hands of a dozen taxi-men, he plunged forward and strode rapidly up the broad cement walk. His plan of attack he had already worked out; but first he wished to walk for blocks and see and see.

"Plan of attack," he muttered to himself with a strange feeling of uncertainty and unsteadiness beginning to tug at his heart. He walked fast, pushing his way in and out among crowds of smartly-dressed people hastening in divers directions, apparently all on business bent. How different they were from the loitering, gossiping, haw-hawing groups of former days! Presently he turned into Oakwood Avenue and stopped before the old graded school plot. It was with lessening surprise and growing wonder that he saw the smoky old wooden building had been replaced by a cement and granite structure of magnificent proportions, its front portals guarded by four great white columns.

"That is the high-school building," said a gray-uniformed policeman in reply to his query; "there are three or four similar buildings in different parts of the city for the primary and elementary grades."

"Oh yes, Lewiston has splendid educational facilities. Things have been a hummin' for the last five or six years since we voted a commission form of government. We now have the city-manager plans, and it works."

Richard Pembroke Warner walked on with a question mark before his eyes and in his reformer's soul. He was filled with wonderment at these smartly uniformed and polite-spoken policemen as he recalled the lazy, corpulent, jovial ward-heeler, familiarly hailed by all as "chief," who did nothing except on advice from higher up, and who seemed usually to be engaged elsewhere when anything actually happened. But walk where he would and search as he might, the crooked, muddy, filthy streets of the town he had known were no longer to be found. They were replaced by graded avenues and boulevards, paved to the

limits. Gone, too, were the ragged rows of shackly wooden buildings; the lines were now far more even and regular, and the majority of the residences as well as the business houses were of cement, brick, and stone. The farther he walked the more of a stranger and an alien he felt himself to be, and the more the conviction was borne in upon him that the hole his going away had made in Lewiston had been a mighty small gap. The court-house formerly the centre of the incompetency and corruption which he had hated so indignantly, he found now to be a revelation of modern architecture and sanitation; and if there was a "ring" present it was not visible—and he had no heart to search for it.

With a feeling that his world, the world of high and noble purpose and worthy ambition that he had created for himself, was tottering around him, he walked fearfully into one of the inviting-looking drug stores on the square, not knowing what reform would meet him next. Selecting one of the many white-aproned clerks, he asked for a glass of lemonade to help him get a grip on himself. This youth chanced to be very loquacious. Gathering from the customer's expression that he was a stranger, he launched into praise of the city.

"This place is a marchin'," he said; "she's first in everything. The owner of this store is the new city-manager. John Wagoner is his name. He is responsible for a big part of the up-to-date things in this city. He's a Lewiston boy, too—born and raised here."

The customer remembered John Wagoner; he had never seemed to worry about anything serious, and a big, noble purpose would have been foreign to his nature. But the clerk was speaking again.

"Do you see that lady over there? That's his wife, one of the prettiest women in the whole place."

Following the speaker's glance, the customer found himself gazing into the round, dark orbs of a little four-year-old girl seated at one of the marble tables. Surely there could

be no mistaking that round, white face and those gentle brown eyes—they could have only one source in the world! His gaze shifted to the little boy in the lap of the lady, and then with an effort he raised his eyes to the mother and looked full in the face of Rose Lewis—the same Rose, though still more stately and self-possessed. She glanced at this curious and interesting stranger just a second, and then politely shifted her gaze. She did not know him.

* * * * * *

The midnight express shrieked mournfully as it rounded a curve just eighty miles from Lewiston on its way north to Winnburg. For the hundredth time Richard Pembroke Warner turned restlessly in his berth and for the hundredth time he feverishly questioned, "How could I know things would change so?"

"But," he asserted each time, "they can't say I wasn't true to my purpose."

SHEPHERD FURNITURE CO.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR

COLUMBIA, AEOLIAN and VOCALION
TALKING MACHINES and RECORDS

CORCORAN STREET

EAT AT
GOODY SHOP CAFE
FEEDS YOU BETTER

PERRY-HORTON CO.

We Specialize in Smart Shoes for College Men

Nettleton's and Hurley's for Men
Cousins' and Grover's for Ladies

117 West Main Street *Telephone No. 7*

RAWLS-KNIGHT COMPANY

Main and Parrish Streets Durham, N. C.

Fashionable Wearing Apparel for Women

Silks, Piece Goods, Notions, Centemeria Gloves, Crown and Lady Ruth Corsets

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN MAIL ORDERS

CONFIDENCE

THAT'S THE REASON WHY OUR BANK HAS GROWN

OUR BANK HAS GROWN BECAUSE THE PEOPLE OF THE COMMUNITY BELIEVE IN OUR BANK

We do not solicit your account just because ours is a National Bank, but also because the good names of responsible upright men of known financial responsibility are likewise behind our Bank. We shall welcome your bank account.

Capital	**400,000.00**
Surplus	**250,000.00**
Undivided Profits	**50,000.00**

JULIAN S. CARR
President

W. J. HOLLOWAY
Cashier

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF DURHAM

We know your wants and want your business

See--- DURHAM'S LEADING FURNITURE HOUSE

CHRISTIAN & HARWARD

FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS

Corcoran St. Opposite Postoffice — J. L. LOCKHART, Manager

TRINITY PARK SCHOOL

ESTABLISHED 1898

Location Excellent. Equipment first-class. Well trained Faculty of successful experience. Special care of health of the students. An instructor in each dormitory to supervise living conditions of boys under his care. Excellent library and gymnasium facilities. Large athletic fields.

For Illustrated Catalogue address

F. S. ALDRIDGE, Headmaster

DURHAM, N. C.

Founded 1838 Chartered 1859

TRINITY COLLEGE

An institution of education intensely devoted to developing men. Its graduates are everywhere successful and fill important positions in all lines of work. They occupy places of honor and dignity in church and state, and ably and prominently represent their state in the national government. A college supplied with ample resources to provide the best education. A wide range of courses.

Necessary expenses of the students moderate. No increase in tuition charges within twenty-five years.

For catalogue and illustrated booklet, address

R. L. FLOWERS
Secretary to the Corporation
Durham, N. C.

Shoes, That's All

But We Have Them for ALL you Boys and the Young Ladies, also.

Glad to have you come to see us at any time.

PRIDGEN & JONES COMPANY

Victrolas and Victor Records

Headquarters

Sheet Music **Small Instruments**

The Corley Company

Durham, - - - - North Carolina

Keep Your Feet Off the Ground

Have your sole mended by the Goodyear Repair System and make life's walk easy. A good sole keeps a good disposition, and a good disposition creates a good soul; so live for the future by looking out for the present.

ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

Trinity Athletic Council, Representative **209 E. Main Street**

SPECIAL CLASSES

Turn your spare time into the knowledge of

SHORTHAND - TYPEWRITING - PENMANSHIP

Special Class arrangement for Trinity Students.

Tuition Rates Reasonable

Our school is accredited by the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools

DURHAM BUSINESS SCHOOL

MRS. WALTER LEE LEDNUM, President

Automobiles for Hire

W. E. Harris J. H. Harris M. D. Harris

CADILLACS

Phone 1390 Phone 414 Phone 1418

We Will Be Ready

DR. D. K. LOCKHART
DENTIST
405 Geer Building
Phone 771

DR. J. T. McCRACKEN
DENTIST
413 Trust Building
Phone 114

"THE TWO-TIMES-A-WEEK LAUNDRY"
(*TUESDAY and THURSDAY*)

Durham Laundry

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

The Trinity College Athletic Council, *Agent*

Trinity Pharmacy

WE WELCOME EVERY TRINITY STUDENT
WE DESIRE YOUR PATRONAGE

Cigars, Cigarettes, Candy
Toilet Articles, Stationery

FOUNTAIN DRINKS

THOMAS DRUG COMPANY

WEST DURHAM, N. C. PHONE No. 186

Full Line Cigars, Cigarettes and Candies. We have an up-to-date Soda Fountain. Fresh Complete Line of Prescription Drugs.

See Us Before Buying

AGENTS Kodaks, Vinol, Rexall Line, Nyall Remedies

MALBOURNE CIGAR STAND

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, MAGAZINES, PAPERS

We Appreciate Your Patronage

R. L. BALDWIN CO.

105 MAIN STREET

Correct dress for women. Specializing on ladies' and misses' Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists, Hosiery and Shoes. Curtains and Drapery

GREEN AND POTEAT

INKS BOOKS STATIONERY

"WE APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE"

SNIDER-FLETCHER COMPANY

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY

Repairing a Specialty

READ THE ARCHIVE ADVERTISEMENTS

Model Steam Laundry

Laundry and Pressing

Good Service Guaranteed at

GOOD RATES

Represented by - - - - J. O. LONG

25 STORES SELL FOR LESS 25

BELK-HUDSON COMPANY

"Everything up-to-date"

MEN'S FURNISHINGS AND SHOES

BELK-HUDSON COMPANY

W. MAIN STREET

KRONHEIMERS 313-15-17 W. Main St.

DURHAM'S BIG DRY GOODS STORE

Dress Goods, Suits, Millinery, Etc.

"College Trade Solicited"

DURHAM TRACTION CO.

1899 1919

"Nothing too Large---Nothing too Small"

Everything Electrical

FOR

POCKET KNIVES, RAZORS AND RAZOR STRAPS

SEE

TAYLOR-PHIPPS CO.

J. W. POLLARD, Proprietor

HOTEL MALBOURNE

Durham's Fireproof Hotel

We very much appreciate the patronage from Trinity

E. I. BUGG, Manager — E. B. BUGG, Ass't Manager

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

Make "Real Ice Cream" and Serve all Drug Stores, Colleges, Schools, Wedding Parties and Receptions of any importance.

PHONE 1199

WE ASK YOU TO LET

LIBERTY TAILORS

DO YOUR TAILORING

Because we feel positive that you'll be eminently satisfied
Your satisfaction means our success and we certainly want to be successful

LIBERTY TAILORS, 306 W. Main St.

THE YARBOROUGH

Raleigh's Leading and Largest Hotel
RALEIGH, N. C.

European Plan

Our large lobby and balcony make it especially attractive for the ladies. Our Cafe equals the best, North or South. Music every evening.

B. H. GRIFFIN HOTEL COMPANY, Proprietors

SHEPHERD FURNITURE CO.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR

COLUMBIA, AEOLIAN and VOCALION
TALKING MACHINES and RECORDS

CORCORAN STREET

EAT AT
GOODY SHOP CAFE
FEEDS YOU BETTER

PERRY-HORTON CO.

We Specialize in Smart Shoes for College Men

Nettleton's and Hurley's for Men
Cousins' and Grover's for Ladies

117 West Main Street *Telephone No. 7*

RAWLS-KNIGHT COMPANY

Main and Parrish Streets Durham, N. C.

Fashionable Wearing Apparel for Women

Silks, Piece Goods, Notions, Centemeria Gloves, Crown and Lady Ruth Corsets

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN MAIL ORDERS

CONFIDENCE

THAT'S THE REASON WHY OUR BANK HAS GROWN

OUR BANK HAS GROWN BECAUSE
THE PEOPLE OF THE COMMUNITY
BELIEVE IN OUR BANK

We do not solicit your account just because ours is a National Bank, but also because the good names of responsible upright men of known financial responsibility are likewise behind our Bank. We shall welcome your bank account.

Capital	**400,000.00**
Surplus	**250,000.00**
Undivided Profits	**50,000.00**

JULIAN S. CARR
President

W. J. HOLLOWAY
Cashier

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF DURHAM

We know your wants and want your business

See--- DURHAM'S LEADING FURNITURE HOUSE

CHRISTIAN & HARWARD

FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS

Corcoran St. Opposite Postoffice — J. L. LOCKHART, Manager

TRINITY PARK SCHOOL

ESTABLISHED 1898

Location Excellent. Equipment first-class. Well trained Faculty of successful experience. Special care of health of the students. An instructor in each dormitory to supervise living conditions of boys under his care. Excellent library and gymnasium facilities. Large athletic fields.

For Illustrated Catalogue address

F. S. ALDRIDGE, Headmaster

DURHAM, N. C.

Founded 1838 Chartered 1859

TRINITY COLLEGE

An institution of education intensely devoted to developing men. Its graduates are everywhere successful and fill important positions in all lines of work. They occupy places of honor and dignity in church and state, and ably and prominently represent their state in the national government. A college supplied with ample resources to provide the best education. A wide range of courses.

Necessary expenses of the students moderate. No increase in tuition charges within twenty-five years.

For catalogue and illustrated booklet, address

R. L. FLOWERS
Secretary to the Corporation
Durham, N. C.

Shoes, That's All

But We Have Them for ALL you Boys and the Young Ladies, also.

Glad to have you come to see us at any time.

PRIDGEN & JONES COMPANY

Victrolas and Victor Records

Headquarters

Sheet Music **Small Instruments**

The Corley Company

Durham, - - - - North Carolina

Keep Your Feet Off the Ground

Have your sole mended by the Goodyear Repair System and make life's walk easy. A good sole keeps a good disposition, and a good disposition creates a good soul; so live for the future by looking out for the present.

ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

Trinity Athletic Council, Representative **209 E. Main Street**

SPECIAL CLASSES

Turn your spare time into the knowledge of

SHORTHAND - TYPEWRITING - PENMANSHIP

Special Class arrangement for Trinity Students.

Tuition Rates Reasonable

Our school is accredited by the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools

DURHAM BUSINESS SCHOOL

MRS. WALTER LEE LEDNUM, President

Automobiles for Hire

W. E. Harris | J. H. Harris | M. D. Harris

CADILLACS

Phone 1390 | Phone 414 | Phone 1418

We Will Be Ready

DR. D. K. LOCKHART
DENTIST
405 Geer Building
Phone 771

DR. J. T. McCRACKEN
DENTIST
413 Trust Building
Phone 114

"THE TWO-TIMES-A-WEEK LAUNDRY"

(*TUESDAY and THURSDAY*)

Durham Laundry

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

The Trinity College Athletic Council, *Agent*

Trinity Pharmacy

WE WELCOME EVERY TRINITY STUDENT
WE DESIRE YOUR PATRONAGE

Cigars, Cigarettes, Candy
Toilet Articles, Stationery

FOUNTAIN DRINKS

THOMAS DRUG COMPANY

WEST DURHAM, N. C. PHONE No. 186

Full Line Cigars, Cigarettes and Candies. We have an up-to-date Soda Fountain. Fresh Complete Line of Prescription Drugs.

See Us Before Buying

AGENTS Kodaks, Vinol, Rexall Line, Nyall Remedies

MALBOURNE CIGAR STAND

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, MAGAZINES, PAPERS

We Appreciate Your Patronage

R. L. BALDWIN CO.

105 MAIN STREET

Correct dress for women. Specializing on ladies' and misses' Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists, Hosiery and Shoes. Curtains and Drapery

GREEN AND POTEAT

INKS BOOKS STATIONERY

"WE APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE"

SNIDER-FLETCHER COMPANY

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY

Repairing a Specialty

READ THE ARCHIVE ADVERTISEMENTS

Model Steam Laundry

Laundry and Pressing

Good Service Guaranteed at

GOOD RATES

Represented by - - - - J. O. LONG

25 STORES SELL FOR LESS 25

BELK-HUDSON COMPANY

"Everything up-to-date"

MEN'S FURNISHINGS AND SHOES

BELK-HUDSON COMPANY

W. MAIN STREET

KRONHEIMERS 313-15-17 W. Main St.

DURHAM'S BIG DRY GOODS STORE

Dress Goods, Suits, Millinery, Etc.

"College Trade Solicited"

DURHAM TRACTION CO.

1899 1919

"Nothing too Large---Nothing too Small"

Everything Electrical

FOR

POCKET KNIVES, RAZORS AND RAZOR STRAPS

SEE

TAYLOR-PHIPPS CO.

J. W. POLLARD, Proprietor

HOTEL MALBOURNE

Durham's Fireproof Hotel

We very much appreciate the patronage from Trinity

E. I. BUGG, Manager E. B. BUGG, Ass't Manager

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

Make "Real Ice Cream" and Serve all Drug Stores, Colleges, Schools, Wedding Parties and Receptions of any importance.

PHONE 1199

WE ASK YOU TO LET

LIBERTY TAILORS

DO YOUR TAILORING

Because we feel positive that you'll be eminently satisfied
Your satisfaction means our success and we certainly want to be successful

LIBERTY TAILORS, 306 W. Main St.

THE YARBOROUGH

Raleigh's Leading and Largest Hotel
RALEIGH, N. C.

European Plan

Our large lobby and balcony make it especially attractive for the ladies. Our Cafe equals the best, North or South. Music every evening.

B. H. GRIFFIN HOTEL COMPANY, Proprietors

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Owned and controlled by the State

Schools of Medicine and Pharmacy
Training School for Nurses

Rated in Class A by the Council on Medical Association of the American Medical Association. Member of the Association of the American Medical Colleges and the American Conference of Pharmaceutical Faculties.

New Building with well equipped Laboratories. A full corps of all-time teachers.

Located opposite Roper Hospital and very near the Charleston Museum, thus affording the students more extensive opportunities for research and training.

Women are admitted to all schools.

For catalogue, address

H. GRADY CALLISON, Registrar,
Calhoun and Lucas Sts. Charleston, S. C.

Get it from **DURHAM CIGAR STORE**

"It must be good"

Make this Your Home, Boys They all "Hang Out" Here

Cigars Cigarettes Tobaccos Pipes Candy Soda

"Trinity's Downtown Headquarters for Last Ten Years"

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA

State Institution

Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy

New Buildings. Well-Equipped Laboratories. Under the Direction of Full-Time Competent Teachers.

The Memorial Hospital, Dooley Hospital, Colored Hospital are owned and controlled by the Medical College of Virginia, and offer every facility for thorough Clinical Teaching. Staffs composed of the Faculty of the College. Additional Clinical Facilities are offered through the Virginia Hospital, City Home, City Jail, etc.

For full information and catalogue, address

J. R. McCAULEY, Secretary, Richmond, Va.

The Seeman Printery

Durham, N. C.

Printing - Engraving - Bookbinding

J. Southgate & Son

Insurance a Specialty - -

Durham, North Carolina

SPRING CLOTHING

Our new Spring Suits are worth looking at.

If you want the latest style, you'll find it right here.

There will be just the correct number of buttons on your Coat — just the right length — just the proper roll to the lapels — just the correct curve to your Trousers and the right cut to the entire suit.

Then last, but not least, the price will be just right.

$30 - $35 - $40 to $55

Sneed, Markham, Taylor Co.

The Clothiers

Expressing Elegance

MEN of today demand a higher order of quality in their clothes than ever before — probably because genuine quality has become a rarer article than in pre-war times.

This very condition has created a greater popularity for this store because we have impressed the fact that only the highest quality and style attainments can meet our high standard ideals.

Pritchard-Bright Company

DURHAM, - - - NORTH CAROLINA

FIRST

Style is to a suit what paint is to a house. It is the first thing to be noticed. Wear a Fashion Park suit and you are as well dressed as it is possible for any man to be.

THE FASHION PARK AGENCY

W. M. NEWTON COMPANY

DE LUXE CLOTHIERS 213 W. MAIN

The Trinity Archive

March, 1920

Life

It is a long lane and has no turn--
It is rough, rocky, and full of hardships--
But if you are prepared for it the way is easy

When you are through College and get out into the world you will realize this truth. Begin saving now and make the road of life easy going.

Many of the nation's greatest financiers started their fortunes with a dollar. The world offers much to a college man with a little capital in his pocket. *Think it over.*

THE FIDELITY BANK

North Carolina's Greatest Banking Institution

B. N. DUKE, Pres. J. F. WILY, Vice-Pres. S. W. MINOR, Cashier

The

Electric Shoe Hospital

Desires Your Patronage

WE PLEASE OUR CUSTOMERS—
WE ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

Work Guaranteed

WE COLLECT AND RETURN WORK

O. J. HOBBY, Proprietor

"Brick" Starling, College Representative

324 W. Main Street **Phone 1272**

Trinity College Students

You will find Our Fountain the home of good drinks. We invite you to make our store your downtown headquarters.

BEN H. THOMAS, Telephone 33

MARKHAM-ROGERS CO.

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS, TAILORS AND HATTERS

104 W. MAIN ST. PHONE 590

WE WILL APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE

For Hardware, Pocket Knives, Shells and Leggins

POLLARD BROTHERS, Hardware

MAIN STREET DURHAM, N. C.

DR. N. ROSENSTEIN, OPTOMETRIST, DURHAM, N. C.

See Me and See Better

OPTICAL STORE
Opposite Postoffice

Lenses Ground While You Wait

Five Points Drug Co. SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE Phone 150

BLACKNALL'S DRUG STORE

THE BEST CREAM IN TOWN. COME TO SEE US FOR YOUR SMOKES, DRINKS, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

GEER BUILDING, CORCORAN ST., PHONE 62

CARR-BRYANT

THE BEST LINE OF SHOES *for* COLLEGE MEN

Anything you want in high-grade shoes with

Snap and Style

Carr-Bryant Boot and Shoe Co.

106 WEST MAIN STREET

The Royall & Borden Company

We furnished all the buildings at Trinity and nearly all the faculty homes. No order too large for us to handle promptly, intelligently and correctly, and no order too small for our appreciative best attention.

WEST MAIN STREET DURHAM, N. C.

We Lead the Leaders in College Jewelry

See our line of Trinity Chains, Pins, Rings.
They're for *you*. Repair work a specialty.

JONES & FRASIER

W. C. MERRITT, College Representative

MAIN STREET PHARMACY

One block up from station. The greatest hangout for Trinity boys off the College Park

Let Us Serve You

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXII MARCH, 1920 No. 4

MANAGER'S NOTICE

The TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater. If you do not wish to become a subscriber please notify us at once,* or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Entered at postoffice at Durham, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION: One year, $2.00; single copies, 25 cents.

Address all business correspondence to J. H. Harrison, Jr., Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF

N. M. WEST ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
J. G. LEYBURN ..... *Associate Editor*
GLADYS PRICE, J. E. GILBREATH ..... *Literary Editors*
WESLEY TAYLOR ..... *Wayside Wares*
MARY PITTS ..... *Exchanges*
J. W. R. NORTON ..... *Alumni Department*
J. H. HARRISON, JR. ..... *Business Manager*
R. S. WHITE, L. M. DRAPER ..... *Assistant Business Managers*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

LITERARY DEPARTMENT—

IMAGININGS (verse)—*Mary Wescott* 253

A VICTORIOUS BATTLE (story)—*Adelaide Lyons* 255

WRITTEN IN LOVING SYMPATHY OF A FRESHMAN—*Lelia Humble* 265

REVIEW OF TAGORE'S GITANJOLI—*Jake Hazelwood* 266

DREAMS COME TRUE (story)—*Helen McCrary* 268

DO YOU STAND ALONE? (verse)—*Ruth Merritt* 277

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH AT COLLEGE (story) *Margie White* 278

A PARABLE—*Vera Carr* 286

WHEN DO I LOVE YOU BEST (verse)—*Jake Hazelwood* 287

EDITORIALS—

SENIOR EXAMINATIONS FOR SPRING TERM 228

DO YOU READ? 289

WAYSIDE WARES—

"TO THE LIBRARY!" 291

MODERN STONE AGE DOPE 291

A COLLEGE TRAGEDY 292

CAFE BLUES 293

WAKE UP FRESHMAN 293

AN ODE 293

WANTED: KNOWLEDGE 294

EXCHANGES—

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT—

HISTORY OF WOMEN IN THE TEACHING PROFESSION IN THE UNITED STATES—*Lucile Bullard* 298

THE FUGITIVE (verse)—*Mary Wescott* 307

CONGRESSIONAL BUSINESS IN 1950—*Ruth Merritt* 308

The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1920

Imaginings

Mary Wescott, '14

I would that we might skim today o'er Currituck's blue
waters,
Our cat boat gleaming freshly white,
Our sail flung to the breeze;
Our trolling lines a-stern to catch some channel fish unwary—
The simple joys of yesterday,
How well today they'd please.

I would that we might be tonight where white sea waves
are breaking,
The lighthouse gleaming from the north,
A full moon in the sky—
We'd talk as in other days of things far past our knowing—
Of plans we've made for future days,
Of how, and when, and why.

Oh, but we've touched strange ports and roads since last
we met together—
We've sailed afar o'er unknown seas
And braved the winds of chance;
'Tis strange, indeed, to think upon the havoc to our num-
bers—
We're scattered up and down the land,
And one's asleep in France.

Ah, well, perchance in future days when life shall ease its shackles,
When all the rush and stir of things
Has wrought with us its will,
Perchance we'll reach those haunts again and raise our shouts and laughter
Where strangers now hold counsel
On the sands of Payner's Hill.

A Victorious Battle

Adelaide Lyons

Sarah M'Donald hurried out of the kitchen door, wiping her hands on her apron and pushing a strand of gray hair back from her forehead. At the corner of the house she shaded her eyes with a gnarled hand and looked toward the road at the end of the lane.

* * * * *

It was not time for the mail carrier, but twice already Sarah had been out to look for him. Every morning for a week she had watched in this same way, for she knew that Jim's draft summons might come at any time, and she could not settle down to the day's work until she had found out whether her son was called that day or would be free until the next.

Not seeing the carrier, she went into the house again, but before she could get back to washing potatoes, the telephone rang.

The call was for her husband, who came from the barn to answer it. He was a plump little man with full lips, and eyes set too close together.

"Sarah," he said when he had finished the conversation, "Can't you give me some dinner right off? I have to go to Russellville this afternoon."

Sarah looked at him steadily. "Now, what for this time?"

"To see a government man about selling those young mules."

"Well, I wish you'd see about selling that blaze-faced sorrel of yours and getting something I can drive."

"Oh, Sarah, that horse is all right," Walter M'Donald smiled patronizingly at his wife. "The only trouble is that you're afraid of him."

"But I am afraid of him, and I want—"

But Walter interrupted with his slow, good-natured drawl:

"I wish you'd tell Jim when he comes in, to mend the hay bailer."

"Now, Walt, I thought you were going to do that yourself."

"I was, but the government man will just be in town this afternoon, and we have to bale hay tomorrow."

"Why don't you let Jim go to town and you fix the baler?"

Walt laughed. "Oh, pshaw, he wouldn't know what to say, and I have to see some other people anyhow. Besides, Jim's fixing that fence and will probably be late getting through. I told him he needn't come to dinner till he had finished."

"You were mighty careful to be around for your own dinner. Walt, you're leaving too much of the farm work to Jim, and you know it."

Again Walt laughed, "What do you want me to do with him; tie him up with pink ribbon and set him on the mantelpiece for an ornament?"

Sarah said nothing; she was always helpless when Walt began to joke. Walter went on.

"You can't seem to understand that I've got business to look after, the county fair and the farm loan, and now this producers' league coming on. I can't be tied down to the farm all day."

"You're willing enough for Jim and me to be tied down," Sarah retorted. "What are you going to do when he goes to camp?"

"Oh, he hasn't gone yet," Walter remarked easily, and started to leave the room, but turned again to say:

"And Sarah, don't forget that there's going to be a meeting at the schoolhouse tonight. They're going to organize a producers' league to raise bigger crops in this district next year and do more canning and such. The

county agent and a man from the agricultural college will be there. I want you and Jim to go. I'll probably be late, but I know what they are going to do anyhow, and I guess I'll get in in time for the election of officers."

"Oh, you will, will you?" thought Sarah as she started to carry her husband's lunch into the dining room.

When Walter had eaten and started to town, Sarah, sure that the carrier must have passed, got her tattered straw hat and trudged up the lane to the mail box. She hoped her husband had not taken all the mail whether it was for him or not.

Walter had left what he did not want, and Sarah's hands trembled when she took out the bundle—a county fair premium list and a mail order catalog for Walter, a farm paper, and—there it was, an unstamped manilla envelope marked "Official Business," and addressed to "James S. M'Donald."

Sarah felt suddenly cold in spite of the July sunshine. The certainty was worse than the suspense. For a minute she steadied herself against the gate-post; then she closed her lips squarely and went back to the house.

She did not open the letter but set it in front of the clock and went back to clear away the dishes her husband had left and to get dinner for herself and her son.

The work went slowly; she would hurry into the dairy and then stand blankly wondering what she had gone for, unable to remember anything except that Jim had been called to war. What if something should happen to him? In spite of herself there was a lump in her throat. "You're a goose, Sarah M'Donald," she told herself, "You're not the only woman whose son has gone. Jennie Clark has sent three."

Then vaguely she remembered that Kenneth Clark, closest of all Jim's friends, was home on furlough; habit told her that she must invite him to supper some night before Jim left. But she could not keep from thinking of the nights after Jim had left. She would be lonely then,

especially when Walter was away. They never said much during those evenings when she sat with her sewing and he fooled with a trap or a gun or went to sleep on the sofa, but she enjoyed those evenings more than any other time in her busy monotonous life. As she thought of the times she would be entirely alone, a new thought came to her.

"It'll be hard for Walt to get off so much when Jim's gone. I wonder what he'll do about his county fair and all. And this new producers' league—I know by the way he talked he's counting on being an officer."

It was well that Jim was late for dinner that day, for Sarah was slow in getting it ready. Everything she saw reminded her of her son, and everything stopped her hands and set her brain to working—his coat on the back porch (he wouldn't be needing that coat much longer), the shelves he had put up for her in the kitchen, the little stepladder he had made so she could reach the meat in the smokehouse.

"Jim always was a good boy, and one to think of his mother. He never gave us a mite of trouble in his life."

Unconsciously she thought of her son in the past tense, and with the tender emphasis on virtue with which we speak of the dead.

When the boy came to the house, she said briefly:

"Letter for you, Jim."

She did not say from whom, and he did not ask, nor did he tell what it was until they were seated at the table. Then he said:

"I've been reclassified."

"You what?"

"I've been put in class two."

For a minute she stared at him uncomprehendingly; then the meaning of it came to her.

"You don't have to go to war!" All the repression of her life was gone for the minute, and her tone showed how glad she was.

"No," the boy said slowly, "I don't have to go—at least not yet."

"How did it happen?"

"Father, I guess; I thought he had been talking to some of those Russellville men, but I didn't know he had asked to have me reclassified."

In her own joy Sarah failed to notice the dullness of her son's tone. The boy said nothing more, but he ate little and left the house as soon as he had finished.

His mother, as she cleared away the dishes, began to sing, "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing." All singing with her was reserved for periods of great emotion, but "Come, Thou Fount" was set apart for rejoicings of the highest order. Now, for the first time since the draft act was passed, she sang:

"Teach me some melodious sonnet."

That was what her lips said, but her heart sang:

"Jim doesn't have to go to war; Jim doesn't have to go to war—at least not yet."

"At least not yet." The song on Sarah's lips became fainter and died away, for she remembered how Jim had said it, "No, I don't have to go—at least not yet."

She tried to begin again, "Here I'll raise my Ebenezer," but all she could think was: "What did Jim mean?" The second-class men wouldn't have to go for a long time yet—probably not until after the first-class men of the new draft. She wished she could ask him, but their conversations were limited to matters of food and raiment and crops and weather.

While Sarah was wondering, a boy in uniform came to the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. M'Donald."

She looked at him a minute before she recognized him.

"Why, Kenneth Clarke! You've grown, haven't you?"

"No'm, I guess not," he laughed, "Just straightened up. Where's Jim?"

"At the barn. He'll be glad to see you."

The sight of Kenneth set Sarah to singing again, and as she took her sewing to the porch, she began "Rock of Ages," which belonged to occasions of minor joy. Jim had missed Kenneth and would be glad to see him. Jim didn't see enough people. She hoped he would notice how Kenneth had straightened up, and would straighten up some himself. Jim was too stooped for a boy his age. But the refrain to all the song was:

"Jim doesn't have to go to war—at least not yet."

Toward the middle of the afternoon Sarah went to the barn to look after a hatching hen. As she entered the stall, she heard Jim say:

"That's how it happened, and if it wasn't for mother, I'd enlist tomorrow."

"But do you think your father—" Kenneth began, but Jim interrupted:

"I know that's why he did it. He had me signing some papers about how much the farm produced and all that, but I thought it was about this producers' league they are trying to organize, and he knew I thought so."

Jim, silent before his family, talked eagerly to the boy in uniform.

"But why?" Kenneth asked.

"Because he wants me here to do the work while he goes around as a 'prominent and patriotic citizen,' that's why. I tell you, if it wasn't for mother—"

Sarah could not bear any more, and, above all, she felt that Jim must not know she had heard anything. Leaving the barn as silently as she had entered, she hurried back to the house, even more troubled than she had been over the draft call.

She knew now what Walt meant when he said "Jim isn't in yet;" she knew why he had been making so many trips to Russellville lately. Jim was right about his father's wanting to be considered a prominent and patriotic citizen.

He had always been that way, and he didn't care who suffered by it.

Sarah went over to the mirror and looked at herself, at the gray hair pulled tightly back from her forehead, at the worried wrinkles between her eyes; then she looked down at her knotty hands. "I didn't look like this when I married Walt, and it's working for him made me look like this now. And Jim'll go just the same way while Walt goes around making friends with everybody in the county, always pleasant and prosperous-looking. I've been a fool, and if I can help it, Jim ain't going to do the same thing."

Sarah went back to the porch, but the sewing in her lap was untouched. Her eyes were narrowed, and the wrinkles between them were deeper than ever; apparently she was looking over the yard, but actually she did not see the stunted nasturtiums covered with wire to keep the chickens out; she did not notice, even, that a calf was chewing at her one lilac bush. She was trying to think how she could save her son from the dullness and monotony which had made an old woman of her. She couldn't talk to Walt; he would just laugh at her, and go on like he had been. She had never been able to talk to Jim about anything more intimate than food—maybe the reason she loved him so was because she had never been able to express her feelings. For the present she would offer the one solace—food.

Going again to the barn, she called:

"Kenneth, oh, Kenneth."

"Yes'm," he answered coming toward the window.

"I'm going to have fried chicken and hot biscuits for supper. Can't you stay with Jim?"

"I sure can," he said.

* * * * *

After supper the three walked over the hill to the producers' meeting at the schoolhouse. Sarah, going into the cloakroom to leave her sweater, heard a group of young women talking just inside of the assembly room.

"Well, I'm real glad for her sake," one of them remarked.

"So am I. The mail man told me that for a week she's been watching for the mail just like a crazy person."

"You can't much blame her, he's the only one she has," said Jennie Clark, who had sent three.

The sudden silence when she came into the room and sat by Jennie made her doubly sure they were talking about her, and she felt ashamed to face her neighbors. So she sat looking out the window at the black shadows of the trees, at the school hitching rack, distinct in the clear moonlight.

How many people in the room, she wondered, had heard about Jim's reclassification, and did they think it was because she wasn't willing for him to go?

* * * * *

She wondered about it all the time the county agent and the men from the agricultural school were talking about the need for bigger crops and for greater saving of what was raised. She heard only dimly the plans for a producers' league to arrange for better marketing.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" brought her back to the rest of her world, to Jennie Clarke singing triumphantly off the key, to Kenneth erect and at attention, to Jim leaning against the wall and looking at the floor. Jim was miserable, and what was she going to do about it?

Again she wished she could talk to him, but felt that she could as easily talk to him about his soul.

After the singing the meeting lapsed into the unparliamentary neighborliness of a country election of officers.

* * * * *

"Well, now, all who are in favor of organizing this league, raise your right hands," said the county agent.

There was a general raising of hands and shuffling of feet.

"Anybody opposed?"

There was silence.

"Then the next thing to do is to elect a chairman. Do I hear any nominations?"

Everybody looked over the room, appraising everybody else.

"I nominate Tom Clarke," someone finally said. Tom was Kenneth's father.

"Second," came from the back of the room.

"No, boys, I can't do it," Tom protested.

"Oh, yes, you can."

"No, honest, with all my boys gone, I've got my hands full. You'll have to get somebody else. Walter M'Donald would be a good one."

"Is that a nomination?"

"Yes, I'll call it a nomination."

"Do I hear a second?"

The agent looked out over the audience.

"I don't believe Mr. M'Donald has come yet. He was in town this afternoon on government business and told me he might have to be late but that he would surely be here. I'm sure if you elect Mr. M'Donald, you will have a chairman who will be most zealous in looking after the interests of the league. Are there any other nominations?"

In the moment of silence which followed, Sarah saw her opportunity, but felt dizzy, and her knees trembled. She couldn't get up and talk before all those people. She had never done such a thing in her life.

She looked over at Jim, with his jaws set tight and his face flushed angrily; then she looked out of the window again. She could do anything except talk in public. At the hitching rack someone was tying a horse. It looked like Walter, it was Walter, and in a minute he would be in, smiling, and accept the nomination. Just then Sarah heard the county agent say:

"If there are no other nominations, I guess we'll call Mr. M'Donald—"

Sarah jumped to her feet quickly.

"Mr. Chairman, there isn't any use electing Walter, for he won't have time to serve. Jim's going to enlist tomorrow."

Written In Loving Sympathy of a Freshman

Lelia Humble

'Tis twelve o'clock and all is well (?)
I am a freshman beaten.
I shall this night's experiences tell
'Though sad I am to repeat 'em.

They beat me, and they tubbed poor me,
They made me climb the air,
They made me tell my lovers three,
They pulled my stringy hair.

They bade me have a seat—dears,
And on fly-paper walk,
And when my eyes were full of tears,
They'd make me rise and talk.

And now I'll go to bed, I guess,
And find a pie-bed there.
Tomorrow when I start to dress
I'll find no shoes to wear.

I'm only a freshman, they say with scorn,
But wait until next year;
Freshmen scalps will my room adorn,
And I'll be the one to jeer.

Review of Tagore's Gitanjali

Jake Hazelwood

I have never written a "book-review," but I think that it will be a distinct pleasure to tell something of my real opinion of one little book of poems, which has been my almost constant companion for nearly two years. This book-friend has gone with me on camping trips into the backwoods, and on long tramps through the mountains; and it has kept me company when I sat on my own door-step, or by my own hearthstone, after the day's cooking and sweeping were done; it now lies open before me with passages underlined, and margin-noted with my own testimony of the truth therein. Rabindrath Tagore is the author of "my small book of large companionship," as I call it, and the name of it is *Gitanjali.*

Mr. Tagore and his works were made known to me through the interest of a man who is of oriental birth, as is the author, and who has the same mystic-philosopher mind. Because of this intimate and sympathetic introduction, or preparation rather, I began to study the strange, majestic saint with a feeling of reverence and respectful friendliness.

That the poems were labelled "religious," I scarcely noticed at first; but, that the heart of God is addressed by the heart of man in terms of intimate understanding, I did not fail to percieve at the first reading. It is not my purpose, however, to try to explain my strictly religious opinion of the *Gitanjali;* that is a theoretic and complicated question.

I just want to tell how the simple poems have worked an influence in my daily life which has welded my spirit to the great Heart-of-Nature so closely that sometimes I grow even mystic-minded enough to feel myself akin to the very earth and air. When I feel thus attuned to the

philosophy of Tagore, I experience that universality of which Emerson preaches so strongly; I seem to speed out and encompass the wide world with all that in it moves or lives; or again, I feel all infinity bound up in my one soul. That I *live* in the extremities of the universe and that the whole of Nature and Creation *lives* in me are great ideas—too great for practical use until simplified and adjusted so as to cover my daily life. This the poet does, when, by his loving words and humorous understanding, he changes the tears and pains, the ugliness and shame of my *now* into flowers and fruit to cheer and sustain me on my journey towards *tomorrow.*

Before I knew Tagore I had only vague and half-formed ideas of what the *truths* of life were; but out of the *Gitanjali* I have learned three great *truths* that will never grow dim in my mind. I have learned that great love cannot be tethered in time or eternity; that the highest honor is in the humblest and meanest service; and that superb pride walks in the meekest and the lowliest.

Poem after poem in this little book has sung its lesson of thought, love, and service into my heart, and I find that I am stronger, better, and happier, because of having learned these lessons.

Practical and matter-of-fact men may put my *Gitanjali* by with a shrug of polite indifference; my girl friends may say it is "too deep" and smile; even critics may condemn it as visionary—I shall still wish to tune my life to its music, and ever seek to find a resonance in my soul to its harmony, though the whole world leave me behind in the mad rush.

Dreams Come True

Helen McCrary

Greensboro College for Women,
February 28, 1919.

Dear Dan: Of course I know you're not Dan at all or anybody else, for that matter. You're not even a person—that is, for anyone else except me. To me you are a handsome young gentleman of—well, let's say twenty-one summers. (Isn't that the way the story-book runs?) Your hair is coal black and wavy—not the kinky, frizzly kind, but the kind that falls back in soft waves from your broad, white forehead in a beautiful pompadour. Your eyes are big and brown, and sometimes they light up with fire, especially when you see me. For, Dan, you see you love me. No, you needn't deny it, because you do. Besides that, you ought to love me. Didn't I create you—perhaps not in the Biblical sense—but in the most exact sense of the word? Weren't you born of my very own mind, and don't you exist for the sole purpose of rendering me service?

Yes, I know you are mystified, filled with vague hallucinations and filmy anticipations; so hastily I dip my sage pen in ink and try to elucidate.

It was this:

Margaret, Lelia, and Marion were in my room and, incidentally, were sprawling full-length over my recently "made-up" bed. We were having a "truth-meeting," one of those feminine confabs in which one vows most solemnly to answer all questions truthfully and, true to nature, contests most gallantly to excel in—fibbing.

Margaret, as usual, was mistress of ceremonies. In an awed whisper she pricked the depths of our feminine hearts. Long and imposing was Marion's array of mas-

culine admirers. How glibly flowed her answers to even the deepest of "heart-problems!"

"Now, Helen, it's your time," said Margaret when Marion had successfully passed her examination. I shuddered. Well I knew the nature of the anticipated question:

"Have you ever been really, truly in love? Come, 'fes up! This is a truth meeting and you must tell us all about it."

I gulped, cast a furtive glance towards the door, and wondered if there could be anything in the world more terrible to a self-respecting female than to admit to other self-respecting females that "I ain't got nobody and don't nobody care for me." It was then that you came to my rescue. Solely the creature of my imagination, you never developed marvelously by my eager tongue into a real man of flesh and blood. On and on went my lengthy "love affair," gaining momentum as my mind warmed up to its delightful task, the task of creation. I was making an impression. I could see it by the way Lelia's eyebrows turned up at the corners, and by Peggy's breathless attention. Never had 81 Hudson Hall been so quiet. I was startled by my own success.

"And you are really going to get married?" gasped Marion, whom I had completely overcome by my narrative.

"Ah," I sighed romantically, "that is the question. Dan finishes this year at Trinity and wants me to marry him at once. But then there's father! Father is bitterly opposed to Dan and would never consent to our marriage. Girls! Girls! I can bear it no longer. My heart is breaking."

With these heart-rending words I buried my head in my pillow and wept real tears—whether tears caused by excitement or tears caused by the remnants of my once alert conscience, I am not able to tell; yet, whatever their

nature, they served their purpose well, for they gave reality to my every word.

The trouble now, Dan, is that the girls take it too much to heart. Every time I look the least bit mournful or cross, Marion looks at Lelia out of those big eyes of hers and seems fairly to say, "Poor, poor girl!" Besides, they expect me to write to you every day and it's too much trouble. Please forgive me, Dan; I didn't mean that last speech a bit because you know I'm crazy about you. It won't do to get tired of writing to my future "worser half," will it?

Then try to remember when you read the epistles (which incidentally I am obliged to write, because Lelia insists upon mailing them), that they are really love letters from

Your future-betrothed,
Carolyn.

P. S. No. 1.—Oh, pshaw! I wish you were somebody.

P. S. No. 2.—I forgot myself again. Of course you're somebody.

Greensboro College for Women,
April 2, 1919.

DEAREST DAN: Well, it's all up. I can't ever write to you any more now, just when I was beginning to enjoy it too.

I'm mad! I'm so M-A-D. I don't know what to do. No, don't fuss with me, because I'll cry just as surely as you do. Guess what I've done. You could never guess if you lived to be two hundred, so I'm going to explain.

Night before last I wrote two letters, one to you and one to father. I had just finished writing when the lights winked slowly four times, saying as plainly as so many words, "Let there be darkness." Literally, figuratively, and in every other sense of the word, there was darkness. As I was determined to have the letters ready for my roommate to mail early the next morning, I addressed two

envelopes in the dark and thrust my precious missives within their protecting folds.

"All's well!" I cried. Alas! I knew not of what I spake.

I was sitting peaceably in English II yesterday scribbling valiantly the praises of a Mr. Crabb and feeling very much like my hero's name. A knock on the door, followed by the exciting news that Miss Thompson was wanted at the telephone, sent me scudding towards the 'phone booth.

"This is father," came in a voice from the other end of the wire. "I am very upset about a letter that has just, accidentally, I presume, come into my possession. The letter, although addressed to me, was evidently intended for some young good-for-nothing named Dan. Carolyn, I thought I had made it sufficiently clear to you that you are entirely too young to correspond with young gentlemen. When the time is ripe I shall endeavor to select a young gentleman of a refined nature suitable to your careful upbringing. You have disappointed me sorely. The thoughtlessness and the sickening sentimentality throughout your entire letter make very evident to me the fact that college is only serving to undermine the careful training that I have endeavored to give you since your dear mother's death.

"I shall expect you to pack your trunk immediately and come home on 46, the earliest train that leaves Greensboro tomorrow morning.

"No, it is needless to try to explain. This step I most firmly believe is entirely conducive to your own welfare. I shall meet you in Tolingburg tomorrow and take you home from there myself."

I fairly flung down the receiver and ran from the telephone booth. Of course it was useless to explain. Wasn't father the author of the recently-published "Works on Antiquated Fossils." Wasn't that in itself proof sufficient that he regarded me as another insect to "fossilize" by scientific methods? Yes, he had begun this "fossilization"

at the death of my sweet little mother. He had checked most successfully my childish instincts and desires. College for a few happy months had been my alternative. Now I must go back to it all, the little village, to the dull, monotonous life, which now seemed unbearable in contrast to my happy life in college.

But why complain? It does no good. My trunk is already packed. Tomorrow this time I will be riding, riding away from Margaret, from Lelia, from Marion, but most of all from you. For, Dan, although deep down in my heart I know you are not a person at all, you have become almost a second part to me. I love you—not with the kind of love that stays for a minute and is gone, but with the love that s-t-i-c-k-s.

With this, the last letter I shall ever write you, I forever close the past and bury you, my first, last, and only love.

Farewell,
Carolyn.

Niagara Falls,
May 3, 1919.

DEAR OLD PEGGY: To you, my own roommate, will I break my startling news. Get the smelling salts and a palm-leaf fan because you are going to need them both. One, two, three, go! Well, then, I'm M-A-R-R-I-E-D. Carolyn Thompson, erstwhile freshman at Greensboro College for Women, is now Mrs. Dan Hodges, of Birmingham. A dignified matron—"that's me all over, Mable."

I can see your horrified face this very moment and hear your peremptory command: "Tell me all about it this very minute." For once I am going to be a good girl—no, lady—and explain voluntarily.

Would it surprise you still more to know that the Dan Hodges to whom I have been writing lo these many months, is not my Dan Hodges at all. At least my Dan is not the Dan of the curly black hair and the bewitching brown eyes. The last mentioned gentleman existed solely in my day-

dreams. He was only a fictitious person to take the place of the real lover that I never had. No, please don't scold me for the horrible stories I concocted about him. I did want a "sweetie" so much. You had three. Why shouldn't I have one?

My Dan Howard is—. No, I'll come to that presently.

It is hard for you to believe that I am married; a month ago it was almost as difficult for me to believe that old "'spress train 53" would be two hours late and that I should be compelled to wait that length of time in Salisbury before making connections with my home-bound train.

The dirty little station in Salisbury (Salisbury, Va.) did not strike me as the most desirable place in the world for a two hour's sojourn. I grabbed up my suitcase and started towards the door. In my haste I overlooked a banana in the middle of the floor. Slip went my foot, and crash on the floor went the rest of me. Pleasant? Well, not absolutely.

A young man hastened to assist me from my undignified and painful position.

"Oh!" I cried in horror. "Please look at my suitcase."

There the horrible thing was, sprawled wide open with its contents, consisting of pins, combs, powder, some carefully collected souvenirs for my memory-book, besides various other accoutrements of a young lady's wardrobe, sprawled out in an even more prodigious fashion.

Once more the detestable suitcase was strapped—this time very, very securely.

"You're quite welcome," my rescuer assured me as he turned to go. "No, wait! Here's something else!"

He stooped and picked up the wonderful picture that you drew of me in French class—the one underneath which you had so thoughtfully added my name.

"Carolyn Thompson!" he gasped. "Are you Carolyn Thompson?"

"Why, yes," I answered coolly. "But may I ask if that concerns you?"

"Well, just a little bit. You see I'm Dan Howard."

"Dan Howard!" I gasped.

But of course that was absolutely absurd. Dan Howard had black hair and brown eyes. Besides he was only a make-believe person.

For the first time I really looked at the tall yellow-headed giant beside me. All that I saw was a pair of gray eyes, so steady that they made my own drop in confusion.

"Please don't blame me, little girl," said the owner of the eyes. "You see I really couldn't help being Dan Howard. Your letters came to me and—well, I couldn't help reading them to save my life. Now don't look that way. I know you're disappointed in me—my hair is neither dark and curling, nor are my eyes brown and luminous.

"But why," I blazed, "why when you got my first letter didn't you tell me that you really were somebody? Why did you let me keep on writing to you? Why—"

"Wait a minute, little fire-rocket. Why didn't I tell you? Simply because I knew that if I told you it was all up with me from the start. I have felt as if I knew you from the very first. I have been wanting to see you a long time, but didn't know how to go about it. I have dreamed of you, but my dream has come true. You do not disappoint me as I do you. Oh, now! Please don't cry. Look at me like a good little girl!"

According to traditions there are two kinds of love. Love No. 1 is the love of respect gained from intimate and constant association. Love No. 2 is the love that springs in a minute from nowhere and bursts into full bloom at the first touch of Dan Cupid.

I myself had heretofore been a firm believer in the old fashioned "lengthy love;" but when I looked at Dan, here

was old No. 2 tugging away at my heart strings at a terrifying rate.

"I know this is sudden," said the yellow-haired Dan Howard, "but then I always go by jumps and starts. I thought when I read your first letter you were the one girl in the world for me and now I know it. I can tell it by your eyes, by the tilt of your determined little chin. I have always felt that sometime it would be like this—that I would love, and love at sight. It is all up to you. Do you think we could ever—?"

Little fool that I was I nodded my head.

Well, that's about all there is to tell. Dan got the license and we were married that very night. I, the daughter of Professor Thompson, author, philosopher, and scientist, had married a man upon whom I had never "sot" eyes before and about whom I knew absolutely nothing other than that he was tall, blond, and had the prettiest gray eyes I had ever seen.

"But," you ask, "how did you know he really loved you?"

Well, Peggy, they say that a woman's intuition never goes astray, and in this case I was no exception to the rule. Dan loves me almost as much as I love him, and that is with my whole heart. Every day, as I know him better, I love him more.

Ready for question number two! "What does he do?"

He is assistant English professor at Trinity. This is his first year of teaching, and in his words "we're poor as Job's turkey but hopeful as Happy Hooligan himself." We're happy, and that is the main thing after all, isn't it?"

Question number three, "What does your father say about it?"

Well, at first he was as mad as you used to be when I would swipe your hairpins. Now, since he has found that Dan is the son of one of his old schoolmates, he is a little more reconciled. Poor old Daddy! After all, I am an aggravating daughter.

Today we are at Niagara Falls on the last day of our honeymoon. Peggy, I want you to come to see me as soon as I get my little bungalow in proper running order. My, but I'm going to be a dandy housekeeper! I can hardly wait until we get into our new home.

Such an epistle! Dan seems very much upset about it. He says that the next thing I know, the postman will sue me for breaking his back.

Such being the case, I really do think I had better dispatch this missive.

With "oodles" of love from
Carolyn.

P. S.—Peggie, let me give you a bit of advice, if you will listen to an old married woman. Don't follow my rather risky example, for there is just one Dan in the wide, wide world.

Mrs. D. Howard.

Do You Stand Alone?

Ruth Merritt, '19

Do you stand alone, my friend—
    Alone amid the crowd?
Does it oft not understand,
    And thrust its jeers aloud?

If there you stand sincere
    In what you think is right,
Keep a stand that's firm, and, too,
    Keep a face that's ever bright.

Full firmly though you stand
    For what is high and true,
'Tis little good you'll do
    If you seem your deed to rue.

How to be Happy—Though at College

Margie White

Wednesday night.
Durham, N. C.,

My dear little Sister: Since you are graduating at high school this year, and since you are planning to come here to college next year, I think I shall write you a long letter of some three thousand words, to advise you about some things which I know will worry you while you are here. You have written me many letters since I have been here, and I notice that you always ask, "Are you having a wonderful time?" That makes me believe that you are looking forward to college as a sort of endless play-day, that you consider "going to college" to be meeting all kinds of attractive people, having a good time, and incidentally going to a few classes once or twice a day. If this is true, I feel that I ought to disillusion you, for college is much more than that, and if you come prepared to enter a perpetual picnic, you will be sadly disappointed. I know this to be true because I came here last fall with the same idea.

A month rolled by and I found that I was greatly mistaken. At first I did not think I could ever go to college and be happy. There were so many things that sprang up unexpectedly to worry me that I felt like being happy at college was almost as impossible as living within your income is now-a-days. But I finally learned that it was actually possible to go to school and at the same time be reasonably happy, and out of my sophisticated sophomore wisdom I shall pass the knowledge on to you.

You cannot realize how many, many little things there are to make you want to throw the business of getting educated into the deep blue sea, and seek the tall uncut—and illiteracy! I will try to tell you, however, how you

can overcome all these little annoyances, which, though little, will seem momentous to you.

For instance: Some Saturday afternoon you will be comfortably lounging on your bed in front of the window. It is *Saturday,* tomorrow will be *Sunday,* and therefore you are at peace with the world. Sunday! That is a magic word in your college vocabulary. It will spell sleep, long, dreamless, undisturbed sleep. And Sunday means chicken for dinner—an endless novelty when you are at college. There you lie gazing out the window, mentally resolving to use selfishly all the hot water tomorrow and to "speak first" for the absent girls' dessert. In the midst of your reverie the door opens and your washer-woman stalks in unceremoniously. One look at her face and you know something is wrong; she wears that same half-guilty, half-sullen look she wore the day she scorched your best waist.

"What's the matter, Dora?" you inquire in a resigned voice.

"Dat dog," she replies ominously.

"What dog?" you ask.

"Dat dog dat tore yo' clothes off de line."

So that was it! Silently you take the clothes bag out of her hand and examine the contents. Yes, "dat dog" has done its work, and nearly every article is torn into shreds.

Dora is all the while explaining volubly that it wasn't her dog and it wasn't her fault, and she wasn't going to pay for them clothes; she was a poor woman, she was, and—

"I don't want you to pay for them," you interrupt, gazing fondly at what was formerly your favorite dress, but what is now a bundle of rags. Of course you don't want her to pay for them, but you want your clothes nevertheless. You reflect bitterly that if the college had had a laundry this never would have happened.

"Got any clothes this week?" Dora inquires in a speculative voice.

"No!" You snap back, and with that she waddles out.

As you listen to her retreating footsteps, you realize that she is the only available "wash lady" in your acquaintance, and that after all you must be clean even at the risk of having your clothes consumed by dogs. In view of this, you rush to the door and call down the stairs in a voice you vainly attempt to make conciliating:

"Oh, Dora, I *do* want you to take my clothes, after all."

"Yes'm," she answers back with a triumphant grin.

Now, how can you be gay and joyous over an occurrence like this? Of course, it is hard; but if you are going to be happy at college, you must learn to accept such an event as inevitable. Now I will try to tell you how to do it. First, you should remove your tattered clothes where you cannot see them; next, try to fix your mind on the fact that cleanliness is next to godliness, and that since there are always impediments in the way of godly life, there are surely impediments in the way of a cleanly life; therefore, you will regard your clothes' disaster as a "will of the devil," and you will soon forget your grievance in your determination to pay no attention to it. I know that you will have many such occasions to contend with because washer-women are the bane of the school girl's existence; and were you to allow it, they might make your life unbearable at times.

Rainy days will have much to do with making you unhappy. Some mornings you oversleep. You get up, dress in a mad rush, and bookless, breakfastless, and almost senseless, you start out the door to class. A gray, misty atmosphere greets your eyes and the patter of rain sounds in your ears. You search frantically for an umbrella, but none is forthcoming. Someone else has nonchalently walked off with yours. You start out without umbrella or overshoes; the mud "squashes" up around your shoes and spatters your stockings. You feel horrible, but still you

must get to your class, and on you splash, the rain running in little rivulets down your face. You reach the class only to find that the professor is cutting today. You start back to the dormitory with murder in your heart. How *could* you be happy on such a rainy day when everything goes wrong? The first thing I'd advise you to do would be to think of the boy in the trenches, or rather the boys who used to be in the trenches. Think of the mud, the rain, and think of them standing there cheerfully and uncomplainingly (so the papers said). Then think of yourself complaining because a little rain has put you out of sorts. Try to imagine the cheerless aspect of No-Man's-Land on rainy days. Remember that in addition to rain and mud there were bombs, barrages, shrapnel, and machine guns; and if these things are hard to visualize, you can certainly congratulate yourself that you are not bothered with "cooties." Perhaps your imagination may be a little rusty, and the war may seem so long ago that you cannot derive any comfort from reflecting on it. The fact that the soldiers had to endure the rain and the mud may make it no easier for you. If you feel that way, I would advise you to get out that famous poem of Lonfellow's and read the lines, "Into each life some rain must fall," etc. Perhaps they will comfort you, especially if you are poetically inclined. On the other hand, you might feel that Longfellow was an old fogy who did not know what he was talking about. If you do, the rain is evidently getting on your nerves (it often will), and in order to be bright and happy once more, you must take desperate measures. Steal an umbrella from somewhere, take all the money you have, hail a street car, and go down town. What if you do have to cut a class? What difference do classes and professors make when you are unhappy? The prospect of an afternoon in Durham is not appealing, even in fair weather, but at least you will have more entertainment than you would if you stayed at the college;

and somehow the rain doesn't seem as steady or the mud as sticky when you are splashing around to picture shows and drug stores. If you will stop thinking about the rain and become engrossed in a thrilling picture, such as "The Adventures of Bertha, the Beautiful Cloak Model," and if afterward you will regale your worn spirits with a metropolitan sundae in the quiet seclusion of the Main Street Pharmacy, you will no doubt return to the college a happier girl than you were when you left it.

So much for rainy days. There are many more "trials and tribulations" that are apt to beset you any day. There is a show in town. You are planning to go, and you have studied all your lessons so that you may be absolutely careful. You are donning your holiday apparel, gaily humming a tune as you think of the fun you are going to have staying out until eleven o'clock. Someone enters and carelessly inquires, "Have you studied for your Bible quiz?" Bible quiz! You had forgotten all about it. You will have to give up the show; you know absolutely nothing about that Bible, and you know by experience that Professor Spence's quizzes are no "crips." You give up the theatre, and with a feeling far from religious you sit down to cram for your quiz. Now, what *can* you do to make yourself happy under circumstances like these? The best thing I can tell you to do is to reflect on the compensations of self-sacrifice (if there are any) and try to be satisfied with the knowledge that you are doing the right thing. If this does not work, then concentrate on the fact that you should appreciate your opportunities for an education and that you should grasp eagerly every minute to study instead of evading it. If you have any "sense of duty" this last suggestion will probably work, and you will soon be congratulating yourself that you stayed at home to study your interesting Bible lesson instead of wasting your time on a mediocre show. You will soon be feeling quite happy and self-satisfied besides.

Another instance: Some night you are planning a jolly good time with a crowd of girls. You are going down town and cram in just as much fun as you can until ten-forty-five; then, like Cinderella of old, you will fly back to college. In the midst of these delightful prospects, there appears a Y. W. C. A. worker, wearing a sanctimonious expression, who urges you, in a pathetic voice, to attend vesper services at seven o'clock and Y. W. C. A. meeting afterward. She gives you a heart-rending account of the poor attendance to these beneficial meetings and, in short, makes you feel that it is your personal responsibility to swell the crowd by being there on the front seat. When she leaves, she has extracted a promise from you to be there and your lark goes up in the smoke of desire. How can you be happy over this? Just sit calmly down and try to remember all the Turk's atrocities to the poor suffering Armenians. Remember how the Chinese girls are calling for more Y. W. C. A.'s. Think of the conditions of the poor heathen women in India, who are not blessed with such wonderful institutions as the Y. W. C. A. If you will concentrate on these facts long enough, you will soon feel a deep contempt for yourself for not wanting to attend the Y. W. C. A. You will regain your blythe spirits in the realization that you, at least, will always have the Y. W. C. A. with you, especially on collecting days.

Again, suppose you have just finished an unusually scant lunch, and, with a crisp dollar bill in your pocket, you are wending your way to Mrs. Graham's store, the haven of all famished souls. As you walk on, mentally picturing the many delicacies you are recklessly going to purchase, you hear footsteps behind you, and turning around you look into the relentless eyes of a collector. This time it is a collection for the establishment of a home for aged and infirm cats in Mexico. Although you use every possible method of stragetic evasion, your dollar is mysteriously changed from your pocket to that of the collector. Do

not be angry about this, but remember what a wonderful thing you are doing for humanity by helping to take care of the poor, homeless cats. Think of your own cat at home, purring complacently by a cheerful fire; then think of the millions of homeless cats who wander from house to house and never find a real home. In the glow of satisfaction that will permeate you at the thought of your kind heart, your empty stomach will be forgotten.

These are just a few of the instances that will occur every day in your college life, and I have tried to show you how to be happy in spite of them. Time is not sufficient for me to tell of the many petty annoyances you will have to contend with. If I should tell you all, you would probably decide not to come to college at all; however, I will vouch for the fact that you can exist very well here, and if you will take my advice, you might derive a reasonable amount of happiness from that existence! If you will always keep your eyes on the goal you are striving for, these little annoyances will not bother you much. If you are inclined to be downcast, remember "the prize of the high calling"—your diploma; remember that you have only three more years of misery to undergo; and live for the time when you can literally shake the dust of Trinity off your feet and walk out into the world, leaving such disagreeable things as washer-women, vesper services, and weekly themes.

I read a story once about a convict who had been in Sing Sing for forty years for committing murder. Finally he was pardoned by the governor of the state, and the morning came when he was to be set free. The warden gave him the usual releasement gift of five dollars, and the guard conducted him to the great gate that led out from the prison. The gate was slowly opened and the man stood there—free. He looked down the glistening white road that beckoned him; he thought of the hardships he must encounter in the world, the disappointments he would have

to undergo; remembering his carefree prison days, he stepped back inside the court, and the gates closed on him forever. Do you believe that? I don't!

Write and tell me how you think you will like college after the rather pessimistic picture I have drawn and tell me what you think of the advice of

Your Sister.

A Parable

Vera Carr

And when a great multitude of freshmen came together and resorted unto Dr. Brown, he spake by a parable: The instructor went forth to sow his seed of unity, emphasis, coherence, Woolley rules, and grammar. And as he sowed, some fell by the wayside. It was trodden under foot and the birds of the heaven devoured it. And other fell on the rock; and, as soon as it grew, it withered away because it had no moisture. And other fell amidst the thorns; and the thorns grew with it, and choked it. And other fell into the good ground, and grew and brought forth fruit a hundredfold.

And the freshmen asked him what the parable might be. And he said: Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of theme-writing and of the English language. But to sap-heads it is given in parable; that seeing they may not see, and hearing they may not understand. Now, the parable is this: The seed is Woolley rules, grammar rules, and Webster's dictionary. And those by the wayside are they that have heard. Then cometh the sophomores and the poker-playing babies and crap-shooting fiends. They take away English assignments from freshmen's minds that they may not work and be passed. And those on the rock are they who, when they have heard, receive assignments in good faith. But these have no root. For a while they work; but in time of temptation, they bounce and jounce over the rocks and pebbles on the way to the hospital, where they take treatment from the sisters of mercy. And that which fell among the thorns, these are they that have heard, and as they go down town they are choked with the pleasure of the Orpheum and the smiles of the jazz-babies. Verily, they memorize Horace's *Love Odes*, but

they bring forth no poetry to perfection. And that in the good ground, these are such as in an honest and good heart, having heard assignments, remember them well, work with them diligently, and bring forth themes with hard labor. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!

When Do I Love You Best?

Jake Hazelwood

When do I love you best, my friend?
'Tis not when you can make
My heart leap upward to behold
Your shining soul awake.

'Tis not when oft I hear your praise
From other lips than mine—
Though none so well can know your worth
In qualities so fine.

'Tis when—O fortune-blessed am I
That love hath made me wise—
'Tis when I've power to cause the glow
Of joy-light in your eyes.

EDITORIAL

SENIOR EXAMINATIONS FOR SPRING TERM? NO!

Any departure from long-established tradition is hard to accomplish, but particularly is this true in the case of education; therefore, revolutions are sometimes abrupt and violent. The fact is, they are always the result of accumulated convictions, convictions which have been running as an undercurrent beneath the surface of society for long periods of time. Now, the feeling that the spring-term examinations for seniors should be abolished has been growing stronger for years. We do not feel that it is a Utopian dream or an example of bolshevism, but a sane proposition worthy of trial.

As commencement draws near, there are unending demands made of seniors. There are hundreds of things to be done at the last minute. After a student has worked hard for four years, has passed successfully seven sets of examinations, we know that he is not going to fail on the last one. Why should he not be freed from this bugbear? Because he would not study any more this term? On the contrary, we propose to put him in a position where he will have to study. It is a well-known fact that nine out of ten students hate the thought of examinations. They would do most anything to escape from them, even to studying for daily recitation. What we want to do is to raise the standard of work for daily recitation and then exempt those from examinations who make an average of 85 on both the fall and spring term's work. Which do we retain longer, those facts daily collected and associated, or those crammed during the two weeks of examinations? Is it not true that the student who has been putting all of his energy into having a good time this last year of his college career, depending on his ability to imbibe sufficient knowledge in the end to glide through examinations with a passing mark,

would be offered the greatest possible incentive to work now?

We ask you, students of Trinity College, to ponder this question, to give us your hearty support, for you will find it means much to you in your senior year.

M. G. P.

DO YOU READ?

If a census were taken for information on this question, I wonder how many answers there would be in the affirmative. Only a few, no doubt. Then ask the question, "What do you read?" Doubtless, these answers would be very varied. Some might admit that they indulge in a very conscientious perusal of the "Tar Baby" and the chronicled episodes in the life of Mr. and Mrs. Jiggs. Others would answer that their scope of reading was limited to a hasty glance through the Sunday pictorial section and the sporting pages of the New York *Times*. Some of the co-eds might confess that the only forms of literature that afford them enjoyment are the society columns and fashion sections. A smaller number of students might report that they read novels occasionally. There might be a few rare cases of those who indulge in literature of a really serious and deep nature, and a few who keep up with the daily news.

Why is it that college students as a whole do not care to read cultivating literature? There is a treasure-house full of knowledge and enjoyment among the thousands of volumes in our library, if only they would be taken down from the shelves and given a chance. Ruskin says, "A good book is the useful or pleasant talk of some person with whom you cannot otherwise converse . . . . whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art." Is it not worth our while, then, to devote a little of our time to the productions of these superior intellects?

There are more students, perhaps, who read newspapers, and keep up with the events of the day; however, this percentage is not so large as it should be in a college whose library affords such splendid opportunities of this sort.

The appeal is made to you, therefore, to begin today to keep up with affairs of world-wide interest, and to throw away your "trashy" literature for that of a more substantial nature. The appeal is twofold—from the standpoint of selfishness and from the standpoint of loyalty to your *alma mater*. "Advancement in life means obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honorable." The strongest motive in men's minds is the love of praise—but who can praise an ignoramus who does not know the most important things an up-to-date person should know? On this basis, therefore, you should seek this intellectual development, that you might find praise rather than scorn.

It would be a discredit to the *alma mater* for her graduates to go out into the world and prove themselves lacking in this respect. We want our alumni to be well-rounded intellectually; not only to be acquainted with the literature they were compelled to read in order to receive their degree, but also to be well-informed on the most important matters of the day, and to have a reasonable amount of knowledge concerning the finest literature the world has produced.

Why, then, should we not try to unlock this treasure-house of knowledge and feed our minds on literature that is really worth while?

M. B. M.

WAYSIDE WARES

"TO THE LIBRARY!"

At night when the co-eds hear the clang of the bell,
They powder their noses and rush out pellmell.
Down stairs, over chairs, they tumble and fall
"To the library! To the library!" You can hear 'em
all bawl.

To the library they rush and the campaign begins,
For each daring co-ed is trying to win
Just one glance, or two, from her adored S. P.,
And if he doesn't come, she's as sad as can be.

Do they study? Why, of course, you'd just better bet.
Why, look at the marks they are able to get!
The co-ed is wise, and can study, you see,
If she gets inspiration from the smile of the "he."

MODERN STONE-AGE DOPE

"I'm hard," he said, and stretched up tall;
"Why, girl, I came from Granite Fall.
I eat rock candy everyday,
An' sleep on iron beds, 'stead o' hay;
I eat block cream and marble cake,
Write on sandpaper, and use a rake
To comb my hair. And you can just trust
I eat iron nails and spit out rust.
You sit down there and listen to me,
Why, lady, I'm's hard as I can be."

"All that glitters is not gold;"
Each co-ed must have her very own
For the golden hair which crowns her pate
Was made that way for $2.98.

Little Miss Horner
Sat in a corner,
And she was a co-ed sad,
But 'long came a knight
Who loved her at sight,
And now the little co-ed is glad.

A COLLEGE TRAGEDY

The man and maid were dope-shop bound:
With manly strength he led her,
With manly strength he set her down,
With manly strength he fed her.

The merry hours rolled swiftly by;
With winsome talk they filled them
With sweetest smile and loving sigh,
With discourse deep that thrilled them.

Their classes then seemed far away;
With unconcern they filled them
'Till Wannie came upon the scene;
And man and maid—he shipped them.

Dr. Cranford—Mr. Gregg, do you remember your wedding day?

Mr. Gregg—No sir, I believe not.

Dr. Cranford—Well, why is that?

Mr. Gregg—I can't associate it with anything, somehow.

SWEET DREAMS

I lay in my bed at sunrise;
Old Shorty was ringing the bell.
I thought I was dreaming of paradise
But, ah, I guess 'twas this H—.

THE CAFE BLUES

I took my gal to the Goody Shop.
She ordered steaks, fat quail, and chop;
So I sat there and planned what to do,
For she'd ordered all that she could chew.

When the bill came up I gave it a glance,
Then dived into the pockets of my pants.
What I found there was one and a half,
But that wouldn't pay for even the calf.

She smiled sorta full-like, and said to me,
"I know it isn't much, for I believe in economy."
I had planned to marry her, if she would consent,
But this was too much. I couldn't pay the rent!

AN ODE

Oh Wannie, poor Wannie, how sad is thy lot!
The job of a dean is to be right on the spot
Whether it be a crap game, or a nice chapel talk,
Or to watch for the couples who dare take a walk.
Oh, Wannie, have you forgotten your young heart's affairs?
Did you never protect your best girl from bears?
Did you never admire any whitewashed walls?
For paint and the sachet, did you never fall?
Well, Wannie, 'tis youth, and we're not to blame,
And some day we co-eds will startle you with fame.

WAKE UP, FRESHMAN

Why so pale and wan, poor freshman?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, where looking wise won't pass you,
Looking blank prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, green freshman?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when saying much won't bluff profs,
Saying nothing do it?
Prithee, why so mute?

Open up! Talk long and sagely;
Let the hope of a seventy shake you.
If a big bluff can't possibly pass you,
Nothing can make you.
The devil take you?

The R. O. T. C. chairman of the date committee reported he had announced to the boys that if they wanted a girl to take to the reception, they could get her by coming to his room.

WANTED: KNOWLEDGE

I've searched through old Webster's word book,
Over reference books I've pored;
Why, every day I look and look,
And the whole library I've explored.

But all these mysterious terms
Which I hear the co-eds use
Remind me of the modern germs,
For their meanings are refused.

Won't you please attempt to teach me,
And some information tell;
What means the magic words S. P.?
And what the letters T. L.?

"I've got an S. M.," I heard one say,
"And the nicest social S. P.
You ought to see my real S. A.
My S. P. now likes me."

Out of the windows they hang by their toes
To watch for their athletic S. P.'s
And what this means, why goodness knows,
To save my life I can't see.

The funniest I've heard is the foreign S. P.,
Who is a Frenchie, or little Chinee.
Then the one which surely does not suit me
Is what they call the intellectual S. P.

Each co-ed must have for her very own
An S. P. of every kind.
I wish I might be an S. P. renown;
But I may be, for "Love is blind."

G. P. (walking in chapel where someone was ragging "Nearer My God to Thee")—What is the name of that piece?

EXCHANGES

While there are many evidences of good work in the exchanges this month, as a whole they do not come up to their usual standards. Perhaps it is the reaction from examinations that has caused a general letting down of effort. Now, most of us, after this month, have only one issue to publish. Shall we not strive to make it the very best issue of the year—a grand climax, with no catastrophe in the shape of exchange criticisms following?

The Emory Phoenix has several very good things this time. We agree with the editors that "The Poet" deserves first place in the magazine. It is a poem of real literary merit. "The Dying Leaves" is particularly appropriate now, when their mission of sheltering the tiny flowers, lying dormant in the earth, is about to be repaid by spring. "Jes' Lonesome" is a poem expressing a very human feeling natural to all of us under similar conditions.

> "Men and devils both contrive
> Traps for catching girls alive;
> Eve was duped, and Helen kissed.
> How, oh, how can you resist?"

Thus is the theme of the short story, "Men and Devils Both Contrive," expressed. The author seems to have a pretty accurate conception of a wiley suitor and a "maiden lady's heart. He knows that in courtship a straight line is not always the shortest distance between two points.

In *The Tattler* we find essays and verse prevailing. The magazine contains two stories, but they are very short. "From the Other Side" and "A Real Salvation" are filled with human interest.

The *Hollins Magazine* has devoted several pages to the Des Moines Conference. The reports have featured in most of the magazines; those of *Hollins* may be rated among the

best. "The Depths of the Sea" is good in technique and subject matter. The author has so thoroughly enlisted our sympathy with Maria that we rejoice with her at the wrecking of the vessel. "The Harbor," a book review, reminds us that this form of writing has been almost overlooked by the college magazine this year. "The Harbor" sets a high standard for us to attain.

"John Obtains an Education," in the *Roanoke Collegian,* we would call a tale rather than a short story. It moves quietly, uneventfully to a close; it has not the dynamic quality essential to the true short story. The plot of "The Linking Bond" is good, but the story itself contains grave defects; for instance, the parting scene between the convicted man and his daughter does not seem true to life. We would hardly find a daughter who cared for her father, thinking of herself at such a moment. Then the ruse of dropping her handkerchief on the deck of the steamer is so old that it has become hackneyed. Finally, the proposal is crude; we cannot blame the girl for saying "No."

The *Ivy* of Salem College is thoroughly alive to some of the problems common to college life. This is demonstrated in "The Way of a School-Girl with the Campus." "Jane Byrd" bears a somewhat striking resemblance to some of Jean Webster's stories. "Call Me Early, Mother Dear," portrays another problem very real to the college, that of getting to chapel on time. "The Song of the Parrakett" is, in the main, original and clever. The dancing of the heroine, to quiet the panic of the people, until she is overcome by flames, is an old device of the short story.

The *St. Mary's Muse* contains three exceptionally good stories, but is short on essays.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT

History of Women in the Teaching Profession in the United States

Lucile Bullard, '16

The present importance of women in the teaching profession seems to warrant a review of the process by which they arrived from little or no place in educational fields to one which has almost usurped the position of the men.

Women first took part in teaching in the form of a school which the New England colonists brought over from England when they came—the dame school. As the dame school was the same in New England that it was in England, Crabbe's description of it may well apply to the school in both countries.

> " . . . . a deaf poor patient widow sits
> And awes some twenty infants as she knits;
> Infants of humble, busy wives, who pay
> Some trifling price for freedom through the day.
> At this good matron's hut the children meet,
> Who thus becomes the mother of the street.
> Her room is small, they cannot widely stray;
> Her threshold high, they cannot run away.
> With hand of yarn she keeps offenders in,
> And to her gown the sturdiest rogue can pin."

As she sewed or knitted the school dame taught the smaller children their letters from the classic horn-book and heard the older pupils read and spell from the famous New England primer, and at intervals between lessons she sat at the spinning wheel. In addition to this instruction she entertained them with stories from the Bible,

and strove with moral principles to bring them up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Women entered the public-school system by the transference of the dame school to the public system. At first only men were teachers, as the law required a master, but in the eighteenth century we find such entries in the town records as: "Paid Widow Walker ten shillings for schooling small children," "Paid for boarding school dame at three shillings per week." We have an account of such a transference rather early in several towns of Massachusetts: Weymouth, 1700; Amesbury, 1707; Bradford, 1710; Worcester, 1731; Wenham, 1746. This condition was not universal, but the mere fact that a woman was allowed to teach in the public schools is important.

Warren Burton (1800-1866), who attended a district school in 1804, tells us in his delightful book that the district schools were taught by a master in winter and a mistress in summer. The winter and summer terms were of equal length, from ten to twelve weeks. Women received as salaries from $4 to $10 a month and board; men received from $10 to $12 and, rarely, $20 a month and board. Most of these teachers were young, ambitious girls, who wanted to earn money to go to the academy for a term or two, or wanted to show that they could help support themselves. "Some gentle, patient, sweet-voiced and sweet-mannered girl, teaching the little ones in a summer school," always impressed her personality on her pupils. "I have heard old men speak of such with tears, showing that her image in their memory has over it a saintly nimbus," says Burton in his "The District School As It Was By One Who Went to It."

The other phase of education in which women were early engaged was as teachers in the private schools. Even though the private school was not a part of the public system, it had to be approved by the town authorities. We find entries in the town records that certain women were allowed and approved by the selectmen to keep schools

for young children. In the records of Billerica, Massachusetts, in 1718 we find this written, "the selectmen gave leave to John Hartwell's wife 'to keep a school to instruct children to read'."

The dame school, the summer term of the district school, and the private school comprised the extent of woman's field of labor in education before 1800. In the early nineteenth century several heroic women blazed out new trails leading to higher education for women. The story of women as founders and teachers of girls' institutions of higher education is an interesting one. The four pioneers in the establishment of such schools were Mrs. Emma Willard (1787-1870) in Vermont and New York; Miss Catherine Beecher (1800-1878) in Connecticut and Ohio; Miss Zilpah Grant (1794-1874) in New Hampshire, and Miss Mary Lyon (1797-1849) in Massachusetts.

In 1808 Mrs. Willard, then Miss Emma Hart, who had had experience in teaching summer terms of district schools, opened in Middleburg, Vermont, a school for young ladies. Later she founded in New York the celebrated Troy Female Seminary. She was very successful as a teacher, and her work attracted attention both in this country and abroad. Schools modeled after hers were established in other states. In 1854 she and Henry Barnard represented the United States in the International Congress of Education held in London. Through a published address of hers, "Plan for Improving Female Education," which she submitted to the New York legislature, she gained for the female academies of New York state an appropriation.

Catherine Beecher, who also had received her first experience as a teacher in the district school, established in 1822 an academy for young ladies "which is said to have been for ten years so successful as to have attracted students from every state in the Union." Her sister Harriet assisted her; both of them were excellent teachers. In 1832 Miss Beecher established in Cincinnati an academy for young ladies, but she had to give this up on account of ill health.

She exerted great influence on the education of women by her books on that subject and her efforts through a National Board and Society to enlarge the facilities for their education.

Mrs. Zilpah Grant Banister, who was a teacher of Mary Lyon, at Joseph Emerson's school in Byfield, Massachusetts, was another woman who did much for the cause of education for women and showed herself thoroughly capable as a teacher by sending out such pupils as Mary Lyon. She taught at Adam's Female Academy, Derry, New Hampshire, and became principal of the female academy at Ipswich, Massachusetts, where Mary Lyon also taught with her.

Mary Lyon had begun teaching in the common schools at the age of sixteen. She taught one term for seventy-five cents a week and her board. Mary Lyon was not content with the seminary as it existed then; she wanted the girls to have a seminary "which should be to young women what the college is to young men." With this in view she established Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, which was incorporated February, 1837. Through "years of work, of struggle, of heart-breaking disappointments, of splendid, unfaltering courage" Mary Lyon began in a small way to realize in Mt. Holyoke her dream of girls having equal opportunities with their brothers.

The schools that these women established as they blazed out a new trail, not only showed the capabilities as teachers of the women founders, but they also trained other teachers. Mt. Holyoke alone in the first twenty years of its existence (1837-1857) sent out 724 teachers out of 1,060 pupils. During the forty years that Mrs. Willard was a controlling spirit in a National Board and Society interested in education she sent from her own school and others hundreds of teachers to western schools, to the territories, and to the South.

In spite of the great work of these schools in training teachers, it was not until the middle of the nineteenth

century that there was really any large number of women teaching in the schools—at that time several influences combined to increase the number of women teachers—the rise and growth of normal schools, the recognition by Horace Mann, Henry Barnard, and other educational workers, of woman's peculiar fitness for teaching, the influence of Pestalozzianism in this country, the infant school movement, industrial revolution, and the Civil War.

The first normal school was established at Lexington, Massachusetts, in 1839. "Women only were to be admitted, and *three entered.*" The enrollment increased, however, at this school, and others were soon established, most of them admitting both men and women. From 1839 to 1853 there were established nine schools, outside of academies, whose chief purpose was the training of teachers. Six of these were public—four in New England, and one each in New York and Michigan. These normal schools gradually began to turn out more women than men. A few years after the establishment of the normal school at Albany, Massachusetts (this school was founded at about the same time the others were), of twenty-nine students entered there, sixteen were women. "A like proportion obtained at New Britain, Connecticut, in 1850." "After twenty years of experience in Massachusetts with four normal schools, eighty-seven per cent of the students were found to be women." The New York academies, too, began to send out young women from their teachers' classes. As a result of all this, statistics from the middle of the century show an increase in the number of female teachers.

The recognition by state commissioners and leaders in education, among them Horace Mann (1796-1859) and Henry Barnard (1811-1900), of the peculiar fitness of women as teachers, was bound to have some effect on the further increase of the number of women teachers. Especially was natural ability of women in teaching small children recognized. In a report published in Volume I of Barnard's *Educational Journal* for 1856, concerning the

Common Schools of Connecticut (the report was made by the Board of Education for the years 1838-1842), a plan is outlined for primary schools. In this report we find: "Female teachers, in all cases, should be employed, and the supervision of the schools be left mainly with the mothers." As to secondary schools, the report states that each school should have "a male and a female principal, as the influence of both are needed at this stage of the moral education, and the manners of the children."

In a report of the commissioners, also published in Barnard's *Educational Journal* in 1856, for the county of Hillsborough in New Hampshire, occurs the following remarks about women teachers: "Economy first led to the trial (of female teachers); and now six to one of the teachers of our schools are females, a majority of our winter sessions being committed to them, and, as aforetime, nearly all the summer. The big boy of rude manners, is trained by the magic skill of the mistress more than by the stern command and uplifted rod of the master." The report further says: " . . . . it should now pass into a habit, to employ females of proper age and power, in most of our winter schools, not only because they can be obtained for less money, but because they are more likely to be successful."

Henry Barnard, one time superintendent of common schools in Connecticut and a great educator, educated women as teachers in his *Journal.* He, too, recognizes their ability as teachers.

Horace Mann, who really did most of his educational work in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, yet who also "left his impress upon the educational sentiments . . . . of the United States," also recommends women as teachers. In an analysis of Mr. Mann's educational reports, which is given in Barnard's *Educational Journal*, it is said that he urged the aptness of women to teach, their "ability in management and discipline, good manners, and unexceptionable morals." In his twelfth and last report he sums up the tasks accomplished during his

secretaryship, mentioning the "rapid increase of female teachers, as indicating the high intellectual culture of the sex," etc.

By a little past the middle of the century Pestalozzianism had taken a great hold in the United States, and of course Pestalozzianism brought with it a high valuation of the service of women as teachers. The doctrines of Pestallozzi became more widespread through a literal translation of the original first volume of *Leonard and Gertrude,* which appeared in Volume VII of the *American Journal of Education*, in 1859. Pestalozzi gives woman a high place in education. It is Gertrude who formulates the improved school system, which is afterward transferred to the Bonnal School. "Furthermore, after adopting her principles, the organizers of the new school declare that the co-operation of her mother's heart is essential to insure its success." Then, too, Amer provided that the committee to investigate the value of the new system in Bonnal should include women," who shall view the matter with their woman's eyes, and be sure that there is nothing visionary in the background." This new prominence of woman was quite an innovation in Europe. Though not entirely new in America, it must have had its effect, as Pestallozianism held such a high place in the minds of American educators.

The Infant School Movement, which originated with Robert Owen's experiment at Lanark, was launched in America in 1828 by the Infant School Society in New York City. As the children who attended the "infant schools" were from eighteen months to three or four years of age, it was out of the question that teachers other than women be employed. Although this experiment in infant schools was fortunately short-lived, it again demonstrated the peculiar fitness of women to train small children.

Training of women to enter the teaching profession and belief in their ability as teachers alone could not have effected their wholesale entrance into the public schools. Before they could fill a place, they had to have a place

to fill. The industrial revolution, with all the upheaval of economic life that it brought, furnished new occupations for men. The commercial interests of the United States became so great that trade rose "to a dignity comparable to that of the learned professions." Men began to desert the teaching profession, and women began to succeed them. When the time came, women were ready with their ability and training.

Following Horace Mann's great work in the organization of the public-school systems in Massachusetts, other states began the same work. Just at this formative period of the public-school systems the Civil War broke out. The four years of the war took nearly all the men into the ranks of the army; therefore the elementary and secondary education of both boys and girls was of necessity placed in the hands of women. The reports on education for the first few years after the war began to show a larger percentage of women teachers than men, and the majority of teachers since that time have been women. As number 7 of the *Monographs on Education in the United States* points out, the feminine pronouns "she" and "her" are instinctively used in common speech in America with reference to a teacher.

The following statistics concerning the common-school systems, published by the commissioner of Education of the United States, show the percentage of men and women teachers for the year at or near the beginning of each ten-year period.

	Men	Women
1870-71	41.0	59.
1879-80	42.8	57.2
1889-90	34.5	65.5
1899-1900	29.9	70.1
1909-10	21.1	78.9

The latest published report of the Commissioner obtainable, that of 1917, containing figures for 1915-16, shows the

percentage of women teachers in the common schools to be 80.2. These figures are indicative of a like percentage that obtains in the city school systems and in the private schools of the country.

In public-school work in the United States women occupy many of the superior administrative and supervisory positions. In eight states a woman occupies the position of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. They are Colorado, with Mrs. C. C. Bradford as superintendent; Idaho, Miss Ethel E. Redfield; Kansas, Miss Lorraine E. Wooster; Montana, Miss May Trumper; North Dakota, Miss Minnie Neilson; Texas, Miss Annie Webb Blanton; Washington, Mrs. Josephine Corliss Preston; Wyoming, Mrs. Katharine A. Morton. Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford, now Superintendent of Colorado, was two years ago president of the National Educational Association, and at the present time Mrs. Josephine Corliss Preston, Superintendent of Washington, is President of N. E. A. In many states women serve as superintendents of local areas such as county and township. In North Carolina several counties have a woman as assistant superintendent of public instruction, and in Buncombe County Miss Ethel Terrell is superintendent. Several important cities of the country have had women superintendents of their schools; notably among these was Mrs. Ella Flagg Young in Chicago.

Statistics are not yet available that would show the increase in the number of women teachers caused by the Great War, but it is certain that they will show a large increase.

The Fugitive

Mary Wescott, '14

O, I will take my book in hand
And I will go a-wandering;
The house is still and lonely,
But the roads stretch wide and fair.
There's little now to hold me,
So I'll spend my time a-squandering,
And revel in the sunshine and the wind and air,
For there's a grief that haunts me here,
(Ay, me, the pangs of loving)
I'll lock it close behind me
And I'll throw the key away,
And o'er each distant hilltop will my eager feet be roving
And leave all care and sadnes for a future day.

Congressional Business in 1950

Ruth Merritt

The Clerk of the House of Representatives had just read, from the comparatively recently organized committee on universal relations, a report that proposed the establishing of an institution under federal control, for the purpose of encouraging and facilitating scientific research, when the minority leader, having re-entered the House only a few seconds before, rose from his seat with an air that sent a chill of ominous dread over the audience before him.

"Mr. Speaker," began Mr. Minority Leader in tones that betrayed his disturbed state," I know that, in earnestly upholding the report which our friends of the majority party have so vigorously applauded, I aim breaking a precedent. Let me explain my position: Less than five minutes ago I received over telephone from the wireless station, whose operator is a close friend of mine, the following message:

"Planet of Mars,
April 15,1950.

It is necessary that I warn you that a Martian scientist has discovered electrical powers whereby the relative position of the Planet of Mars can be changed and controlled at his will.

(Signed) Ambassador General from the Planet
of Earth to the Planet of Mars."

Mr. Minority Leader paused for a moment as if overpowered by the realization of the alarming announcement that he had made; then he continued amidst a silence that made his words fall like ill omens upon his auditors:

"If the power of controlling the relative position of Planet of Mars belongs to any of its inhabitants, then the whole mechanism of the universe is endangered. Imagine

the fatal effects that a use of such power might have upon Earth. Indeed, in case Mars decided, from some malicious intent, to destroy the whole of earth at one crushing, monstrous blow, it would be easily possible, if this scientist's discovery is real, for Mars to deal us such a stupendous stroke. That planet itself might be damaged in the event of such a colossal collision, but it is certain that Earth would be forever smashed into irreparable ruin. Or, if Mars chose to inflict upon Earth a slow, but certain death, such would be possible, if the scientist is not deceived in his discovery, for Mars, by keeping itself for some time at a certain distance between Sun and Earth, could cause every living thing on Earth to freeze and die. To me the latter supposition offers greater ground for fear, for, since, as our Ambassador General informs us, Mars is very thickly populated, the Martians might plan thus to destroy the inhabitants of Earth and, at the same time, to preserve the Planet of earth in order to repopulate our planet with some of their superfluous population. Indeed,'' continued Mr. Minority Leader, his face becoming more pale and drawn—and the tenseness of the situation now reached its climax—''indeed, if any Martian scientist has now discovered the electrical energy for controlling the course of his own planet, what proof have we that in the near future Martians may not find the means by which they can control other planets' courses also. In such an event they might decide to send Earth shooting suddenly to Sun to be consumed in a fraction of a second. Mr. Speaker, in view of this possible alarming crisis, let us erase party lines; I begin by heartily endorsing the plan for establishing an institution under federal control for encouraging or, if need be, compelling scientific research. Perhaps some Edison of today may be able so to harness electrical energy and power as to be able to prevent, not only such disastrous events, but even such a catalepsy as merely the fear of such a catastrophic tragedy would produce.''

Suddenly Mr. Minority Leader was surprised to hear some one across the house from him speaking. Then he awoke to see in his hand a newspaper, dated *February* 1, 1920, and bearing the headlines: *Strange Signals Received at Wireless Stations Believed to be Coming from Mars;* he awoke to hear some one speaking on *The League of Nations.* He awoke to find that the fear that was paralyzing the House was that in entering the League of Nations the United States would endanger her independence.

SHEPHERD FURNITURE CO.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR

COLUMBIA, AEOLIAN and VOCALION
TALKING MACHINES and RECORDS

CORCORAN STREET

EAT AT

GOODY SHOP CAFE

FEEDS YOU BETTER

PERRY-HORTON CO.

We Specialize in Smart Shoes for College Men

Nettleton's and Hurley's for Men
Cousins' and Grover's for Ladies

117 West Main Street *Telephone No. 7*

RAWLS-KNIGHT COMPANY

Main and Parrish Streets Durham, N. C.

Fashionable Wearing Apparel for Women

Silks, Piece Goods, Notions, Centemeria Gloves, Crown and Lady Ruth Corsets

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN MAIL ORDERS

CONFIDENCE

THAT'S THE REASON WHY OUR BANK HAS GROWN

OUR BANK HAS GROWN BECAUSE THE PEOPLE OF THE COMMUNITY BELIEVE IN OUR BANK

We do not solicit your account just because ours is a National Bank, but also because the good names of responsible upright men of known financial responsibility are likewise behind our Bank. We shall welcome your bank account.

Capital	400,000.00
Surplus	250,000.00
Undivided Profits	50,000.00

JULIAN S. CARR
President

W. J. HOLLOWAY
Cashier

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF DURHAM

We know your wants and want your business

See--- DURHAM'S LEADING FURNITURE HOUSE

CHRISTIAN & HARWARD

FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS

Corcoran St. Opposite Postoffice — J. L. LOCKHART, Manager

TRINITY PARK SCHOOL

ESTABLISHED 1898

Location Excellent. Equipment first-class. Well trained Faculty of successful experience. Special care of health of the students. An instructor in each dormitory to supervise living conditions of boys under his care. Excellent library and gymnasium facilities. Large athletic fields.

For Illustrated Catalogue address

F. S. ALDRIDGE, Headmaster

DURHAM, N. C.

Founded 1838 Chartered 1859

TRINITY COLLEGE

An institution of education intensely devoted to developing men. Its graduates are everywhere successful and fill important positions in all lines of work. They occupy places of honor and dignity in church and state, and ably and prominently represent their state in the national government. A college supplied with ample resources to provide the best education. A wide range of courses.

Necessary expenses of the students moderate. No increase in tuition charges within twenty-five years.

For catalogue and illustrated booklet, address

R. L. FLOWERS
Secretary to the Corporation
Durham, N. C.

Shoes, That's All

But We Have Them for ALL you Boys and the Young Ladies, also.

Glad to have you come to see us at any time.

PRIDGEN & JONES COMPANY

Victrolas and Victor Records

Headquarters

Sheet Music **Small Instruments**

The Corley Company

Durham, - - - - North Carolina

Keep Your Feet Off the Ground

Have your sole mended by the Goodyear Repair System and make life's walk easy. A good sole keeps a good disposition, and a good disposition creates a good soul; so live for the future by looking out for the present.

ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

Trinity Athletic Council, Representative **209 E. Main Street**

SPECIAL CLASSES

Turn your spare time into the knowledge of

SHORTHAND - TYPEWRITING - PENMANSHIP

Special Class arrangement for Trinity Students.

Tuition Rates Reasonable

Our school is accredited by the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools

DURHAM BUSINESS SCHOOL

MRS. WALTER LEE LEDNUM, President

Automobiles for Hire

W. E. Harris | J. H. Harris | M. D. Harris

CADILLACS

Phone 1390 | Phone 414 | Phone 1418

We Will Be Ready

DR. D. K. LOCKHART
DENTIST
405 Geer Building
Phone 771

DR. J. T. McCRACKEN
DENTIST
413 Trust Building
Phone 114

"THE TWO-TIMES-A-WEEK LAUNDRY"
(*TUESDAY and THURSDAY*)

Durham Laundry

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

The Trinity College Athletic Council, *Agent*

Trinity Pharmacy

WE WELCOME EVERY TRINITY STUDENT
WE DESIRE YOUR PATRONAGE

Cigars, Cigarettes, Candy
Toilet Articles, Stationery

FOUNTAIN DRINKS

HOTEL MALBOURNE

Durham's Fireproof Hotel

We very much appreciate the patronage from Trinity

E. I. BUGG, Manager E. B. BUGG, Ass't Manager

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

Make "Real Ice Cream" and Serve all Drug Stores, Colleges, Schools, Wedding Parties and Receptions of any importance.

PHONE 1199

WE ASK YOU TO LET

LIBERTY TAILORS

DO YOUR TAILORING

Because we feel positive that you'll be eminently satisfied
Your satisfaction means our success and we certainly want to be successful

LIBERTY TAILORS, 306 W. Main St.

THE YARBOROUGH

Raleigh's Leading and Largest Hotel
RALEIGH, N. C.

European Plan

Our large lobby and balcony make it especially attractive for the ladies. Our Cafe equals the best, North or South. Music every evening.

B. H. GRIFFIN HOTEL COMPANY, Proprietors

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Owned and controlled by the State

Schools of Medicine and Pharmacy
Training School for Nurses

Rated in Class A by the Council on Medical Association of the American Medical Association. Member of the Association of the American Medical Colleges and the American Conference of Pharmaceutical Faculties.

New Building with well equipped Laboratories. A full corps of all-time teachers.

Located opposite Roper Hospital and very near the Charleston Museum, thus affording the students more extensive opportunities for research and training.

Women are admitted to all schools.

For catalogue, address

H. GRADY CALLISON, Registrar,
Calhoun and Lucas Sts. Charleston, S. C.

Get it from **DURHAM CIGAR STORE**

"It must be good"

Make this Your Home, Boys They all "Hang Out" Here

Cigars Cigarettes Tobaccos Pipes Candy Soda

"Trinity's Downtown Headquarters for Last Ten Years"

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA

State Institution

Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy

New Buildings. Well-Equipped Laboratories. Under the Direction of Full-Time Competent Teachers.

The Memorial Hospital, Dooley Hospital, Colored Hospital are owned and controlled by the Medical College of Virginia, and offer every facility for thorough Clinical Teaching. Staffs composed of the Faculty of the College. Additional Clinical Facilities are offered through the Virginia Hospital, City Home, City Jail, etc.

For full information and catalogue, address

J. R. McCAULEY, Secretary, Richmond, Va.

The Seeman Printery

Durham, N. C.

Printing - Engraving - Bookbinding

J. Southgate & Son

Insurance a Specialty - -

Durham, North Carolina

SPRING CLOTHING

Our new Spring Suits are worth looking at.

If you want the latest style, you'll find it right here.

There will be just the correct number of buttons on your Coat — just the right length — just the proper roll to the lapels — just the correct curve to your Trousers and the right cut to the entire suit.

Then last, but not least, the price will be just right.

$30 - $35 - $40 to $55

Sneed, Markham, Taylor Co.

The Clothiers

Expressing Elegance

MEN of today demand a higher order of quality in their clothes than ever before — probably because genuine quality has become a rarer article than in pre-war times.

This very condition has created a greater popularity for this store because we have impressed the fact that only the highest quality and style attainments can meet our high standard ideals.

Pritchard-Bright Company

DURHAM, - - - NORTH CAROLINA

FIRST

Style is to a suit what paint is to a house. It is the first thing to be noticed. Wear a Fashion Park suit and you are as well dressed as it is possible for any man to be.

THE FASHION PARK AGENCY

W. M. NEWTON COMPANY
DE LUXE CLOTHIERS 213 W. MAIN

The Trinity Archive

April-May, 1920

Life

It is a long lane and has no turn—
It is rough, rocky, and full of hardships—
But if you are prepared for it the way is easy

When you are through College and get out into the world you will realize this truth. Begin saving now and make the road of life easy going.

Many of the nation's greatest financiers started their fortunes with a dollar. The world offers much to a college man with a little capital in his pocket. *Think it over.*

THE FIDELITY BANK

North Carolina's Greatest Banking Institution

B. N. DUKE, Pres. J. F. WILY, Vice-Pres. S. W. MINOR, Cashier

The

Electric Shoe Hospital

Desires Your Patronage

WE PLEASE OUR CUSTOMERS—
WE ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

Work Guaranteed

WE COLLECT AND RETURN WORK

O. J. HOBBY, Proprietor

"Brick" Starling, College Representative

324 W. Main Street **Phone 1272**

Trinity College Students

You will find Our Fountain the home of good drinks. We invite you to make our store your downtown headquarters.

BEN H. THOMAS, Telephone 33

MARKHAM-ROGERS CO.

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS, TAILORS AND HATTERS

104 W. MAIN ST. PHONE 590

WE WILL APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE

For Hardware, Pocket Knives, Shells and Leggins

POLLARD BROTHERS, Hardware

MAIN STREET DURHAM, N. C.

DR. N. ROSENSTEIN
OPTOMETRIST
DURHAM, N. C.

See Me and See Better

OPTICAL STORE
Opposite Postoffice

Lenses Ground While You Wait

Five Points Drug Co. SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE Phone 150

BLACKNALL'S DRUG STORE

THE BEST CREAM IN TOWN. COME TO SEE US FOR YOUR SMOKES, DRINKS, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

GEER BUILDING, CORCORAN ST., PHONE 62

CARR-BRYANT

THE BEST LINE OF SHOES *for* COLLEGE MEN

Anything you want in high-grade shoes with

Snap and Style

Carr-Bryant Boot and Shoe Co.

106 WEST MAIN STREET

The Royall & Borden Company

We furnished all the buildings at Trinity and nearly all the faculty homes. No order too large for us to handle promptly, intelligently and correctly, and no order too small for our appreciative best attention.

WEST MAIN STREET DURHAM, N. C.

We Lead the Leaders in College Jewelry

See our line of Trinity Chains, Pins, Rings.
They're for *you*. Repair work a specialty.

JONES & FRASIER

W. C. MERRITT, College Representative

MAIN STREET PHARMACY

One block up from station. The greatest hangout for Trinity boys off the College Park

Let Us Serve You

N.M. West Ed.-in-Chief

J.H. Harrison, Bus. Mgr.

The Trinity Archive

J.E. Gilbreath

Wesley Taylor

Gladys Price

Mary Pitts

J.W.R. Norton

J.G. Lesburn

1920

L.M. Draper

R.S. White

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXII APRIL-MAY, 1920 No. 5

MANAGER'S NOTICE

The TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater. If you do not wish to become a subscriber please notify us at once,* or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Entered at postoffice at Durham, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION: One year, $2.00; single copies, 25 cents.

Address all business correspondence to J. H. Harrison, Jr., Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF

N. M. WEST ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
J. G. LEYBURN ..... *Associate Editor*
GLADYS PRICE, J. E. GILBREATH ..... *Literary Editors*
WESLEY TAYLOR ..... *Wayside Wares*
MARY PITTS ..... *Exchanges*
J. W. R. NORTON ..... *Alumni Department*
J. H. HARRISON, JR. ..... *Business Manager*
R. S. WHITE, L. M. DRAPER ..... *Assistant Business Managers*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

LITERARY DEPARTMENT—

IT'S SPRING AGAIN IN ARCADY (verse)—*Mary Wescott* 314

ALL FOR HER SAKE OR A GUBERNATORIAL GAMBLE (story)—*Wesley Taylor* 316

AMBROSIA (verse)—*By a Legionaire* 329

TRINITY WOMEN OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY—*P. K.*..... 330

BELLS OF TRINITY (verse)—*Clark Alexander* 336

TO MARIE (verse)—*Jasper Cheraux* 337

THE EYE OF THE NORTH (story)—*Claude B. Cooper* 338

EDITORIALS—

A FINAL WORD 348

A RETROSPECT OF 1919-1920 348

WAYSIDE WARES—

APPLYING FOR A SCHOLARSHIP 351

OLD ACQUAINTANCES 353

MR. HENRY FIELDING ARRIVES AT HIS FUTURE ABODE 354

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM 357

EXCHANGES 358

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT—

WESTWARD HO!—*Myron G. Ellis* 360

O. HENRY AS A SHORT-STORY WRITER—*C. R. Brown*.... 363

The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April-May, 1920

It's Spring Again in Arcady

Mary Wescott, '14

It's spring again in Arcady
And O the flowers are gay,
And every brooklet murmurs low
Its own sweet roundelay.
The birds sing out from blossomed boughs
White clouds are in the sky—
I would we were in Arcady
As in the days gone by.

But O the road to Arcady
We lost so long ago,
And other paths our feet have trod
And far we've had to go.
Now hand in hand as in old days
We stand the world to view—
Alas, we're far from Arcady
And from each other, too.

Now all the hills of Arcady
I know are green with spring,
And from the vales of Arcady,
Glad songs in chorus ring.
No more for us that whispering breeze
Nor silver-sheeted rain—
But O to be in Arcady
Now spring has come again.

All For Her Sake

OR

A Gubernatorial Gamble

WESLEY TAYLOR

The pretty Miss Florabel was the stenographer for the Secretary to the Governor of the State. In the executive offices of the great dignitary, she had a handsome little office room of her own, equipped with carved mahogany furniture and a shiny new typewriter.

Miss Florabel had been courted by men high in public esteem. There was something in her demeanor that told people she was far more than just a stenographer. She had declined positions with three moving-picture concerns because, as she said, it was "contrary to the family traditions." Nobody but her aged mother and two younger sisters could quite understand why she worked as a stenographer; it did not seem right, people thought, for a working girl to go home at the close of business hours to a large residence with colonial columns and Brussels carpets; yet such was the anomalous fact in Miss Florabel's case. They could not understand why she, with her college education, her high-born qualities, and her apparently rich inheritance, did not marry some senator or other official and get into the State capital's social circle, where she belonged. Still she worked as a stenographer.

One evening Florabel was sitting opposite a robust and business-like young man at a little table in the beautiful dining-room of the Wistaria Hotel.

"Some day our dreams will come true," she said, "but you must do your part. You will find me ready when you are."

"Girl," said Tom Kennett, "I am going to marry you, and nothing can keep me from it." He looked intently and almost reverently into her clear blue eyes. "Our bungalow here is bought and paid for. I have been saving money ever since we were engaged two years ago, and I closed the deal

for the house today. I bought it here in Capital City instead of in Springfield, partly because I happened to find this unusually good bargain but mostly because you will not want to leave the town of your happy childhood when we settle down. And we are going to settle down in my bungalow, too!''

A faint blissful smile came over her pretty face, and Tom swore to himself that she had never been more lovely in all her life. But Florabel was a sensible girl, and even in all the glory of her young womanhood, she could still see the practical aspect of things.

''Tom,'' she said, ''you are the dearest old boy.'' And she swallowed, although she had not been served with her order and had not seen her glass of water.

But she straightened up a bit.

''Listen: Your position is in Springfield, and you can come to Capital City only on week-ends. There will have to be a change made before we can live in 'our' bungalow,'' and her eyes widened and glistened mischievously as she said *our*. ''You are a lawyer by profession, and you could make good in politics or in some government office if you had the opportunity. Couldn't you arrange somehow to get into the little 'executive set' here? If so, then we could—we could marry and live in our new bungalow. You are a wise and educated lawyer and ought not to have any trouble getting the right connection. Now, the time has come for me to tell you a secret. I overheard Governor Wenderoth say yesterday that he had an appointment in the Department of Justice to go to same promising and energetic young lawyer, but that he had not yet found the man with the initiative and personality that he wanted. Tom, there's your chance.''

The young man swelled slightly with pride.

''I'll get the appointment,'' he said emphatically. ''Yes, I'll go after it. But there are difficulties. I don't have any way to get in line for such places. My job with the DeNeergaard Process Company, of Springfield, takes all my time in the office. A corporation job is not worth much to a lawyer interested in politics or State appointments. I meet other lawyers and sometimes politicians, but only in an incidental

way. And as for getting the favor of Governor Wenderoth, I can't think of any way in the world to go about it that wouldn't be so openly mercenary as to disgust him. I have met the Governor, but nothing more. Making a hit with the big fellows is more easily talked about than accomplished. They naturally appoint the men they know and like, but where do I come in? Of course a man sometimes makes a lucky hit with a trifle, such as a show of courtesy or a quick turn of good judgment, and turns his whole life into a successful career because of it. Hob Sterling told me he got his appointment to a place on the Waterways Commission because he worked by algebra a little problem that the Governor had failed to work by arithmetic. The Governor was considering three other men besides Hob, but needed just that little proof of Hob's promptness and originality. Al Merridew said he 'got on the good side' of the old man by pulling down the shade to keep the light out of his eyes. Such things would sound foolish if we didn't know them to be true. But I haven't *any* chance to show what I can do, good, bad, or mediocre."

Five days later was a holiday. Tom did not run down to Capital City to see his girl as usual because he had some papers to work out, and he intended to go to the Process Company's office in the afternoon.

He was sitting in the lobby of the best hotel in Springfield. In evident worry and uncertainty, he crossed his legs first one way and then the other. He stared out the window in vacant silence. He held between the fingers of his right hand a half-burned cigar, on which the fire had completely gone out twenty minutes ago. He had been worrying ever since his conversation with Florabel. The corporation job, he thought, was not as big a cinch as it was cracked up to be. He had the liberties of a company official; but after all it was a work-a-day job that would lead to nothing, at least nothing that suited his taste. The only way for him to start into politics, as Florabel had said, would be for him to go to Capital City, where all the men of influence were located and where all the governmental interests were centered. Truly, he felt like a

real man of affairs when he thought of *his* bungalow in Capital City, bought and paid for; and he felt like a prince of the seventh heaven when he thought of *his* girl up there, who would *also* live in that bungalow some day if things worked out right. Some day, instead of Florabel's writing letters for the Secretary to the Governor, she would be revising and criticising the delivery of speeches for the Honorable Thomas Ward Kennett; instead of bravely working away her young days secretly to support her elegant but widowed mother, she would be directing the affairs of their bungalow, and he would have money enough for all. Yes, he would do his best to get that job. The man who wouldn't move to Capital City, or take another job, or do *anything* for a girl like his was no man at all!

But things hadn't panned out right. As if to tantalize Tom, the Governor himself had come to Springfield just four days after Florabel had told Tom about the opening in the Department of Justice. As if Fate were throwing opportunity in his way to test his worth, the Governor had come to Springfield to speak to the Civic Service Association on "The Aims of Citizenship," and Tom knew that he could never expect to get a better opportunity to talk to the Governor than while he was in Springfield on that trip. Later would be *too* late. It was to gain all or lose all *then,* and Tom swore he would get an interview or bust.

But Fate seemed to be teasing him, to-wit:

Tom might arrange an interview through old Lawyer Huff, but that gentleman had gone to Chicago on business. Professor Springley was also a friend of both Tom and the Governor, but his daughter was to be married that very night, and it wouldn't be in place at all to break into the Professor's arrangements. Colonel Mulgrew was showing the Governor around town, but the Colonel had lost a suit against the Process Company two weeks before, and had accused the whole organization of rank dishonesty and called the officials all sorts of thieves and liars. So there did not seem to be much hope for Tom.

That afternoon Tom was going out of the Civic Service

Building just as the Governor and Colonel Mulgrew were going in. The Governor spoke to Tom and shook hands with him cordially, but Colonel Mulgrew, in that silent way he had of manipulating people, readily drew the Governor's attention to the new statue of General Pershing, and Tom found himself Governor-less and conversation-less.

That night at the speaking, Tom made his supreme effort to talk to the Governor. After the audience was dismissed, Tom looked around for somebody to go with him down to the front to shake hands with His Excellency. He found Ab Conley, a lawyer pretty well known in Springfield, but one who had been getting gloriously drunk every little while for the past twenty years and had thus killed all his chances for real success. But for Tom it was either to go with Ab or go alone. He compromised. He went down the aisle five feet ahead of Ab, but when the two arrived at the rostrum, there was such a crowd that all regularity was forgotten. Consequently, Ab shook hands with the Governor first, and for a minute or so had a pleasant little chat with him. Colonel Mulgrew was beside the Governor to introduce strangers; he volunteered the assertion that Ab was an old friend of his and said many complimentary things about him, which the Governor might or might not have believed. But when Tom's turn came, he felt that his own game was lost before he had played it. Mulgrew had little to say about this young upstart. The Governor remembered him, however, and called him by name. They exchanged a few sentences of greeting, purely conventional and of the usual political worthlessness. But Tom's game was suddenly checkmated, as he had feared, for the majestic Mrs. Overholt W. Drexel-Carhart, suffrage leader of the State, conspicuous with her gorgeous silks and jewelry, came forward in magnificent splendor.

"Oh, my dear Governor Wenderoth," she began, ignoring all others, "I cannot begin to tell you, my dear Governor, how very much indeed I have enjoyed your perfectly wonderful lecture," etc. So she froze Tom out as if she had been an iceberg.

The Governor never saw Tom any more that night.

Let us now return to the hotel. Tom was still sitting with his legs crossed, looking out the window. Why analyze his feelings? How would you have felt if you had spent seven years to prepare yourself to be a lawyer and then had met such ill luck? Was the game worth the candle?

Outside were newsboys, dirty little chaps who picked up pennies here and there for a meager living—boys, some not a dozen years old, who seemed better schooled in dealing with real human nature than Tom, with all his learning! Would he let them outdo him in the tricky game of life? And again he thought of Florabel, and the bungalow, and the vacant position in the Department of Justice. Yesterday he thought of himself as wearing a Prince Albert coat and a silk hat; today he wiggled the cloth of his sleeve between his fingers to see if he had any coat at all. Yesterday he thought of himself as the Honorable; today he was just Tom. But would he let the whole thing collapse because Fate had been playing a joke upon him? Apparently so, for the Governor's train would leave for Capital City in an hour, and Tom's chances would be gone. Then he would have to go back to the Process office and stay there; and he had as well get a permanent lease on his bedroom and den at Mrs. Lowry's and stay there.

In hotels of this kind, as all travellers know, the practice is for guests to give the porter their luggage when they are leaving on a certain train. The porter accumulates all these bags in some unused corner of the lobby, and a few minutes before train-time sends them in a truck to the station. Such was the practice in this hotel.

As Tom sat moodily in the soft arm chair, he was about to decide to take the bull by the horns and ask to see the Governor anyhow, as crude as he thought that procedure would be. But while such thoughts were bothering him, he saw the porter place in the pile several more travelling bags. One was marked H. C. W. It arrested Tom's attention, for it was evidently the Governor's. The Governor himself probably had not come down from his rooms.

Tom straightened up as if an idea had struck him. He

lit his cigar again and puffed it vigorously. Two minutes later he called the porter aside and said something to him. The negro shook his head at first, and then brightened up.

"Yas, sah, boss, Ah'll sho' do dat," said the shiny black man, as he pocketed the ten-dollar bill.

The negro picked up one of the Governor's bags and carried it out to the truck. Tom took his seat near the remaining pile of bags, and awaited results.

At ten-fifteen o'clock the Governor stepped out of the elevator, unaccompanied. He was a very democratic sort of gentleman, and often travelled alone. He wore the plainest of clothes, travelled in nothing more expensive than a chair-car or a sleeping-car, and looked after his own affairs.

His train was to leave at eleven o'clock. The Governor was hoping to sit a few minutes in the lobby, either to rest quietly or to exchange a few compliments with guests here and there. But he looked for his travelling bags to assure himself that they were there, and one of them was gone! Then a scene began.

"Ed, where's my travelling bag?"

"Sho', boss, I can't say, sah."

"But a porter brought my bags down, and one of them is missing. I must have it."

"Lor', boss, sah, I ain't seen it, sah."

Now, the porter being addressed was not the one Tom had dealt with, for the latter had disappeared. But the negroes all knew they were speaking to the "Guv'nor," and were particularly obsequious.

"Boss, 'pon my word, ah ain't seen it, sah," one of them was insisting.

All the porters were called in, but none of them had seen it. The Governor could accuse no one, for he did not remember which of them had taken his bags. He was too much of a gentleman to make a disturbance in public, but truly this was an awkward situation. It had already attracted the attention of everybody in the lobby.

It was now Tom's move. Though he was a lawyer, he was yet young, and was a little nervous. Throwing away his

cigar, he stood up, buttoned his coat, and faced the Governor squarely.

"Pardon me, Governor Wenderoth," he said, "but if you will allow me, I think I can throw some light on this matter."

"Why, good morning, Mr. Kennett," the Governor responded, offering his hand. "I thank you very much. I shall appreciate it if you will assist me. These men have come near ruining me, for that bag contains my statistics and my speech on Tax Reform, which I am to deliver in Capital City tomorrow. I cannot afford to lose it."

"I am delighted, then," Tom explained, "to tell you that I believe your bag is safe. There is a train that leaves here in the opposite direction from Capital City at ten-thirty. Before you came down, I saw a porter take a bag marked H. C. W. to the station truck along with the ten-thirty baggage. It might have been yours. Now," he continued slyly, "I am familiar with the travel conditions here better than one from another town; so if you will allow me, I shall be only too glad to drop down to the station and try to locate your bag."

With a nod of approval from the Governor, Tom hurried out the door and down to the station, only a couple of blocks away.

Ten minutes later he returned.

"As I expected," he announced joyfully, "I found your bag among the ten-thirty baggage. I checked it for you at the parcel room, and here is your ticket." Then he thought to himself, "Now, if that fool porter I bribed doesn't come back here and spill the beans somehow before the Governor gets away—", and he laughed to himself to see how the Governor was "falling."

The Governor was truly thankful for Tom's thoughtfulness.

"I hardly know how to thank you—".

"Oh, it was no trouble at all," Tom explained. "Even under the best regulated traffic conditions, a little error like that will occur sometimes. After all, it only brings up the old question of the negro problem, if there is such a problem

now. The results of the varying characteristics of the negroes and the white people, brought to mind by a little mistake like this—'' and on and on he went, saying things sensibly but cautiously, and replying to the Governor's comments with such skill that old Metternich himself would have admired his cunning.

Tom and the Governor talked about immigration, tax reform, and other public questions, and were talking about bond issues for good roads when the Citizens' Committee came in an automobile to take the Governor to his train, and with pleasant greetings they separated.

On the train an hour later Governor Wenderoth dropped his newspaper on the seat beside him and reached for his travelling bag. When he packed it at the hotel, he had placed his Tax Reform speech on the very top of the contents, but when he opened the bag this time, he found the speech gone, and staring him in the face were two quarts of rye whiskey! Quickly he closed the bag, lest someone should see the precious property. He was astonished beyond measure. His first impulse was to think that Tom Kennett had willfully—but that was out of the question, for the whiskey was there and the speech was *gone,* and Tom would certainly not remove the speech just to do a thing like *that.* Then he looked at the initials on the end of the bag. They were H. *G.* W., not H. *C.* W.!

''This bag is old Hiram Wickersham's, as sure as I live,'' he said to himself. ''Somewhere, somehow, he got mine and I got his.''

Old Hiram was a rich business man and local politician of Capital City. The Governor had known him for years, and knew that he often went to Springfield on ''business.'' Governor Wenderoth saw plainly now what had happened. Old Hiram's bag must have been at the station in the ten-thirty baggage along with his own. The two looked alike, and the *G.* of the initials resembled the *C. Tom had checked the wrong bag* when he went to the station. The Governor and old Hiram had bags of the same sort probably because the currents of great minds run in the same channel. But where

was old Hiram, and did he have the missing bag? And how could that speech on Tax Reform be recovered before to-morrow night?

The Governor grumbled and fretted—to himself of course,—twisted around in his seat, and patted his foot nervously. He lit a cigar and smoked it five minutes before he suddenly discovered where he was and threw it away. In the meantime, the car porter would have called him down for smoking there had not the conductor hysterically rushed forward and told the black man that he was facing the Governor of the State and that he had better keep his mouth shut if he wanted to keep off the chain gang; whereupon the porter made a flourishing diplomatic bow and asked if there wasn't "anything the gentleman would have, sah."

But the Governor's anger did not last long. Entirely unknown to Tom, things were happening in rapid succession, first against him and then for him. When the Governor was angry, he wouldn't have given Tom a job as shoe-polisher for the mansion house servants. But he didn't stay angry. After all, think of the contents of Old Hiram's bag! Hadn't he made a pretty good swap, he thought? Why fret over something you are glad of? And if the worst came to the worst, he *could* make that speech on Tax Reforms *without* his notes, and he wasn't so sure that he hadn't rather do that than swap back with old Hiram. So anger changed to reconciliation, and that again into satisfaction; and quite unknown either to Tom or to the Governor, Tom's chances for that job had, inside of thirty minutes, been good, bad, and good again.

Governor Wenderoth went directly from the train to his executive offices in Capital City. Not going to the mansion house first was of course contrary to Hoyle, but the Governor had a good reason and a mind of his own. Alone, he walked briskly into the office, still carrying the travelling bag. Knowing no one would disturb it, he set it down in the hall near Miss Florabel's door and entered his private office.

The Governor's entry caused a little flurry at first as it always did. He usually stopped to ask something of his secretary or to speak to some of the clerks, and every one in the

outer office straightened up as if expecting some such recognition. But this time the old gentleman did nothing of the kind. He went straight to his private office and called up the State Treasurer, an old man whom he had known back in the '90's when he himself was nothing but Henry Wenderoth, school teacher, and when the other was trying to practice a little law.

Now let us see what had become of Tom. After the Governor left the hotel in Springfield, Tom was overjoyed. That twenty-minute interview might not have been much of itself, but is was enough to let the Governor know that there was such a man as Thomas Ward Kennett and that he had ideas—good ideas—all his own. Besides, the Governor had told him to drop around to see him when he was in Capital City, and there was an opportunity that few men had!

Not knowing what else to do with himself, he followed the gubernatorial party to the station and saw the Governor leave. As a cat will go back to the hole where it has once found a mouse, so did Tom go back to the secluded pile of luggage where he had "found" the Governor's bag. He was looking at the pile complacently when something astonished him. It not only astonished him, but sickened him. It was the miserable discovery that the Governor's bag was still in the pile. Could he be mistaken? No; he looked again at the initials. They were H. C. W., as plain as a signboard. He turned the bag over, examining it minutely. It was the Governor's, without a doubt. What had happened? He was so bewildered that his very wits were challenged. As if to be still more sure, he opened the bag (for it was unlocked), and there was the Governor's speech of Tax Reform!

Slowly and reluctantly, he guessed what had happened. He had given the Governor the wrong bag. There was no telling what disaster the mistake would lead to. His whole adventure had been a failure. Fate had been against him all the time; then when he tried to work a trick to gain his point, Fate turned it back on him and made him the victim.

It did not take him long this time to determine to forget that government job for good. If Fate was flat against him,

what was the use for him to keep butting his head against a stone wall?

He sank down, sat heavily on the bag, and put his face in his hands. And there he sat till some one touched him on the back half an hour later.

"You might be a little more thoughtful of my bag," said the stranger unmercifully. It was old Hiram. "You needn't think I have abandoned my bag for all time just because I decided to leave on the noon train instead of the ten-thirty."

"Sir," said Tom, regaining his self-possession, "I have been waiting for someone to claim this bag, and I presume you are the gentleman. Did you have a bag very much like this?"

"Well, now, come to notice it, that isn't my bag, but it's devilish like it. But what have *you* got to do with it?"

"Governor Wenderoth has taken your bag to Capital City by mistake, and has left his here in its place. I know because I was here when the Governor left. Now, if you were going to Capital City on the next train, which leaves at noon, I suggest that you revise your plans. I will take you to Capital City in my car. I am a good driver, and we may arrive there before the Governor does; if so, he will not be inconvenienced, and you will save time in making the trip."

Tom brought out his neat little racing runabout in a hurry. Between Springfield and Capital City he opened up the throttle as far as it would go. Old Hiram tried to talk at first, but gave it up as a bad job. He watched the speedometer till it registered 58; then he refused to see it any more, but preferred to watch Nature's vast panorama as it passed before his bleary eyes.

They drove up to the steps of the Executive Building just five minutes after the Governor had arrived at the same place. Tom went inside and found the Governor had left the "H. G. W." bag in the corridor. He explained hastily to Florabel, then made the proper exchange of bags without consulting anyone else, and in a few minutes drove old Hiram home with his own real bag and his precious liquid property.

Tom then returned to the Executive Building to see Flora-

bel and to learn the result of his fortunate or unfortunate escapade. He and the State Treasurer arrived at the same time, but neither knew the other. They separated inside the doorway, the Treasurer going directly into the Governor's *sanctum sanctorum*. Tom took a seat in Florabel's office, and began telling her everything that had happened, plus how much he loved her, plus what might be expected from this venture, and a great deal more.

In the meantime, the Governor was "carrying on" with the Treasurer.

"I called you over, Walter," he said, "to show you some of the finest rye whiskey you ever saw. Do you remember back in '92, when a crowd of us rowdies from the University cleaned out Mackey's saloon and paid him thirty dollars for his entire stock?"

Here they laughed unbecomingly. While speaking, the Governor had sent a boy for the bag, which was now on the floor between them, and had sent the boy back out, locking the door behind him.

"Now, Walter," he went on, "this belongs to old Hiram Wickersham, but I don't know where he is, and he's a good sport: it would be all the same if he were here. I will take only a small swallow myself, for you know I've been off the stuff for twenty years, and was elected on a prohibition ticket. I try to be reasonably consistent about it all. And I wouldn't advise you to hit old Hiram's supply too hard. But you are old enough to be your own judge. Here we go—".

He reached down his long hand and opened the case, but this time nothing was staring him in the face but his hateful old speech on Tax Reforms!

He was truly dumfounded. Of all the evasive things in the world, that bag was the worst! If he was not superstitious about it, he had reason to be.

"Well, I'll be hanged," was all he could say.

"Humph," said the Treasurer. "Aren't there any spirits in it?"

"Yes," said the Governor sullenly, "but not the kind you want. I have decided that bag truly belongs to the

spirit world; otherwise, I can't explain its goings and comings."

After the Treasurer had left in disappointment, the Governor went about his business to forget his humiliation.

He rang for Miss Florabel the first thing to take a letter; so Tom was compelled to postpone the rest of his narrative and oratory till she returned.

"Take a letter," the Governor began, "to Mr. Thomas Ward Kennett, at Springfield:

My dear Mr. Kennett:

Now that I am back in my office, I wish to thank you again for your willing and thoughtful handling of a situation that would have been very awkward for me had it not been for you. I might say that you seem to have got the wrong bag the first time, but I have the right one here now. Although in my mind there is an element of mystery concerning the whole matter, I presume you discovered the mistake and rectified it in some way, probably by having the right bag sent down on the next train. But the final result is that I have my bag and my speech on taxes, and that is what I wanted; so you have served me well.

"I enjoyed my talk with you this morning, and am sorry it was cut short. I am surprised at your clear understanding of the bond situation, and wish to talk more at length with you later concerning it.

"By the way, if you have ever thought of leaving corporation law, you would possibly be interested in an opening I now have in the Department of Justice. I have been inquiring about your record, and from what men say, I judge that you would be well fitted for the position. The next time you are in Capital City, drop around to see me, and I am sure we can be of advantage to each other if you are at all interested in this proposition," etc.

If the Governor had been a younger man, he would have observed that a sweet smile came over Florabel's face and that the two large healthy pink spots on her cheeks gradually deepened in shade till they became almost a glowing red.

Ambrosia

By a Legionaire

The night is dark and still, as in the wood
We turn, just here, where the post-oak had stood.
My companion first, with a cat-like tread
Bears on his back meal never meant for bread.
The boughs close in, and on we go, until—
We hear the ripple of a noisy rill.
Now halting, the guide blows once long and low
And faintly from the swamp comes an echo.
Along we pass and join the mystic ring
Of watchers who keep the kiln by the spring.
The meal and water mixed, soon gets hot
And steam begins to rise from copper pot.
A jug is lifted from the water's brink—
Add molasses to make it fit to drink.
A sack of corn-cobs and the fire renew'd;
Another hour, the run almost is brew'd.
A funnel at the worm to catch the drip,
Be careful, brother, and don't let it slip!
It is light in the East, the brew is run,
Bank your fires, dump your mash, our work is done.

Trinity Women of Yesterday and Today

F. K.

"Why do girls want to come here?" is a question heard now and then on Trinity campus. Why, indeed? Because they want what a Trinity degree stands for, they say. Many wish to get such a degree without going outside their own state. Some have found that the cost of living here is lower than in colleges of equal merit elsewhere. Many are here because this is their father's or mother's *alma mater.* Some are accused of being here because of the presence of men, and surly he would be a most ungallant gentleman who, believing such a thing, failed in appreciation.

Of the women pursuing their education in institutions of higher learning in the United States, three out of every four are doing so in co-educational colleges and universities. The Trinity "co-eds" are, then, far from being in the minority among the great company of women students of the country. Of the one hundred and forty-five colleges and universities whose graduates are eligible for membership in the Southern Association of College Women, Trinity is one of two in North Carolina and twenty-four in the entire South, twenty of these being either co-ordinate or co-educational institutions. It is because of such facts as these that college men and women who know advise young women to come to Trinity.

From early days, it is said, girls studied privately under the professors of Trinity; but not until 1874 did any apply for entrance to all the regular classes. Then Misses Persis, Mary, and Theresa Giles asked for permission to go into the Freshman class with their brother. President Craven while not acceding to their request, offered, with the aid of his faculty, to teach them in the evening exactly what they would have had during the day. This was done for three years. In the fourth year President Craven allowed them to attend his classes with the men. In 1878 all three received their degrees,

being escorted to the platform by the president of the college, the president of the board of trustees, and another member of the board. One can see the little flurry of excitement at this unwonted feature of commencement at Old Trinity!

No more girls entered Trinity until 1890, when two were received as special students, Miss Nellie Edwards, now the wife of Professor Cranford, and Miss Caroline Carpenter, now associate professor and Dean of Women in the University of Tennessee.

In 1896 Mr. Washington Duke donated to Trinity College $100,000 on condition that women students be admitted on the same conditions as men. The story of how he came to give this opportunity to women is interesting. In 1896 four girls —again, as in 1878, by a special dispensation—were graduated from Trinity: Misses Fannie and Ida Carr, Mamie Jenkins, and Annie Pegram. Miss Fannie Carr married her classmate, J. L. Bivins, after whom Bivins Hall is named, and was widowed during her honeymoon. Afterwards she was a student and teacher until her death in February, 1920, and was prominent in religious and educational activities in Durham. Miss Ida Carr is a member of the faculty of Peabody College. Miss Mamie Jenkins is a member of the faculty of the Eastern Carolina Training School, editor of the *Eastern Carolina Teachers' Quarterly* and president of the Trinity Alumnae Association. She and Miss Annie Pegram, who is a member of the faculty of Greensboro College for Women, were included among the alumni charter members of Phi Beta Kappa.

In October 1915 Miss Jenkins contributed a sketch to the *Trinity Alumni Register* entitled "Pioneer Women at Trinity," which throws some significant sidelights on earlier conditions. One sentence might be echoed by the women at Trinity today: "The men of the class seemed proud to have us in the class." For the men at Trinity who are least in favor of co-education have only praise for the "co-eds," and perhaps enjoy their presence more than they realize. Another sentence may be cited as showing the effect the conduct of the "co-eds" has had on their destinies: "Mr. Washington Duke was always

interested in us and would question us about our progress and chuckle over our achievements." Little did those girls dream that his approbation of their progress and achievements was to open for their successors broader and more spacious fields of endeavor.

Mr. Duke's gift, followed by others until he had given for the sake of co-education at Trinity $400,000, practically assured women full opportunity here. The number of women students attending Trinity had never at any one time exceeded five before this gift, but in 1897 thirteen entered, and the years since have seen growth until now in 1920 there are one hundred and forty-four. And there have been women in every class graduated since 1900.

But, although they were admitted to all the rights and privileges of the college, women were and even yet are more or less handicapped in the exercise of them. This state of affairs may have been due partly, of course, to traditional biases and prejudices on the part of the men which have made them resist sharing with the women their societies and clubs and other extra-curriculum activities. But a far more cogent reason for the limited extra-curriculum achievement among the women students lay in the fewness of their numbers and the inadequacy of their facilities. However, as they grew in numbers and won their spurs in the class rooms, they got recognition on the *Archive*—first as contributors, then in charge of a department called "Literary Notes," and eventually as associate literary editors, and exchange editors, and assistant business managers. In the days before *Chanticleer* had raised his clarion note, the June number of the *Archive* was an "album issue," containing the pictures of the members of the graduating class. At first only the pictures and names of the girls appeared in it; then a trembling step forward resulted in disclosing to a curious world the names of their preparatory schools; at length all the data proper in such a connection was imparted. But, compared with that concerning the men, it was meager. For there were no literary societies, no "frats," no Y. W. C. A., no athletics, no "color" in the life of the first co-eds.

Yet they made the best of what they had and bravely tried to have college life as they understood it. They lived in a wooden building with room in it for about fifteen girls, plainly furnished, without provision for modern student activities. But they gloated over the possibility of making hot chocolate over the grates, and gathered on the steps of the side porch to sing, thereby bringing down on their ingenuous heads the charge of trying to "entice the boys down." They took up hazing and forced poor freshmen to sing weird words to weirder tunes or to creep by way of the roof from one side of the house to the other on windy nights. They "had cases," and in those good days were lectured in person by the president when their love affairs became too obvious. They organized a Current Topics Club, which met on the same evenings as the men's literary societies. They formed little coteries of congenial souls which eventually affiliated with national sororities. They attempted to fit up a gymnasium in the attic, with indifferent success. They played tennis, although not in organized teams. And they continually won laurels in the class rooms.

Nineteen-twelve was a red-letter year in the annals of Trinity. During this year was published the first *Chanticleer,* and the development of the women students is reflected in its pages in the facts that one of its literary editors was a girl and that there was a "Woman's Department" under the direction of three other girls. Of the fourteen members of the governing board three were women. The girls had two organizations of their own besides the two sororities: Athena Literary Society, organized in 1912 with fifty-seven members, and *La Societe Francaise* with fourteen members. They had been leaders in organizing a "Writers' Club" in 1911, and in 1912 it had a membership of seventeen girls and twenty-five men besides two faculty members.

In 1914 the women students organized a scholarship society similar in its requirements to the 9019 of the men, giving it the mystifying name Eko-L. It has been a strong agency for the promotion of scholarship, and has drawn into its membership many of the alumnae. In 1917 a Young

Women's Christian Association was organized, and its president the next year contributed to the *Alumni Register* an article summing up its activities during its first year, which throws a very strong illumination on the growth of the women in independence and capability. It had raised $114 for war-work, had arranged for a "get together," had organized voluntary gymnasium classes to be taught by Mr. Card, had done Red Cross sewing, had given a Christmas tree for some poor tots, had engaged in a study of the negro problem under the guidance of Dr. Brooks, had entertained the North Carolina Cabinet Training Council consisting of about forty students and several secretaries, and had sent a delegation of five to the Blue Ridge Student Conference.

In 1918 Alspaugh Hall with accommodations for fifty was assigned to the women students, and they filled it at once. With this sudden enlargement from fewer than twenty on the campus to fifty came the need for and the provision of a dean of women. An organized Student Government Association was one of the achievements of the women students this year. In 1919 came the fulfillment of another great need in the appointment of a woman physical director. For the first time Trinity women were given physical examinations upon entering and were required to take regular exercise. Even yet the town students had to be deprived of this opportunity because of inadequate facilities.

When, however, in 1921, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the action throwing Trinity open to women is celebrated, it will be in the handsomely appointed Southgate Memorial Building insured by the recent campaign, and there will be provision for all reasonable needs of day students and boarding students in the development of their physical, social, intellectual, and spiritual well-being and happiness. Class room instruction exactly like that given the men, a gymnasium, a beautiful hall for their Young Women's Christian Association,—all they can need will be theirs. And there will be room for enough women to insure them independence of the men in launching co-operative enterprises requiring numbers.

Student enterprises of all sorts should expand and flourish in this delightful atmosphere.

And when this glad occasion is celebrated, the proudest and happiest participants in it will probably be the alumnae who by their achievements have turned scoffers into supporters, who have by admirable discretion and determination vindicated their case before the bar of public opinion, who have been untiring in devotion and loyalty to their *alma mater* and have worked for her upbuilding and the extension of her usefulness to their sex. They have placed her name in letters of glory on the ruins of battle-torn France by supporting in her name a desolated village there. They have associated with themselves and brought to be speakers at their annual luncheons some of the foremost women of America. They have been the backbone and sinew of the Southern Association of College Women in North Carolina. Their spirit, their record,—these are also answers to the questions, Why should a girl want to go to Trinity? What girl of high ideals would not be proud to associate herself with such a body of women?

Bell of Trinity

Clark Alexander, '19

Ring on,
Thou Bell of Trinity,
Ring to Eternity,
Ring on;
Herald when dawn is breaking,
Proclaim the hour of waking,
Ring on;
Sound thy swelling notes of beauty,
Summons sluggards forth to duty,
Ring on;
Announce the dissertations of sages,
Imprint thy notes upon history's pages,
Sound and re-sound throughout the hidden ages,
Ring on;
Thou Bell of Trinity,
Ring to Eternity.

To Marie

Jasper Cheraux

Do you think I've forgotten you, Frenchy,
  You with your winsome way,
Forgotten the day when we said adieu,
Forgotten the promise always to be true,
  And return to France some day?

Can I ever forget your eyes, Frenchy,
  And the laughter lying there?
Can I ever forget your soft, sweet voice
That made a soldier heart rejoice,
  Or the marvelous hue of your hair?

I was just an American soldier, Frenchy,
  A plain, "soldat ordinaire";
But what did you know about leaves and bars,
What did you care about a general's stars,
  If love and a kiss were there?

You sat and listened, didn't you, Frenchy,
  To the tales about "L'Amerique":
Of buildings high which in Gotham stand,
Of cotton blooms in Dixie Land
  And the bungalows "tres chic?"

Well, it isn't all a dream, Frenchy,
  A dream it cannot be,
For I can't resist the call of you,
And tomorrow I'm sailing over the blue
  To claim my sweet Marie!

The Eye of the North

Claude B. Cooper

It was that hour of the night known to seamen as the Graveyard Watch. The bow of destroyer K 156 buried itself deep into the heavy green swells of the Bay of Biscay and rose each time they passed beneath her with new and undaunted life, sending a shower of spray flying into the wind. A heavy breeze swept across her starboard bow and moaned as it passed down the sleek wet decks and around the four bare stacks covered with salt from evaporated spray. The smoke that tried to rise into the air as it came pouring out of the funnels was caught by the wind and stretched out astern into a low black line that almost immediately vanished in the darkness. The rushing of the waves past the steel hull, and the sighing of the wind over the brine-covered decks, seemed to sing a funeral dirge to the gaunt gray ship as it kept on its course over the barren wind-swept sea.

At the forward part of the vessel on the little basket-like bridge, a slim figure clad in wind-proofs and a heavy sheepskin coat was leaning against the forward rail. His eyes were trained into the darkness ahead, and only occasionally he moved to glance about the deck below him. The entire ship was dark save for a small light at the binnacle, illuminating the compass and the face of the helmsman as he stood crouched behind the wheel now and then giving it a turn to starboard or port as the vessel veered from her course. A step sounded on the steel ladder from below; the slim man stood more erect but kept his eyes on the black horizon ahead as two figures climbed the ladder and stood beside him on the bridge.

"How does the Eye bare now, Daniels?" asked the captain of the vessel who was the former of the two.

"One hundred and seventy-six degrees and a distance of about six miles, sir," came the answer.

"Very Well! When did the wireless you sent aft come?"

"I sent it as soon as Casey could decode it. It took him less than five minutes, sir."

"Edwards will take the deck. Come into the chart room; I have some work for you."

The two men stood in the small deckhouse facing each other beside a long table partially covered by a large chart. For several minutes neither man had spoken. The captain was a man of about twenty-six, with a small moustache, a firm-set but pleasant looking mouth, and a pair of dark brown eyes. The slender man was younger, in fact only twenty-two, but as the light fell on his sun-tanned face and hollow cheeks, he looked to be many years older. His windproof hood was thrown back displaying a quantity of badly mussed brown hair; his eyes were steel blue and blinked in the light as he wiped the spray from his forehead in order to stop it from flowing down his face and into the corners of his mouth.

"It's a man's job, Daniels," said the senior officer. "You know this coast better than any man on board—it's not an order—I would send no man off in a sea like this—it's the only way we can get him—it's our chance! Do you wish to go?"

"With your permission, sir," answered the younger man as he lifted his eyes from the chart at which he had been staring.

The hands of the two officers met, and a strange feeling passed between them. They both knew the chance of their ever meeting again was small, and they both understood. There was no feeling of fear in the grasp; only that feeling of pride which gives these fearless toilers of the sea the distinction in the Navy of the one word *destroyer*.

"I will give you no written orders," said the captain. "The code message is sufficient. U-116 is in the harbor of Ponsales taking on supplies and oil, and will be out on the sea before dawn. If we can keep him there until light, it will give our chasers time to get here, and we will stand by and get him as he comes out in the morning. No pilot can bring a submarine out of the zigzag entrance to the harbor on a night like this without the help of the lighthouse on the

rock which is called *The Eye of the North,* and this light must be darkened. We cannot fire at it because it will mean a breach of neutrality, but what I am going to depend on you to do is to get ashore and darken the light no matter what it may cost. The Spaniards are not friendly to us, but there is a chance that you can land in the surf and reach the light and put it out of commission before you are discovered. Take any four men you may wish from the ship's crew to man the whaleboat, and shove off as soon as we can bring the ship's head up and make a lee for you."

Slowly the destroyer's head was brought up into the wind and then eased off a little. The throbbing of the engines became faint, almost inaudible. Hurried feet sounded on the slick decks as the davits creaked, scarcely heard in the wind, and the whaleboat was slung over the side ready to be lowered into the sea. To launch a boat from a destroyer in a high sea is almost impossible. Three times the vessel headed into the wind and sheered off without lowering the boat that hung suspended from the davits. Four seamen and an officer crouched in the craft waiting for the moment at which they were to be hurled into the sea. Daniels, seated in the stern of the small boat, watched for his chance; it came as the ship eased off for the fourth time. A long, green swell passed under the destroyer and for a second she was dead in the water. A voice snapped, "Let go!" and as the lines passed whining through the blocks the whaleboat touched the water. She was free save for a sea painter at her forward thwart—a giant sea swept upon her and for a moment it looked as if she would be swamped, but she rose like a cork high over the wave. Something was wrong with the sea painter; it held hurling the small boat near the ship. The dull thud of a hatchet sounded and with a snap, the painter parted, and the boat was free in the open sea.

For a short time the boat rode easy with her head in the wind taking only a little water over her gunnels, but as she neared the land the current that swept past the rocks caused the sea to rise into whirling foam-covered combers that tossed the small craft about like a bubble on the surface of a boiling

cauldron. Daniels, seated low in the stern, held the tiller and time after time gave it a quick pull to head the boat into some enormous wave. One sea, and only one, he knew would be sufficient to swamp the whaleboat if taken from the quarter. The distant booming of the surf came to him—the light was close now, but high above the water. The boat suddenly lunged as if caught in some unseen maelstrom; then she dived head down into the foam.

Daniels never knew the fate of his companions, for him it was a fight alone. He was hurled through the darkness on the crest of a wave and as it broke he was buried in the foam. He struggled to gain the surface and as he rose, a second wave caught him and drove him on as the first had done. His arm hit something and he grasped the object, but as the wave swept back he was torn loose only to be caught by another wave which carried him far forward. His feet touched bottom, and with all the force left in him he dragged his body out of the water and up on a small rocky beach in the semi-darkness.

For several minutes he stood in a dazed condition, but as his senses slowly came back to him, he remembered where he was and the task that was before him. The blinking light from the Eye enabled him, after he had wiped the brine from his face, to see plainly enough his position. He was at the foot of an almost perpendicular rock, and the point on which the lighthouse stood was several hundred yards to his right and on the highest point of the rock. He felt for his revolver but it had been lost in the surf. After taking off his shoes and freeing himself of all his clothing except his shirt and trousers, he faced the rock and was on the point of climbing when a small stone dropped at his feet from above. At first he thought that it was only a loose rock that had fallen from the face of the cliff from purely natural causes, but as he examined it by the flashing light he discovered that a small piece of note paper was tied tightly around it by a piece of torn cloth. Lying close to the rock he studied the scrap of paper carefully and found written upon it in a plain Ameri-

can hand: "Don't climb. Go to the left end and follow the path. Watch out for the sentries."

With a feeling of awe Daniels followed the directions. At the extreme left end of the rock he found a narrow path leading in among the fissures to a place where it started upward. Getting down on his hands and knees he began the ascent, stopping short at intervals to listen for he knew not what. The path led up to the table-like top of the rock at a point just above the spot where he had been thrown ashore by the waves; here it ended abruptly at the base of a low wall. Daniels could see plainly now by the intermittent flashes from the Eye. The light was only a hundred yards from where he stood, but before he could reach it he would have to pass a high stone fortress that encircled its base. As he stood for a moment trying to get his bearings, he heard a sharp step behind him on the path and as he turned suddenly about, he found that he stood facing a Spanish officer with a drawn cutlass in his hand. Like a panther springs at his prey, Daniels shot his body forward attempting to grasp the man by the throat, but the Spaniard with a quick motion of his body succeeded in escaping the grasp, and catching Daniel in his left arm, threw him to the earth on his back. The Spaniard raised his weapon to strike, but the blade never accomplished its task—a dull mechanical click sounded in the wind and the Spaniard dropped face down on the path.

The foreigner's body had fallen almost on top of him but by moving his right arm out from his body Daniel succeeded in reaching the hilt of the cutlass with his right hand. With a sudden movement he tore the weapon loose from his enemy's hand and stood upright on the path above the body. With his foot he rolled the man over on his back; he was quite dead, and the only visible cause of his death was a small blood spot on the clothing that covered his chest. Without stopping to further examine the dead body, Daniels got down on his hands and knees and again began to crawl cautiously along the outside of the wall toward the light. At a low point in the masonry, watching his chance between the flashes of light, he succeeded in getting over the wall and inside the fortifi-

cations. The wall now formed a shadow which shut out the flashes of light from the lighthouse, and standing upright he moved quietly and more rapidly toward the center of the fort. He had gone only a short distance in this manner when an unlucky step nearly cost him his life. His bare foot hit a loose rock which rolled from under him turning his ankle and throwing him to his knees as it rolled noisily from the edge of the path. A sentry with fixed bayonet suddenly loomed up in front of him. He expected a flash of fire and then the end, but once more only a dull mechanical click sounded and the sentry dropped to the earth with a loud cry of pain. A scuffling of feet on the rocks behind him brought Daniels to an upright position with a shudder of fear. The faint cry of a woman came to him from the other side of the wall. Cautiously he peered over into the blinking light, and the sight that met his eyes caused the blood to run cold in his veins. A Spanish officer and a girl were fighting desperately on the edge of the high black rock over the sea, and it seemed as if at any moment they would fall from the brink.

In an instant Daniels was over the wall and with his cutlass in the air he attacked the Spaniard. With a sudden burst of rage the man threw the girl from him and as she clung to the edge of the rock he braced himself and with drawn sword met the rush of the American. For a fraction of a second their eyes met in the flashing light, and they both knew that where two now stood there was only a place for one—the foaming sea below must form the grave for the other. They fought, and as they fought the woman crept up very near to them and reaching out her hand picked up a shining object that lay on the stones. At first the shining cutlass blades flashed in the unsteady brilliancy; then a dull red caused by human blood covered the once cold steel. The American at first had the advantage and slowly pushed his opponent away from the wall, but as he parried a blow which would have split his head had it found its mark, his ankle gave way beneath him causing him to reel to one side. The Spaniard saw his advantage; however, before he could strike, a small tongue of fire shot from the hand of the woman, and the dull me-

chanical click sounded for the third time in the wind as the Spaniard's body disappeared over the cliff.

"Quick! Get back over the wall before we are seen," said the girl in a pleasant American voice as she placed her hands on the masonry and started to climb. "Oh! you are hurt, please, can I help you," she said, perceiving that Daniels could not stand on his left foot and that the blood was running in a little stream down the side of his face.

"I am all right, just a little sprain, I think I can make it."

The two scrambled over the wall into the fort and crawled into a small water drain close beside the masonry. Daniels was exhausted and sank with his face on the masonry. The girl sat close by him panting for breath and listening for pursuing footsteps. After she had made sure they were unobserved, she reached out her hand in the darkness and touched the wounded man.

"What ship are you from?" she whispered, and receiving no answer she lifted his head into her lap and ran her fingers through his dishevelled hair. Just above his right ear there was a large ridge caused by a blow from the flat side of a saber blade. The skin had been broken but the blade had not gone in. Tearing a strip from her dress, she bound it about his wound to stop the flow of blood, and still holding his head she waited for him to recover. The head in her lap began to move and the man began to mumble.

"Darken it, darken it, darken it," and with a sudden jerk of his arms he tried to rise.

"Easy; don't talk now; in a few minutes you will be all right," the girl whispered in his ear as she placed her hand over his mouth to prevent him from making any noise. After she had given him time to collect his senses she asked: "Who are you—what is your ship?"

"Lieutenant Daniels, K 156. Say, you are pretty good with that little silent gun of yours—I didn't know what had hit that first fellow until I saw the bloodspot on his chest."

"Yes, I can shoot, but I didn't get the second one dead, and his cry was what caused me to get caught. I am 72 on

duty here. I found out that a sub came in here after dark, and got a message off to the flotilla as quickly as I could. I thought perhaps some of you would try to land, and I slipped out to the top of the rock to watch. I saw you come ashore and I dropped the message to you. I could not get close without being seen, but I kept near by until I was discovered. Now quick! What did you come ashore alone for, and why were you trying to get into the fort?''

Daniels had scarcely told his mission to the American spy before a squad of soldiers rushed past the place where the two were hidden. In a short time six of them hurried back to spread the alarm to those below.

''Now is our chance,'' whispered the girl. ''There are probably only a few of them at the summit, and we must make a rush to get to the top of the tower and darken the light and keep it dark until morning.''

Cautiously they stole out and crawled up the path. A new sentry had been stationed at the place from which the wounded one had been removed. The mechanical click sounded again, and without a moan the sentry dropped his gun and sank against the wall. After stopping long enough to throw the cartridge belt over his shoulder and pick up the rifle of the dead sentry, the two continued forward. The base of the light was only a few yards away, but to reach it they had to cross an open court through which it would be almost impossible to pass undiscovered in the flashing light. Using the rifle as a stick and with the aid of the girl to offset his sprained foot, Daniels rapidly crossed the court and hurriedly opened the door to the base of the huge lighthouse. A howl of rage came from inside, and a soldier sprang toward the door only to be met by the bayonet point of Daniels' rifle. Shouting sounded from outside, and men seemed to be coming from all directions, but without waiting to see what would happen, Daniels and the girl started up the ladder-like stairs towards the light. The first ladder was only about twenty feet high and ended in a landing whose only entrance was through the trapdoor by which they had come up. This

they quickly closed, and as the heavy bolt shot into place a bayonet from below sunk into the wood.

"Close, wasn't it?" he whispered with a smile. "Quick, let's get up to the light," and they began to climb again.

As they reached the second landing, a light shone down from the door above, and a murmur of voices came to them. Daniels stopped, and leaving the girl to watch below crawled up the third ladder and peeped up through the half-open trapdoor to the landing above. Three soldiers were seated about a small table engaged in an absorbing game of something that appeared to him to be cards which was so interesting that only an occasional grunt of pleasure or disappointment was heard in the room. The beating below on the door to the second landing came to his ears. Surely they must hear, but the game kept on. Quietly he slipped down the ladder to the landing below where the girl was waiting and pulled her to the far side of the tower waiting in silence to see what would develop. A heavy crashing and splitting of wood sounded below, and the trapdoor from above was suddenly thrown wide open, and two of the three soldiers crawled rapidly down the ladder. They came so close to the two figures that it seemed as if they could not pass without discovering their hidden position. Daniels held his cutlass with cramped fingers and waited for the instant to spring. It never came, for the two soldiers were so intent on discovering the cause of the noise below that they disappeared beneath the floor without discovering that they were not the only occupants of the landing. No sooner had their heads disappeared than the heavy trapdoor was closed and the bolt shot into place.

There was only one man now left to guard the light, but he was on the landing above, and as soon as a head appeared he would shoot. The hammering on the door below ceased, and dull cries of rage came through the thick flooring as the two parties of Spaniards met. Daniels knew that he must move quickly upward or the floor below him would be cut open and they would be caught. Crouching at the foot of the ladder and holding the silent revolver in his hand, he waited for the moment when the Spaniard on the floor above would

become curious enough to stick his head over the edge of the upper door. The girl crept close to him and called something in Spanish to the man above, and after a few seconds he stuck his head over the edge of the door and peered cautiously downward. The dull mechanical click sounded, and the man's body tumbled down the ladder and stopped in a heap on the floor. In a few moments the two passed swiftly to the landing above, and up the winding stairs that led to the light itself. Lifting the heavy iron door, they crawled out on the platform that held the light. The big glass cylinder was moving round and round flashing far out to sea its warning of the rocks as it had done for over a century. A cutlass blade flashed in the vivid light—a shower of broken glass, and then the Eye of the North went black.

EDITORIALS

A FINAL WORD

Since this is the last issue of the ARCHIVE for this year, we wish to take advantage of the opportunity to express our thanks for the support and co-operation which have been accorded us. Imperfect though the magazine has been, the degree of success which it has attained is in a large measure attributable to the untiring efforts of a small group of students and alumni. The unflagging support of this faithful few has made possible the publication of the ARCHIVE this year. It is no doubt true that the material has come from too small a group of writers. A fact often lamented is that only a very small percentage of the college students show a real interest in literary work. A glance through the pages of the ARCHIVE for this year will bear out the truth of the statement that the bulk of the productions have been offered by less than a dozen individuals. There is clearly a fertile field for some one to begin a campaign having as its purpose the stimulation of interest in literary production.

In behalf of those who will have charge of the ARCHIVE next year, we wish to address an appeal to the students in general, and especially to the class of twenty-one. Our appeal is this: manifest an interest in your college magazine. No experience is more discouraging than that of putting forth an earnest effort, only to have the result accepted with a spirit of indifference on the part of those whose approval is desired. Make a show of interest in your monthly publication next year. If the genuine concern is lacking, use a little deceit. The reaction on the editors will be ample compensation for the sin.

A RETROSPECT OF 1919-1920

The scholastic year which is now drawing to a close will ever stand out as a landmark in the history of Trinity College. Perhaps no other year since the establishment of the in-

stitution has been so crowded with events of permanent interest. Let us review the most important happenings of 1919-1920 and study their significance.

That the game of football would be reinstated as soon as practicable was the first "big news" the students heard on coming back last fall. The concession of the trustees in allowing football again was the happy culmination of a long and hard-fought struggle between the alumni and students and those who could not appreciate the value of this branch of athletics. Trinity had for a long time been seriously handicapped in its competition with neighboring colleges that had football. There is now, however, no reason why we should not after a few years put out a football team just as representative as our baseball and basketball teams have been in the past. Trinity may now take her rightful place among the foremost colleges of the South in athletic activities.

Athletics is not, however, the only department of the college that has received a great impetus. The installation of a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity is an event equally significant for the scholarship development of the college. The possession of a charter of this, the most distinguished scholarship society in America, is something for any college to hold in high esteem. In the case of Trinity, however, there is justification for additional pride; she has been singled out as the recipient of unusual distinction. This is the first college in the South, except the state universities, to be granted a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. The stamp of approval of such an organization is a matter of no mean significance.

Important though these additions are, the thing which is perhaps most vital and far-reaching in its possibilities is the provision for the construction of a magnificant building for the women on the western side of the campus. With each passing year the proposition of providing adequate facilities for both the men and the women who applied for admission here has become more and more baffling for the authorities. As a result of the renewed interest in education consequent to the close of the Great War, the dormitory capacity of the college has this year been crowded to the limit. In order that

the girls might be accommodated, the men had to surrender one of their best dormitories, with the result that there are now three or four men in rooms intended for two. Evidently, therefore, one can easily appreciate the value of this new building as an addition to the dormitory accomodations. There is still another interesting aspect to the coming of this new structure. For a long time it has been one of the fondest dreams of the Trinity College authorities that a co-ordinate college for women would some day occupy the hill across the dale from the present college. The realization of this dream now appears more probable than ever before. With such an excellent beginning, the task of establishing a co-ordinate college will no longer be insuperable.

The return of football, the installation of Phi Beta Kappa, the beginning of a college for women—are these events not of sufficient import to give a new meaning to the slogan "On to a greater Trinity?"

WAYSIDE WARES

APPLYING FOR A SCHOLARSHIP

The sound of nervously hurrying footsteps rings through the East Duke Building. Evidently the man who is disturbing the peace of the Administration's placid domain is bent on a very special mission. From the very sound of the footfalls it cannot be Dr. Glasson or Professor Spence who is walking. It may be Dean Wanny, John Love, or Rabbit Webb, however, but none of these administration officials would ever wear such heavy hob-nailed shoes. Stepping from the Economics room, we see that our surmise is correct; it is neither of those mentioned. In their place we are surprised to see a man who is in his second year at college. He doesn't rate membership in the sophomore class, and the freshmen won't claim him. He is a good fellow, though, and we are able to see from the set expression on his face and from the steely glint of his eyes that he is embarking on a perilous mission.

He continues walking, past the R. O. T. C. Headquarters, past the bulletin board, on into Prexy's and Wanny's and Charlie's sacred precincts; but as he goes, his steps soften and his Adam's-apple shimmies in his throat. Evidently, the fateful step that he is about to make is near at hand. He pauses a moment at the table in the lobby, cranes his neck to see if he is seen, and then with a shiver of determination, obliques to the right and approaches the door that bears in awe-inspiring gilt letters the caption "President." Our surprise at his evident determination to enter there is no greater than his consternation. He takes a rapid survey of his clothes. His heavy shoes are not shined, and the knees of his breeches seem to be just ready to jump. He appears to be satisfied, though, and with the audacity of a collector of excess profit taxes calling at Lap's book-room, knocks at the sacred portal.

The purpose of his visit begins to dawn upon us. He must be making an attempt to secure one of the scholarships

that Prexy so kindly bestows on all who request them. An easy "come in" answers his knock. He opens the door, and we see Prexy seated behind a pale pink paper, which we take to be the *Police Gazette* until we notice that it lacks photographs sufficient for that popular publication. We notice that he continues to be seated behind the paper for some minutes. That the audacious one is troubled with corns is evident from the manner in which he shifts his weight from one foot to the other. His hat seems to be an absolutely unnecessary part of the scenery. He evidently remembers that comforting remark that "they also serve who only stand and wait." He waits.

Suddenly a curt "Well?" floats from behind the paper and traverses the room, closely followed by an unmistakable question mark. That voice that converses with such intimate secrecy with those on the front seats at chapel seems to be magnified by a thousand sounding boards of extremely harsh pitch.

With knees playing the bass drum part to *Nearer My God to Thee,* our young and once promising hero timidly answers the curt "Well?" with a weak "Sir, I should like to obtain a scholarship." All is not well, though, even though the authoritative voice declares it is.

The columns of the sheet before him seem to be far more interesting to Prexy than the answer of the victim beside him. Then the sweet strains of music float upon the air as Prexy imitates the return of spring in a fully stocked aviary. Finally, however, he departs from the classical and descends to earth. "Do you deserve a scholarship, young *mahn?*" he inquires with that facial expression that a pair of Kryptok glasses is guaranteed to remedy.

"Yes sir, I think so. I know I didn't do so well as I should have done last year, but I intend to work hard this year." The answer was rather weak.

"Young *mahn,* I fear that the privilege of scholarships has been abused in the *pahst.* Do you intend to spend so much as a dime for unnecessary purposes this year?" From

the tone of the questioning voice an accusation rather than a question is implied.

The countenance of our hero, who now appears in the light of a villian, changes by degrees from infra-red to ultra-violet. His tongue is positively glued to the roof of his mouth. With a stammered "I-I-I'm afraid so," and a silent "z*yx?':*$&," he performs a hasty right face and retires from the field of action in disorder. Within the room the reading continues.

Our defeated applicant goes straight to the Treasurer's office and receives, for an ample consideration, a receipt bearing the words "Tuition, $25.00." It seems to him that a sign bearing the legend "Next" should be placed on the door of slaughter-house. He departs to wish his roommate luck in a similar enterprise. His first interview with Prexy and his last, he hopes, is over, and the college is enriched.—T. C. K.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES

Pearle Adams touched his shoulder gracefully with her Harrison Fisher fingers and looked at him sweetly.

She had been close to him like this many times before, but never had she taken the trouble to study the details of his features,—his noble facial expression; his healthy color; his high, intellectual forehead; and his kind but determined mouth.

Maybe her mind had been on other things when she was near him like this on previous occasions. But this time she drew her face closer to his, and looked intently. There was something inspiring in the sight of him, something that reminded her of her happy school-girl days—the simple days when she carried lunch to school and studied "big G'og'aphy" and "little history" and when even the teacher said good things about him.

Still, he didn't look boyish at all. On the other hand, he was quite handsome and manly. And to think, he had been such a good soldier when the country was in trouble! No wonder she thought lots of him. Others liked him too, for Pearle was still hearing people pay him compliments. But did Pearle love him, or simply admire him?

She drew him closer and closer. Not in the least abashed as his face approached hers, she voluntarily allowed her mouth to shape itself beautifully for—the deed.

It was soon over. Was there to be an encore? The delicate moisture from her sweet vermillion lips was still—

Just then Helen Lyon entered the room to tell Pearle she was going to town.

Quickly Pearle and he separated, but he began to be absolutely fixed and immovable in his position, helpless to do anything. He was at an arm's length from her now, and so still that you would never know anything had taken place. Had Helen seen what had happened? Was he afraid she would laugh at him, or tell on him?

Well, no, for he was not capable of being afraid of anything. He was a picture of George Washington on a postage stamp, and he was now firmly stuck in the upper right-hand corner of Pearle's letter.

"When you go to town, Helen," said Pearle, "mail this letter for me. I have already stamped it."—W. T.

MR. FIELDING ARRIVES AT HIS FUTURE ABODE

It was one of those sultry, blistering afternoons so common in Hades. The fires had just been built up for the night, and firelight shadows were beginning to fall on the uncomfortable inhabitants. It was an unusually warm day for October. Already ten days of that month had passed, promising to bring winter and some relief from the eternal heat soon. But on this day special fires had been kindled for a special occasion. There was no danger of a coal famine, and consequently, Beelzebub himself had given the order to let the flames mount higher and give their maximum heat. A truly brilliant reception had been prepared. At the right of the main entrance the Reception Committee, headed by His Infernal Majesty, with polished points on the prongs of their pitchforks, awaited the arrival of some one. Prominent in this waiting group was every English author of any prominence that had ever lived, Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespere, Bacon,

Bunyan, Milton, and scores of others. It seemed that England's literary representatives were to have some special part in the ceremonies.

Glancing over the shoulder of one of the firemen who in his spare moments was reading a fresh copy of the *Asbestos Tatler,* that wonderful daily in which Messrs. Addison and Steele published all the red-hot news, one was able to see in scare head-lines across the top of the page, "Great Preparations for the Arrival of Mr. Henry Fielding, Until Yesterday a Prominent Writer in England." Glancing hurriedly through the column he was further able to see that Mr. Fielding, the writer of that immortal book, *Joseph Andrews,* had died on the day previous, October 8, 1754, and was expected to arrive at Hades on the approaching evening. A great reception was planned in honor of his arrival, for he was expected to take a leading place in the more fastidious circles of Hades' society.

The hour had at last arrived, and after an overture by the Hades Jazz Orchestra, the portals opened, and Mr. Fielding entered. For a moment all was silent, and then an unprecedented hubbub arose. It seemed that no more popular man than Fielding had ever arrived in the heated precincts of the Brimstone Colony. As the music was resumed, dancing began, and the new arrival was left to talk with his English brothers. The two Johns, Milton and Bunyan, soon led him off to one side behind one of the phosphorous columns that supported the bridge over the Styx, where they were able to converse without interruption.

"Say, boys, I had a hard time getting into this place. They tried to tell me that I was too bad to come here. They wouldn't even allow me to have asbestos copies of my books made. I've been held up out there all the afternoon. I don't know what I would have done had it not been for you, Milton."

"What had I to do with thy entrance here, sir?" the one addressed inquired.

"Why, as Chairman of the Censorship Committee you had enforced a policy of unlicensed printing, and the immigra-

tion officials could not debar me because of my books. I thank you heartily, old man."

The expression on John's face changed from one of surprise to one of self-reproach. "To think that I should have been instrumental in aiding thee in the publication of such books as thou wrote! I am heartily ashamed of my stand on the question of licensing if I have aided thee in any way to extend thy diabolical works throughout the world. I like thy person, but thy work lacks that sublimity, those lofty ideals, that noble expression, that should characterize true literature. I am convinced that all thou wrote was written with the diabolical purpose of making a travesty of true virtue. I detest thy work."

John Bunyan, who up to this time had been strangely silent as he listened to the conversation between his two companions, here exclaimed, "Now, John, I should advise thee to have more patience with our brother. Christian had his trials and temptations and successfully withstood them. Perhaps friend Fielding's character of Joseph Andrews may serve to inspire others. I fear thy own work is too lofty for the common herd. If thou hadst dwelt more on *Paradise Regained* and less on *Paradise Lost*, probably thy present abode would not be as it is. Apparently thou showed too much acquaintance with this place."

Milton was rather taken back at this sally on the part of his colleague. Slowly he replied, "Probably thou art right. Friend Fielding's work is truly a life picture. It is real, and I admire the man who is not ashamed to face the truth. Thy work, friend John, lacks that realistic touch. The uneducated and unrefined are better able to comprehend those things to which they are accustomed."

Henry, who had listened in silence to this discussion, here remarked, "I see that my work is not appreciated by all to the same extent. I admit that I wrote it first as a burlesque, but later as a serious work. I feel no regret at its reception, for you two have agreed that it has some good points. Criticism of my work only flatters me. Come, let's join the merry-makers."

The trio emerged from their concealment and joined the throng. Soon the pleasures of the evening had their manifest effect on the learned group, and the three friends drank together to the success of all their work, using for this purpose a beverage which undoubtedly Paradise had lost.—T. C. K.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

(Taken from Trinity's Revised Version)

J. D. Stott

Woolley is my guide;
I should not fail.
He maketh me to lie down late at night;
He leadeth me to the class-room;
He restoreth my strength;
He adviseth me in the errors of grammar for my grade's sake.
Yea, though I study all the grammar that I can find,
I will fear theme-readers,
For they don't like me;
Just 60-C. R. will they give me.

His book is on the table before me
In the presence of mine ignorance;
He has told me things that I should know;
My mind runneth over.
Surely misery and worry shall follow me all the days I study grammar,
For I shall dwell on the rules of "WOOLLEY" forever.

EXCHANGES

This is the last time that it will be my privilege to judge of your work, fellow exchanges. And it has been a privilege to watch the development and general improvement in the contents of the majority of the college magazines. In this, our last issue, we wish to thank you for your kindly and helpful criticisms during the past.

The *St. Mary's Muse,* though its literary department is short, contains two poems, several short stories and articles. "Spring Song" is a timely poem now when to all minds steal thoughts of youth and love. "The Average Girl" holds out a hope to all, even though one is below "the average." "Tommy's Uncle Dave" is a pleasing story but we are somewhat surprised at the abrupt close. "Sweet Sixteen" is a somewhat clever handling of an old subject, a subject which is always interesting because it will always be true—the desire of the sixteen-year-old girl to appear older than she is. "The Unpardonable Accusation" offers a good example of the misunderstandings children so often give.

The *Davidson College Magazine* is up to its usual high standard but needs to be particularly congratulated on its poetry. We have not seen a better collection in a college magazine.

"The Three Musketeers—Almost" in the *Emory Phoenix* promises to be interesting; however, it consumes too much of the reader's time in getting started. "The Richest Man in Coila" is rather didactic but the lesson is a good one. "Aloysius and the Idle Rich" aims a blow at the importance society attaches to trivial things rather than to true worth.

We received a copy of the *Erothesian* this month for the first time. It seems to be a wide-awake magazine and contains some good material, material which needs to be developed. For the stories and articles are alike too short. One two, and three pages is the average length of them. The

difficulty of adequately developing an article, but particularly a short-story, in such a short space is obvious.

"Race Relationship" in the *Wake Forest Student* is an able handling of the negro question which is occupying so much thought at present. "And James Sighed" is, we imagine, entirely true to life. In "The Debutante" the surrender of the heroine lacks sufficient preparation. We feel like repeating the trite expression, "this is so sudden."

We always find worth-while things in the *Hollins Magazine.* This time the star contribution is "Humor and Proverbial Wisdom in George Eliot, Exemplified in the character of Mrs. Poyser." "The Butterfly" is the best of the stories.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Westward Ho!

Myron G. Ellis, '16

Out of Chicago in a blustry, gray November morning with tickets and berth through to Los Angeles. A strange feeling is this of burning all of one's bridges behind one and venturing forth to greet the little gods of happiness and success that are always beckoning from the frontier of the lands that lie just beyond one's horizon. But there has been much of this in my life during the past three years, and I am ever ready to hark to the "call from out the distance." There has been a bit of "barren gain" and perhaps some "bitter loss," but again I feel the stir—this time a voice is calling,—and my spirit beats time to the lilting lure of the miles as they click out behind.

I have chosen the "Navajo" for my trip, a fast transcontinental train that follows the old Santa Fe trail through New Mexico and Arizona. Other passengers are a source of interest and amusement while passing through the flat monotonous farming lands of Illinois. Opposite me is a middle-aged coupled with their young daughter. The man wears the same fraternal button as I, and he soon confides that he is from Akron, Ohio, and that he is going West to find a home where his family may be away from the smoke and the grim of the mills where he has spent the prime of his life. Yonder is a feeble old lady going West to spend the winter of her life with an only son. There is a magic about the word California that seems to fascinate the worn and feeble as well as the pleasure-bent tourist. Perhaps it is an earthly Eden where they drowse beneath swaying palms and rest their world-weary eyes by lifting them up to the eternal snow-covered hills—circumstances that leave no fear of "the furious winter's rages." Be that as it may, the West is calling, and the trains can scarcely accommodate the travel.

Just at evening the Mississippi River is sighted, a mighty stream at even this distance north. We cross slowly on a low-swung bridge and run into the town of Fort Madison, Iowa, for a brief stop. Its ancient landings and ramshackle buildings overhanging the bluffs along the west bank are quaintly reminiscent of the days Mark Twain has so sympathetically portrayed.

The second morning finds us on the vast expanse of the Kansas grain country, land as flat as a barn floor stretching away without a ripple into infinite distance. The monotony of it is depressing, and I am glad to think that the Rockies will be sighted late in the day.

As the afternoon wears on, the train mounts into higher altitudes, although the land continues flat. Just as the sun sinks, the outlying ranges of the Rockies spring into view. Very far away they are; yet the clarity of the atmosphere brings them into startling relief, peaks of high and low degree tumble together as if a God in his wrath had taken these, his playthings, and cast them in confusion at his feet. The colorings are marvelous, shading almost imperceptibly from the softest of blues to the most gorgeous of royal purples. After the sun sinks beyond the farthest of the peaks, he seems still reluctant to yield his ascendancy. The zigzag outlines of the mountains fairly sparkle just as if a charged electric wire were strung along them, then slowly dim away into the darkness.

The third morning dawns on sage-brush and desert. An interesting ride is this through New Mexico with its immeasurable stretches of land upon which at great intervals a herd of cattle may be seen picking at the sparse vegetation. The land is rolling with here and there great cliffs and boulders gorgeously colored with mineral formations. There are few signs of human habitation, only now and then a collection of adobe huts, prophesied by piles of tin cans along the railway track, and tenanted by a handful of Indians and cowboys.

The fourth morning—California. There is a vague restlessness that marks the approach of the end of the journey.

After a ride of an hour through barren uplands, we run into San Bernardina, the gateway to the California I am to know. From this point to Los Angeles the visitor sees a fairyland opened to his reviving eyes. Acre upon acre, and mile upon mile of orange and lemon groves, presided over by perennial snow-capped mountains, a paradox to be found nowhere else in the country.

At last the end of the line—a busy city into whose activities I must soon enter. Yet a certain important preliminary must be disposed of. "M. P." is waiting for me at the station, and we go at once to get the license.

O. Henry as a Short-Story Writer

C. R. Brown, '19

Two months ago a friend of mine saw the following placard in the window of a respectable bookstore in Chicago: "Just suppose it's a rainy day. You're blue and tired, and feel like life's a reversible coat with seams on both sides. You want it to be showing so that you can forget your Scroplu-hauser disposition. Read O. Henry. If you are French or German or Spanish or English it doesn't matter; we have his complete works in these languages."

William Sidney Porter, better known as O. Henry, was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, on the eleventh of September, 1862. His father, Dr. Algernon Sidney Porter, was a physician of great skill and distinction; his mother was Mary Jane Swain, daughter of William Swain, editor at one time of the *Greensboro Patriot*. His mother died when he was three, and so he was reared by his aunt, Miss Evelena Porter. It was this lady who taught O. Henry his early education, by reading to and selecting good books for him. O. Henry himself said, "I used to read nothing but the classics. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Lane's translations of the *Arabian Nights* were my favorites." After leaving the grammar school, he spent five years in his uncle's drug store. Here he had the opportunity to study human nature at first hand, and it was behind the pill-counter that he cultivated a taste for the ludicrous, the odd, the distinctive in speech, tone, and character. And many of his short-stories were later to bear the mark and characteristics of the drug store.

"At eighteen I went to Texas and ran wild on the prairies." These are O. Henry's quaint words about himself. The strain of the drug store had caused his health to give way. Naturally he accepted Mr. Lee Hall's invitation to accompany him to Texas. He spent two years as a cowboy in La Salle County, Texas, and the blend of close observation, wide reading, varied experience, and self-expression which he acquired

as a cow puncher "was an uncomparable preparation for his future work."

After the wild roving life in Texas came what has been termed "the shadowed years" of O. Henry's life. On January 21, 1891, he became teller in the First National Bank of Austin. He was charged with embezzlement of $555 from the bank funds. Becoming frightened by timidity rather than sense of guilt, he escaped, rambled over Central America for sometime, and then returned on his own accord to Texas. In 1898 he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus for five years. O. Henry emphatically denied the charges, and it has since been shown beyond a doubt that he was a victim of circumstance. The environment of the prison, however, furnished Porter with the material for that genuinely humorous book, *The Gentle Grafter.*

In 1902, Will Porter went to New York City and entered upon a career familiar to millions through his masterly short-stories. He was a grand success, and it was here that he wrote more than two hundred stories. He died in New York City on June 5, 1910. He was buried in the mountains of his native state.

The technique of O. Henry's short-stories has been the subject of much comment. Mr. C. Alphonso Smith says that Will Porter was master of the modern short-story in technique. His method of writing is simple, yet unexcelled. His artistic execution is perfect. Mr. Smith says that there are four stages in a typical O. Henry story. First there is that quaint but arrestive beginning. He starts with his story at once. There is interest, a bit of suspense, and a touch of distinction in the first paragraph. But one cannot tell how the story is going to end.

The second stage of all O. Henry's stories is the beginning of a plot. One begins to guess how it will all end. Here one gets back-ground, character, and incident. Wit and humor begin to predominate.

The realization that your first guess was wrong is the third stage of the story. "This is the stage of the first surprise."

One finds that he was entirely wrong and so must begin a second surmise. The plot becomes incalculable.

The last turn of the wheel in O. Henry's stories is the stage of the second surprise. "Lines of character and characterization, of haps and mishaps, converge to a triumphant conclusion." The end is simple—so simple that we wonder why we did not guess the conclusion the first time.

O. Henry had several favorite themes. He traveled very extensively, yet the subject-matter that he made use of can be classified under six or seven heads. It was not the striking that he sought; it was human nature themes, themes that one sees every day of his life everywhere—on the street, in the cafe or subway, at some forlorn rural depot, anywhere.

The first theme O. Henry himself has called "turning the table on Haroun ol Raschid," only he used a poor character instead of a richer one. In this type the "poverty stricken play the ultra-rich." They lead the fashionable life for a day, live in a world altogether new and ethereal. That night they return to their lodgings, happy and refreshed. "While the Auto Waits" is a fine example of this kind of story.

Prof. James himself was no more fond of habit themes than was O. Henry. In fact, psychology could be taught by the case-system with O. Henry stories as a text-book. He shows that "when the old environment comes back, the old habit is pretty sure to come with it." Read the Pendulum and see what O. Henry knew about habit.

Porter was always interested in "what's around the corner." Fate and destiny had a strong appeal to his romantic mind, perhaps because they played so important a part in his life. "Roads of Destiny" is the best volume of this type of story. The story always ends with this crack of the whip: take what road you will, the left or the right, the same destiny awaits you. To put it in the words of one of his own characters, Tidball, "It ain't the roads we take; it's what's inside of us that makes us turn out the way we do."

O. Henry was always much interested in the welfare of the shop girl, and I think his best stories are those dealing with them. He spent much of his time while in New York, watching the little human machines, who are paid $4.50 for four-

teen hours of work, six days to the week. He sympathized with these girls as no other writer before him had done. He knew their problems, perhaps, better than any other man who has ever lived. "The Unfinished Story," the best story in my opinion that he ever wrote, marvelously champions the cause of the shop girl. Here's how it ends:

"As I said before, I dreamed that I was standing in a crowd of prosperous-looking angels, and a policeman took me by the wing and asked if I belonged with them.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "they are the men who hired working girls, and paid them five or six dollars a week." ,

"Not upon your immortality," said I. "I'm only the fellow who set fire to an orphan asylum and murdered a blind man for his pennies."

Cities to O. Henry were personalities, and he studied them as such. To him each city spoke a different language; it possessed a particular language, a language to which he delighted to listen. "The Voices of the City" is a volume of such stories.

Another kind of theme that O. Henry delighted to develop was stories that suggested nationalism. The North and the South, 'Possum Hollow, and New York,—all receive justice under his unprejudiced pen.

The greatest thing about O. Henry's stories is his style. It is very seldom that you hear one mention the titles of his stories; they will not stick. But anyone who has read at least ten O. Henry stories will invariably know something of the happy way in which this story-teller expresses himself. There is deliberate and subtle art in every sentence. Examples of striking phraesology are seen everywhere. Instead of saying, "I shook the boy who was freckled," he would put it, "I shook 'em until I heard his freckles rattle." It was one of O. Henry's whimsicalities to express an old phrase in a new way. And by the use of this very art he has made himself one of the greatest writers of humor in the world. His stories, paragraphs, and sentences are singularly brief, laconic, and pointed. By a few striking adjectives he could

paint a scene, character, or incident that was indeed realistic. He possessed the happy knack of using big words for humorous effect. He could say the simpliest thing in the most unsimple manner. The following passage illustrates what in O. Henry has been termed charm:

"Was thinking lately (since the April moon commenced to shine) how I'd like to be down South, where I could happen over to Miss Ethel's or Miss Lottie's and sit down on the porch—not on a chair—on the edge of the porch, and lay my straw hat on the steps and lay my head back against the honeysuckle on the porch—and just talk. And Miss Ethel would go in directly, (they say presently up here) and bring out the guitar. She would complain that the E string was broken, but no one would believe her; and pretty soon all of us would be singing the 'Swanee River' and 'In the Evening by the Moonlight' and—oh, gol darn it, what's the use of wishing."

SHEPHERD FURNITURE CO.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR

COLUMBIA, AEOLIAN and VOCALION
TALKING MACHINES and RECORDS

CORCORAN STREET

EAT AT
GOODY SHOP CAFE
FEEDS YOU BETTER

PERRY-HORTON CO.

We Specialize in Smart Shoes for College Men

Nettleton's and Hurley's for Men
Cousins' and Grover's for Ladies

117 West Main Street *Telephone No. 7*

RAWLS-KNIGHT COMPANY

Main and Parrish Streets Durham, N. C.

Fashionable Wearing Apparel for Women

Silks, Piece Goods, Notions, Centemeria Gloves, Crown and Lady Ruth Corsets

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN MAIL ORDERS

CONFIDENCE

THAT'S THE REASON WHY OUR BANK HAS GROWN

OUR BANK HAS GROWN BECAUSE THE PEOPLE OF THE COMMUNITY BELIEVE IN OUR BANK

We do not solicit your account just because ours is a National Bank, but also because the good names of responsible upright men of known financial responsibility are likewise behind our Bank. We shall welcome your bank account.

Capital	**400,000.00**
Surplus	**250,000.00**
Undivided Profits	**50,000.00**

JULIAN S. CARR
President

W. J. HOLLOWAY
Cashier

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF DURHAM

We know your wants and want your business

See--- DURHAM'S LEADING FURNITURE HOUSE

CHRISTIAN & HARWARD

FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS

Corcoran St. Opposite Postoffice — J. L. LOCKHART, Manager

TRINITY PARK SCHOOL

ESTABLISHED 1898

Location Excellent. Equipment first-class. Well trained Faculty of successful experience. Special care of health of the students. An instructor in each dormitory to supervise living conditions of boys under his care. Excellent library and gymnasium facilities. Large athletic fields.

For Illustrated Catalogue address

F. S. ALDRIDGE, Headmaster

DURHAM, N. C.

Founded 1838 Chartered 1859

TRINITY COLLEGE

An institution of education intensely devoted to developing men. Its graduates are everywhere successful and fill important positions in all lines of work. They occupy places of honor and dignity in church and state, and ably and prominently represent their state in the national government. A college supplied with ample resources to provide the best education. A wide range of courses.

Necessary expenses of the students moderate. No increase in tuition charges within twenty-five years.

For catalogue and illustrated booklet, address

R. L. FLOWERS
Secretary to the Corporation
Durham, N. C.

Shoes, That's All

But We Have Them for ALL you Boys and the Young Ladies, also.

Glad to have you come to see us at any time.

PRIDGEN & JONES COMPANY

Victrolas and Victor Records

Headquarters

Sheet Music **Small Instruments**

The Corley Company

Durham, - - - - North Carolina

Keep Your Feet Off the Ground

Have your sole mended by the Goodyear Repair System and make life's walk easy. A good sole keeps a good disposition, and a good disposition creates a good soul; so live for the future by looking out for the present.

ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

Trinity Athletic Council, Representative **209 E. Main Street**

SPECIAL CLASSES

Turn your spare time into the knowledge of

SHORTHAND - TYPEWRITING - PENMANSHIP

Special Class arrangement for Trinity Students.

Tuition Rates Reasonable

Our school is accredited by the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools

DURHAM BUSINESS SCHOOL

MRS. WALTER LEE LEDNUM, President

Automobiles for Hire

W. E. Harris | J. H. Harris | M. D. Harris

CADILLACS

Phone 1390 | Phone 414 | Phone 1418

We Will Be Ready

DR. D. K. LOCKHART
DENTIST
405 Geer Building
Phone 771

DR. J. T. McCRACKEN
DENTIST
413 Trust Building
Phone 114

"THE TWO-TIMES-A-WEEK LAUNDRY"
(*TUESDAY and THURSDAY*)

Durham Laundry

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

The Trinity College Athletic Council, *Agent*

Trinity Pharmacy

WE WELCOME EVERY TRINITY STUDENT
WE DESIRE YOUR PATRONAGE

Cigars, Cigarettes, Candy
Toilet Articles, Stationery

FOUNTAIN DRINKS

THOMAS DRUG COMPANY

WEST DURHAM, N. C. PHONE No. 186

Full Line Cigars, Cigarettes and Candies. We have an up-to-date Soda Fountain. Fresh Complete Line of Prescription Drugs.

See Us Before Buying

AGENTS Kodaks, Vinol, Rexall Line, Nyall Remedies

MALBOURNE CIGAR STAND

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, MAGAZINES, PAPERS

We Appreciate Your Patronage

R. L. BALDWIN CO.

105 MAIN STREET

Correct dress for women. Specializing on ladies' and misses' Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists, Hosiery and Shoes. Curtains and Drapery

GREEN AND POTEAT

INKS BOOKS STATIONERY

"WE APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE"

SNIDER-FLETCHER COMPANY

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY

Repairing a Specialty

READ THE ARCHIVE ADVERTISEMENTS

Model Steam Laundry

Laundry and Pressing

Good Service Guaranteed at

GOOD RATES

Represented by - - - - J. O. LONG

25 STORES SELL FOR LESS 25

BELK-HUDSON COMPANY

"Everything up-to-date"

MEN'S FURNISHINGS AND SHOES

BELK-HUDSON COMPANY

W. MAIN STREET

KRONHEIMERS 313-15-17 W. Main St.

DURHAM'S BIG DRY GOODS STORE

Dress Goods, Suits, Millinery, Etc.

"College Trade Solicited"

DURHAM TRACTION CO.

1899 1919

"Nothing too Large---Nothing too Small"

Everything Electrical

FOR

POCKET KNIVES, RAZORS AND RAZOR STRAPS

SEE

TAYLOR-PHIPPS CO.

J. W. POLLARD, Proprietor

HOTEL MALBOURNE

Durham's Fireproof Hotel

We very much appreciate the patronage from Trinity

E. I. BUGG, Manager E. B. BUGG, Ass't Manager

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

Make "Real Ice Cream" and Serve all Drug Stores, Colleges, Schools, Wedding Parties and Receptions of any importance.

PHONE 1199

WE ASK YOU TO LET

LIBERTY TAILORS

DO YOUR TAILORING

Because we feel positive that you'll be eminently satisfied
Your satisfaction means our success and we certainly want to be successful

LIBERTY TAILORS, 306 W. Main St.

THE YARBOROUGH

Raleigh's Leading and Largest Hotel
RALEIGH, N. C.

European Plan

Our large lobby and balcony make it especially attractive for the ladies. Our Cafe equals the best, North or South. Music every evening.

B. H. GRIFFIN HOTEL COMPANY, Proprietors

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Owned and controlled by the State

Schools of Medicine and Pharmacy
Training School for Nurses

Rated in Class A by the Council on Medical Association of the American Medical Association. Member of the Association of the American Medical Colleges and the American Conference of Pharmaceutical Faculties.

New Building with well equipped Laboratories. A full corps of all-time teachers.

Located opposite Roper Hospital and very near the Charleston Museum, thus affording the students more extensive opportunities for research and training.

Women are admitted to all schools.

For catalogue, address

H. GRADY CALLISON, Registrar,
Calhoun and Lucas Sts. Charleston, S. C.

Get it from **DURHAM CIGAR STORE**

"It must be good"

Make this Your Home, Boys They all "Hang Out" Here

Cigars Cigarettes Tobaccos Pipes Candy Soda

"Trinity's Downtown Headquarters for Last Ten Years"

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA

State Institution

Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy

New Buildings. Well-Equipped Laboratories. Under the Direction of Full-Time Competent Teachers.

The Memorial Hospital, Dooley Hospital, Colored Hospital are owned and controlled by the Medical College of Virginia, and offer every facility for thorough Clinical Teaching. Staffs composed of the Faculty of the College. Additional Clinical Facilities are offered through the Virginia Hospital, City Home, City Jail, etc.

For full information and catalogue, address

J. R. McCAULEY, Secretary, Richmond, Va.

The Seeman Printery

Durham, N. C.

Printing - Engraving - Bookbinding

J. Southgate & Son

Insurance a Specialty - -

Durham, North Carolina

SPRING CLOTHING

Our new Spring Suits are worth looking at.

If you want the latest style, you'll find it right here.

There will be just the correct number of buttons on your Coat — just the right length — just the proper roll to the lapels — just the correct curve to your Trousers and the right cut to the entire suit.

Then last, but not least, the price will be just right.

$30 - $35 - $40 to $55

Sneed, Markham, Taylor Co.

The Clothiers

Expressing Elegance

MEN of today demand a higher order of quality in their clothes than ever before — probably because genuine quality has become a rarer article than in pre-war times.

This very condition has created a greater popularity for this store because we have impressed the fact that only the highest quality and style attainments can meet our high standard ideals.

Pritchard-Bright Company

DURHAM, - - - NORTH CAROLINA

FIRST

Style is to a suit what paint is to a house. It is the first thing to be noticed. Wear a Fashion Park suit and you are as well dressed as it is possible for any man to be.

THE FASHION PARK AGENCY

W. M. NEWTON COMPANY
DE LUXE CLOTHIERS 213 W. MAIN

Date Due

L. B. Cat. No. 1137

Duke University Libraries
D02600600E

Tr.R.
378.756 T833Q v.32 55274

Trinity Archive

Tr.R.
378.756 T833Q v.32 55274

Duke University Libraries
D02600600E